Collier's
TEN CENTS
JUNE 30, 1945

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STALIN and WORLD UNITY

By ADMIRAL STANDLEY

Beginning ODDS AGAINST THE GIRL by W. R. BURNETT

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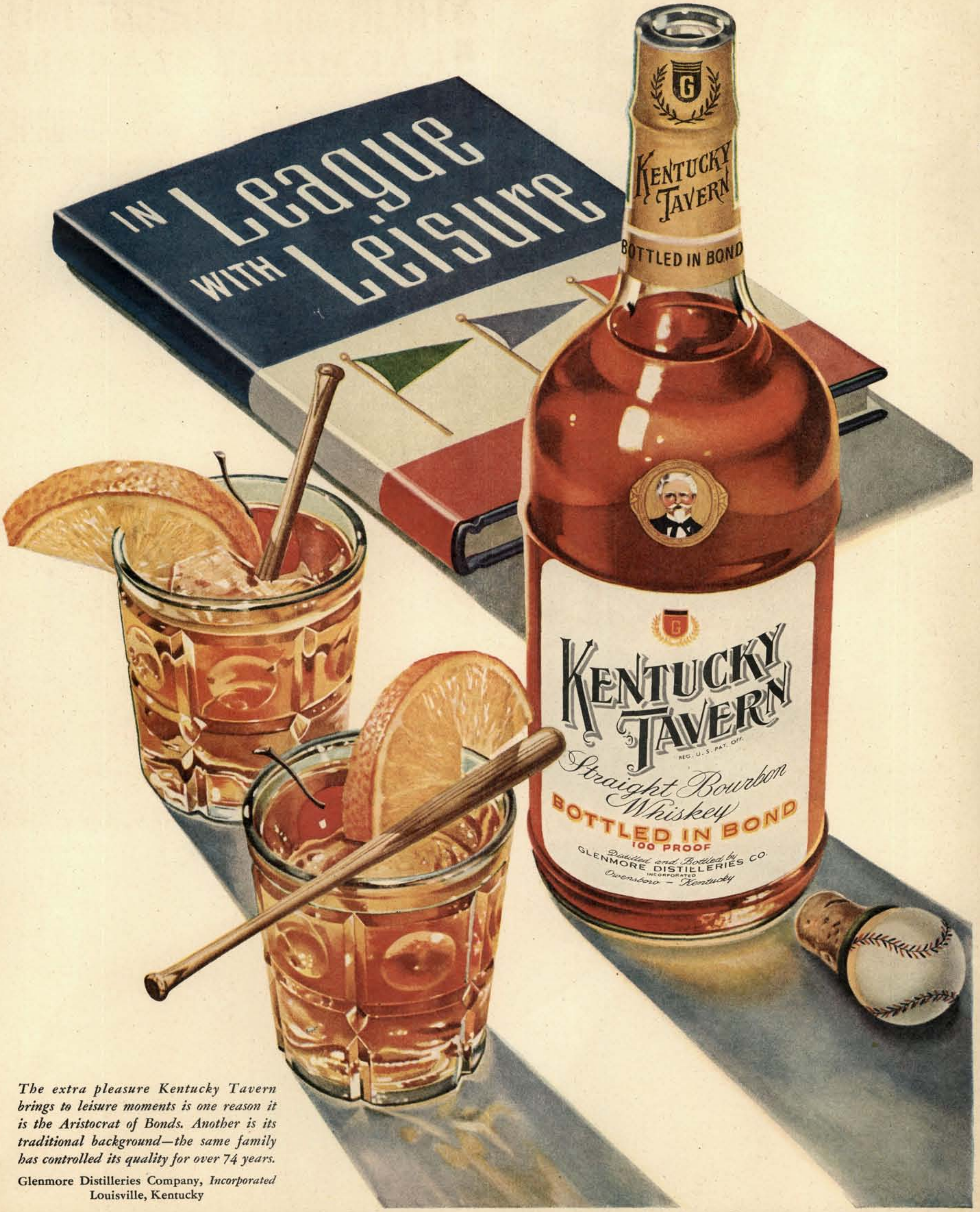
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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BOTTLED IN BOND
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Ever since she'd met him the week before she dreamed of this . . . their first real date together.

Soft summer air, the magic of the moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the whispering of the ocean, sweetly conspired to make it a night for romance, and yet . . . here she was, hurt and troubled, on her way home by ten.

He pleaded an early train to catch. Even so, that couldn't explain the contrast between last week's ardor and tonight's studied indifference! She simply couldn't understand his attitude.

No matter what your charms may be, they can count for little if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You, yourself, may not be aware of its presence, so why not be always on guard? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully simple and wholly delightful ally in helping you to be at your best. Use it morning and night and before every date.

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Before any date

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for oral hygiene

Oh what a wonderful changer!

OVER HALF AN HOUR OF MUSIC WITHOUT INTERRUPTION

Music at its beautiful best! That's what's in store for you soon after Victory. The radio programs you love to listen to will come in richly, with every subtle tone and overtone! And when you're hungry for your favorite recorded music, you'll discover how scientifically perfect a Motorola record changer can be.

Motorola is still devoted to the making of famous "Handie Talkies," originated and developed exclusively by Motorola Radio Engineers. But make a note—soon after the war, see and hear a Motorola Phonograph-Radio.

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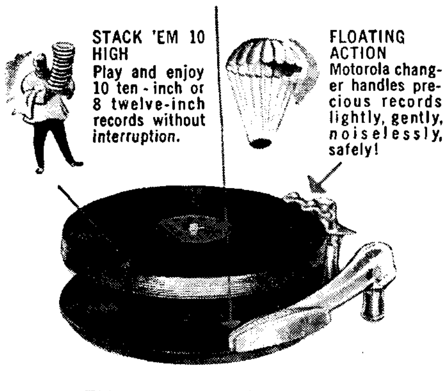
The new Motorola tone arm reduces record scratch and wear to the vanishing point.



STACK 'EM 10 HIGH
Play and enjoy 10 ten-inch or 8 twelve-inch records without interruption.

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Motorola changer handles precious records lightly, gently, noiselessly, safely!

THERE'LL BE NONE FINER

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Collier's

FOR JUNE 30, 1945

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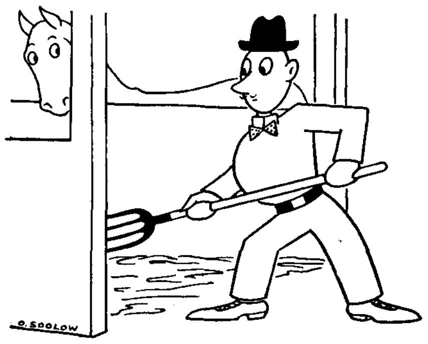
COVER By *INP*

any week

WE ARE, as you shall presently see, back where we belong—prowling our own country, the United States, looking into this and that—and there's plenty of both. Nothing much has happened to us thus far except that in Houston, Texas, a soldier stopped us on the street and asked us if we weren't Mr. W. C. Fields, the great comedian. We thanked him and blushed, which latter is more than Bill Fields can do.

A CRITICISM: Henry Jackson's article, Gentlemen at Work, ruined the evening for Mr. Ferdinand Harms of Brooklyn, New York. "Out here in the wide open spaces," storms Mr. Harms, "we don't think you are using the sense the Almighty gave you. Hooey! A lot of sissies all dolled up sitting on a fence watching another dude currying a horse with an ivory-backed brush. And another he-lamb in a 'pep shirt' that probably cost seven bucks painting a house from a dime-store stepladder. And where, may I ask you, is the guy in a Homburg hat and white shoes cleaning manure out of a cow barn? Forgot something, didn't you, Mr. Jackson? You great big outdoor ruffian, you!"



AND speaking of criticism, Mr. Wall Hoddap of Knoxville, Tennessee, writes: "I like your art work, your articles, short stories, cartoons and feature columns, but otherwise your magazine stinks."

IN AN otherwise accurate blurb about Mr. John Chapman, who wrote Platinum-Plated Pitchman in our May 12th issue, we lightly mentioned the fact that once Mr. Chapman was assistant to the eminent dramatic critic "the late Burns Mantle." Mr. Mantle has just informed us that he is not dead, and we just can't tell you how glad we are.

AND it was in Birmingham, Alabama, we think, that a colored woman hurried to the store when she heard that they were selling bacon that day. She took her place at the end of a long line. The outlook for bacon was not bright. Behind her and in

(*Continued on page 38*)

Vol. 115, No. 26. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.

Man most likely to Succeed...

To look at him now, you wouldn't think he works so hard—as most of us must in wartime.

But the real reason he *can* work hard is that he knows *when to relax.*

Sounds easy, doesn't it?

Yet in these days of strain, more and more people must work harder and use more energy. We should all remember that efficiency drops when fatigue begins. To do our patriotic best, we should, and must, know how to "take it easy" in off hours.

There's no secret to recognizing serious fatigue. Irritability... that "all-in" feeling... nagging headaches... sluggish thinking—all may mean it is time to relax.

Of course if such signs of weariness are occasional, instinct tells you to get a good night's sleep, and you're ready to go again. But if you are *chronically* tired and listless you should—

See your doctor, to make sure that some illness like tuberculosis or heart disease isn't the cause. Perhaps he will find some minor and readily corrected cause such as poor eyesight or hearing, bad teeth, foot trouble—even faulty posture. Any of these can place a strain on your system of which you may not even be aware.

Accumulate more energy, by eating adequate meals at *regular* intervals, including a hearty breakfast. After all, your body's source of useful energy is the food you eat.

Get more sleep—make a habit of getting to bed an hour earlier. Rest briefly during the day if you have a chance. Try and get plenty of fresh air.

Conserve your energy, by avoiding worry, tension, too fast a pace in work or recreation. Emotional control is important, for fear and anger burn up precious energy. Be calm—and above all, *learn to relax.* Let tense muscles go limp from time to time. It is wise to prevent mental fatigue by relaxing your mind with the type of recreation that revives you best.

You can do a better job and enjoy doing it... if you don't let fatigue tighten you up. Remember—you can make a flying *start*—but to come in ahead at the finish, you must also *know how to pace yourself!*

Write for Metropolitan's free booklet containing helpful suggestions on overcoming fatigue. Just ask for Booklet 75C—"Fatigue—What To Do About That Tired Feeling."

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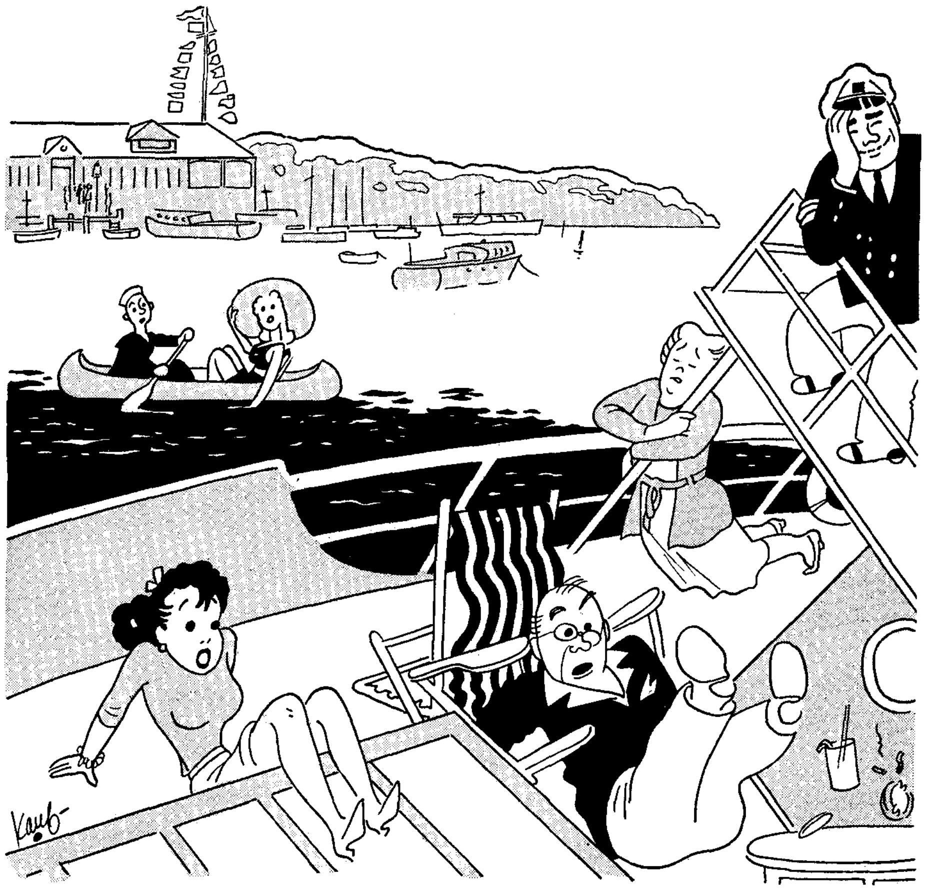

G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Although the sole purpose of a stabilizing gyroscope installed on a ship is to minimize its rolling, the device can be adjusted to produce the opposite effect, and yacht owners sometimes mystify their guests aboard by setting the gyroscope so it will cause the vessels to rock while anchored in calm water.

Unlike fire-fighting apparatus on land, fireboats operating in the coastal and inland waters of the United States are under federal jurisdiction and do not have the right of way over other craft.

Strange laws govern the lives of many rulers of native African tribes. One of these laws forbids the official marriage of Mujaji, Queen of the Bolovedus in the Transvaal. However, she is permitted to "lobolo," or take temporary husbands whom she compensates with cattle.

During Queen Wilhelmina's recent visit to her liberated Netherlands, the Trappist monks who joined the crowds of welcome were released from their vows of silence for the day, so that they, too, could celebrate her return with cheers.

Since 1920, some 600 labor unions have used the consultation and negotiation services of the National Labor Bureau, a private firm whose headquarters are in San Francisco. One of its outstanding jobs was to persuade a great public utility to sign one of America's first dismissal pay agreements 13 years ago shortly before this corporation had to release a large group of employees owing to the discontinuance of one of its services. The agreement, which called for one month's pay for each year of employment, cost the public utility $4,000,000.

Gales acting with tidal currents so disturb the bottom of the North Sea at times that sand is thrown up from depths as great as 120 feet into the whitecaps of the waves and blown by the wind onto the decks of ships.—*By Leonore Ross, Columbia, Mo.*

Since 1930 in Germany, more than 700 books have been published on propaganda and its value in modern warfare.

The Lighthouse Players, a group of blind women who present a number of plays in New York each season, employ ingenious tricks to enable them to move about and do their bits of stage business as naturally as actors with sight. For example, they use strips of carpet, 18 inches wide, to guide them to doors, windows, chairs and other props; they click the teaspoon when passing a cup of tea, so the recipient will know where to reach for the saucer without fumbling; and they fold down a corner of a newspaper or magazine that is to be picked up and glanced through, so they will not "read" it upside down.—*By Ruth Askenas, New York City.*

The Pilgrim Way, which leads to the summit of Tai Shan, China's most sacred mountain, is the world's longest stairway. It is 14 miles long, 4,700 feet high, and contains some 6,500 steps, the climb requiring from five to eight hours. Yet as many as 10,000 pilgrims a day undertake the journey to visit the mountain's topmost shrine, the Temple of the Jade Emperor, Supreme Deity of Taoism.

Pilots of P-38 reconnaissance planes have always claimed that their approach cannot be heard when they fly at 300 miles an hour within 150 feet of the ground—the speed and altitude that they maintain when taking a picture with a slit-type camera which photographs every foot of scenery below while passing over it. This claim has now been substantiated by one of these pictures, made over a crowded mile-long bathing beach, in which not a single face is upturned.

The skeletal bones of boys require, on the average, 21 per cent more time to harden than those of girls. But the time required by different bones ranges from 12 to 50 per cent longer. The ilium of the pelvis hardens in girls at 12 years and in boys at 13 years and five months, while the second joint of the thumb hardens in girls at 8 months and in boys at 12 months.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

THE BEST
GASOLINE
IS STILL FIGHTING!
GALLONS
PER GALLON
CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

✓ Everybody knows why gasoline supplies at home are still limited. It's easy to understand that, with millions of gallons of gasoline going overseas, civilians can't have all the gasoline they want.

"But," you ask, "why isn't the gasoline I am getting up to pre-war quality?"

The answer to that is also quite simple. *The best gasoline is still fighting!* Our fighting men are getting the cream of U.S. gasoline production, which contains most of the Ethyl fluid manufactured.

Result—gasoline left over for civilians is likely to be short on quality as well as quantity until such time as the Army and Navy say it's safe to step up civilian gasoline supplies again. Then you—and all other American car owners—can look forward to the finest Ethyl gasoline ever offered you.

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CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Only a little Wildroot Cream Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

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NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
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Pour small amount into palm of hand. Apply to hair and massage. Dampen hair with water and comb.
CONTAINS
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Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Recently promoted to Lieutenant (jg), Daniel A. Naughton is greeted by his mother as he reaches his Jacksonville, Florida, home. Shot down and wounded in the Pacific, he paddled ashore on Luzon and lived on weeds and roots until rescued by natives—and the Navy

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Mrs. Anna V. Naughton,
417 East First Street,
Jacksonville, Florida.

Dear Mrs. Naughton: Now stop that worrying, because your boy, Danny, is safe and sound and at this moment is sitting here with me having the biggest glass of milk you ever saw. And take that notice the Navy Department sent you which began "We regret to inform you . . ." and throw it away. Danny is not dead nor is he missing, and, although he has two small pieces of shrapnel in his skull, they are so unimportant that the doctors aren't even bothering to remove them. Danny is only worried that you haven't heard yet that he is safe. So he asked me to drop you this note.

Let me tell you the whole story, Mrs. Naughton. This morning my phone rang and it was Captain Maurice Sheehy. You'll recall him better as Father Sheehy, the naval chaplain in Jacksonville when Danny enlisted away back on December 4, 1941. Now Father Sheehy, after long service on the Saratoga, is the head chaplain of them all out here, and a fine man he is.

"I've got a story for you maybe," Father Sheehy said to me. "A great lad, Ensign Danny Naughton, a naval pilot listed as missing, turned up this morning and is staying with me. He was shot down a while back and got to a hostile island, but he finally escaped, and his story is worth the telling."

So we sat on the beach under a palm tree and Danny told me of all the strikes he'd been in off the flight decks of the Independence, which was his carrier at first, and of the Intrepid, which he joined later.

A "strike" you know, Mrs. Naughton, means an attack. Well, Danny was in about twenty-five strikes, protecting torpedo planes and dive bombers, and strafing Jap airfields and throwing lead into sampans and Nip destroyers. Then he came to *the* day.

It was a Sunday, and the fighter pilots were awakened early and sent to the ready room. There was word that a big force of Jap planes was on its way and it was up to the fighters to intercept them and, as the boys say, "burn them."

Danny's job that day was to be "Tail End Charlie" which meant that he flew above and behind his division and kept weaving this way and that, craning his neck all the time looking for Zekes or Tonys that might be diving from above or coming up from below. He was at 16,000 feet when he spotted a Tony (a very good single-engine Jap fighter) coming fast, and Danny poured lead into the Tony, and the Tony, smoking, veered away and disappeared.

Now they were over land, and the AA was very thick. Danny and his men weaved through the ugly black bursts, and then suddenly the world came to an end for Danny. He was only conscious of a blinding flash and an explosion that rang in his ears and he felt his Hellcat tremble like a small tree in a high wind. The plane dived on down toward the ground below, but somehow Danny righted it at 8,000 feet and it leveled off, and now Danny's head cleared and he took stock of the situation.

His instrument board was a shambles. He looked to the port side and saw that he had only half a wing left. A burst of AA had gone right through it and exploded against the engine, and small chunks of shrapnel had screamed through the cockpit, and then Danny tasted something odd and he realized it was blood he was tasting—his blood. Shrapnel had torn through his helmet and had creased his skull, and some of it had lodged in his scalp.

He had to stay conscious, he knew, and somehow nurse his plane out over the ocean, and then if he made a water landing, there was always a chance that he'd be picked up. His engine began to cough and then it began to race.

He knew his Hellcat was good for only a few more minutes. Now he began to have the kind of luck that a boy like Danny deserves. From nowhere came two Hellcats from his squadron. They waved to him (Ritter and Hague were the pilots) to tell him they knew he was in trouble and that they'd stick around.

Danny kept losing altitude, and that was bad because there was a range of mountains ahead of him. He knew he could never lift his ship over those mountains. He kept flying straight for them because the coast was just beyond. Then a miracle happened. We know that miracles do happen, Mrs. Naughton, and since he'd been hit, Danny was mumbling a prayer. He never stopped praying.

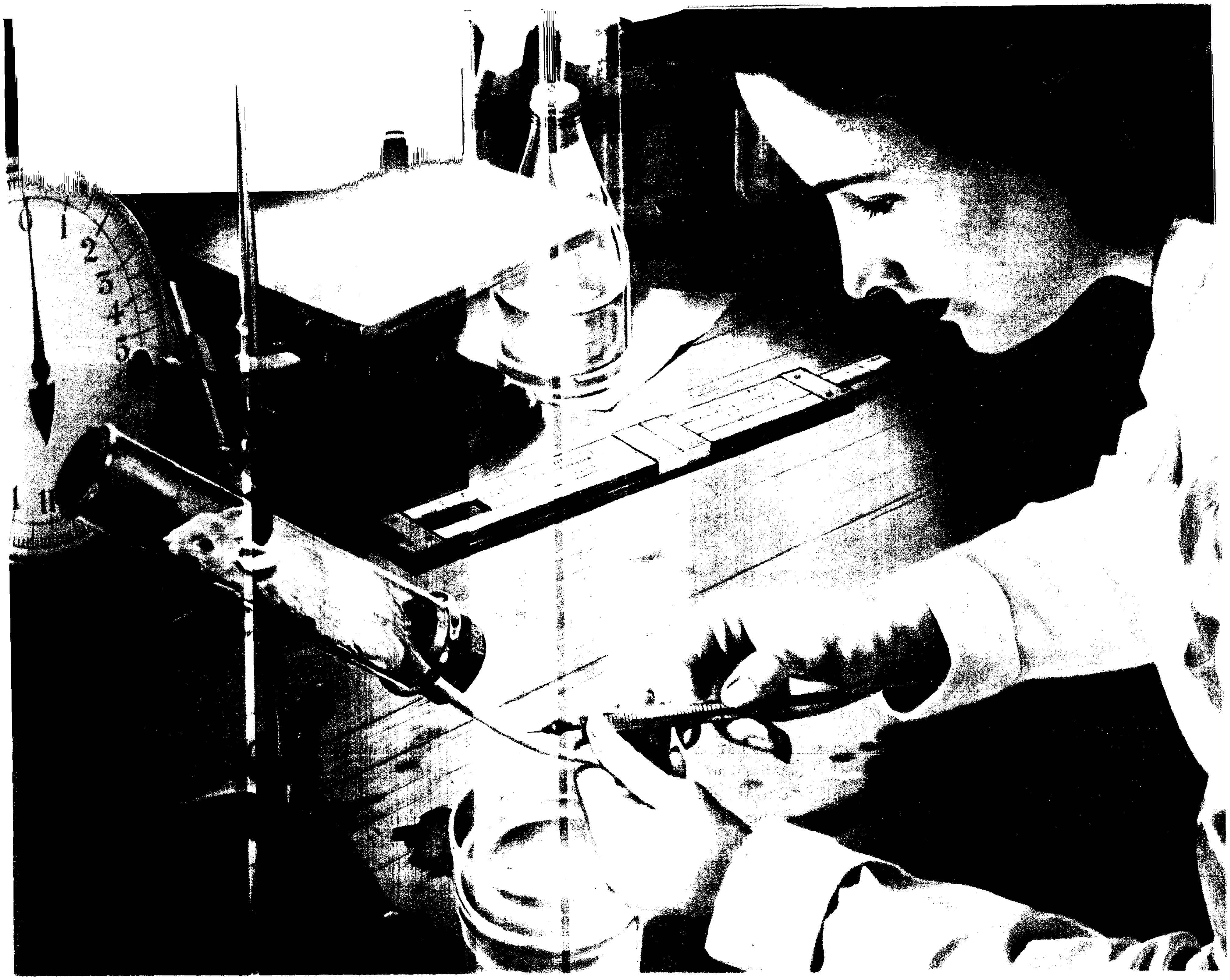
A Last-Minute Miracle

As he approached the mountains, he saw that he was flying toward a gap in them. It wasn't a big gap but it was wide enough for his half a plane to get through. And then he was over the water.

The ship just lost altitude gradually and then Danny made as pretty a water landing as anyone ever saw. He bounced out of the cockpit and within fifteen seconds was floating in his rubber raft with his Mae West inflated. Everything was working nicely except that the water was quite rough. Hague and Ritter flew low over him to let him know they had his position fixed.

The Navy has a highly developed sea rescue organization, so Danny sat in his raft, confident that somehow he'd be picked up. He was getting dizzy, so he took off his helmet. It was full of blood but Danny felt no pain. He washed his scalp with sea water and then took out his little emergency medical kit and covered his scalp with sulfanilamide powder.

(Continued on page 42)



Not even a Mouse...

HE'S being used to prove the *non-toxicity* of penicillin... Yes, he'll live—penicillin cures without danger... harms "not even a mouse."

In its great mission of healing, penicillin lifts more and more "incurable cases"—among the wounded, and among the sick—back to hope... to *health.* By its success, demand has been multiplied again and again!

One obstacle in meeting this demand was the loss of penicillin in attempting to extract it from the "broth" in which the mold grows. In production, the drug is delicate and unstable—must be *quickly* extracted to keep it active. In some processes as much as half was being lost...

As Shell Research might be considered a sort of "missing molecules department"—where "lost" elements in petroleum are recovered and put to work—this urgent penicillin problem was brought to Shell.

It was a different field of research... but Shell scientists heard the appeal and swung their sights away from petroleum to *penicillin.*

History repeats itself. History, for once, was short and sweet—these "petroleum veterans" quickly justified the reputation they had gained by such accomplishments as the recovery, from petroleum, of "lost" materials needed to make 100 octane gasoline—or toluene for TNT.

Shell developed a new process through which production of penicillin could be substantially increased.

And with this process, penicillin has been recovered which had a potency 3 to 4 times the minimum standard required.

Shell doesn't produce or sell penicillin, but five producers quickly adopted the new process. Shell's follow-through includes supervision of the design and construction of a plant, and the training of the producer's crew in its operation... to assure the promised volume and maximum purity.

Nothing is left to chance—"not even the mouse" which is used to prove the drug's non-toxicity.

Look to Shell Research for finer motor fuels and lubricants... Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of finer fuels and lubricants... When the time comes, your Shell dealer will be ready.

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"

SHELL

Horizons widen through Shell Research

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ACCORDING TO IMPARTIAL POLLS . . .

America Looks to Philco for Tomorrow's Radio

BY AN AVERAGE OF 3 TO 1
OVER ANY OTHER MAKE!

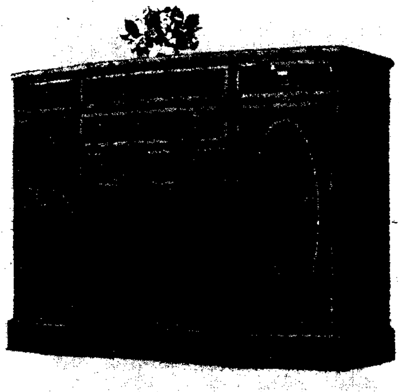
THE SCIENTISTS and engineers of the Philco laboratories are still giving all their thought and time to the production of radar and electronic equipment for our fighting forces. There is little they can say about the radios and phonographs they'll bring you after Victory. But the people of America have said a good deal!

They have spoken emphatically, in repeated polls of post-war buying preference, about what they await from Philco, *the leader*. One after another, they have expressed their intention to buy a Philco . . . *by an average of 3 to 1 over any other make!*

Philco appreciates this overwhelming vote of confidence. The engineers whose war research today is making vital contributions to the swift progress of electronic science, will be ready when Victory is won to continue their record of leadership in radio research. And the same ingenuity which made Philco the acknowledged leader in radio for twelve straight years before the war, will bring you again the newest developments in the use and enjoyment of radio and recorded music.

Yes, Philco leadership tomorrow will justify America's *vote of confidence* today.

Tune in the PHILCO PROGRAM . . . with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, Georgia Gibbs, the Merry Macs. Every Sunday, 6 P.M., EWT, Blue Network.



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 30, 1945

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Angel Girl

BY W. R. BURNETT

Here begins the story of a woman who bet her heart that she could make a happy marriage with a man who would bet on anything

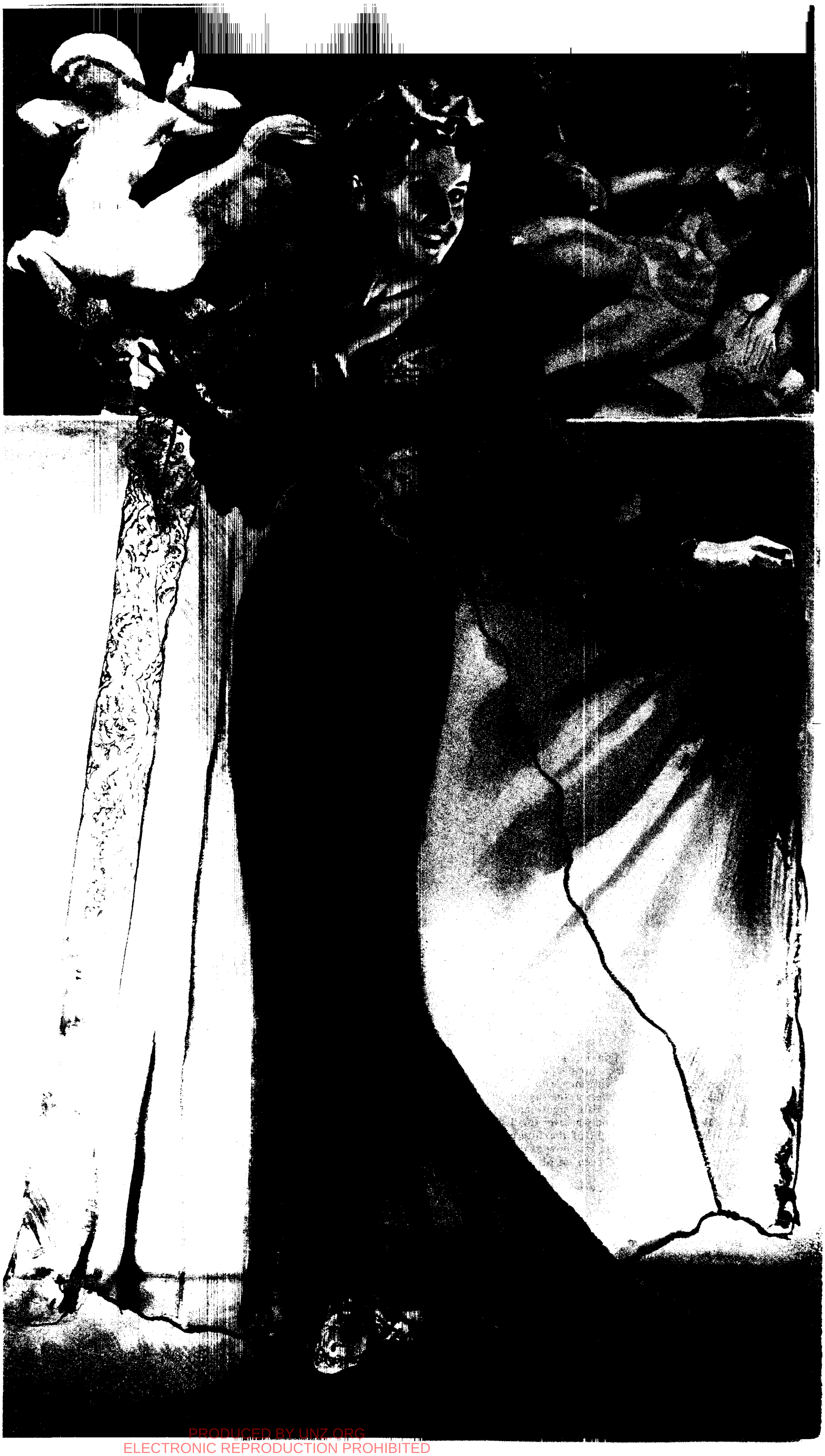
RAY COOPER was average, the kind of man nobody ever looks at twice. He was forty-eight, and an ex-sportswriter of considerable note. For half a lifetime he had been a heavy drinker but now he drank nothing but beer. He was sitting at the bar of Benny Hayt's Turf Café, studying a Racing Form and occasionally staring out the window into the square. Ray could see the dim boulevard lights stretching off toward the South Road Bridge and the total darkness of the open country. It was a June night in Lake City, a large industrial center on one of the Great Lakes, and a faint lake mist made halos around each lamp. Clouds of June bugs were dashing themselves at every light they could find, and piles of dead ones cluttered the sidewalks. Ray always felt a little uneasy at the Turf Café, even though it was on the outskirts of town. Beyond it, the slums of a huge city pulsated in the darkness.

Not more than a dozen people were scattered about the bar. A polite but stubborn drunk was arguing mildly with the head bartender, a sad, tough-looking little Irishman, who, after a moment, glanced over at Ray and shrugged resignedly, as if to say, "See what I got to put up with?"

Ray took a sip from his glass of beer, then impatiently folded up the Racing Form and stuffed it into his coat pocket. No use trying to pick winners tonight. In the first place, he was too nervous, couldn't concentrate; in the second place, when Lonnie got through upstairs, they might not have any money to bet with.

Lonnie Drew was only thirty-two, still young, and skirting disaster by a hair was his idea of a good time. Ray thought about all the money that had run through Lonnie's fingers since he'd known him: over half a million, sure. And what did he have to show for it? A big, 20-year-old beach house, falling apart, a couple of cars and a wardrobe a movie star might envy.

The two years in the Army hadn't changed Lonnie a bit—at least not so you could no-



Lonnie Drew stopped in at Karr-Dean's fashion show and saw Miss O'Donnell modeling a glamorous black-lace negligee

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

tice. Of course, he'd come back limping and he used to sit and swear at his gimpy ankle by the hour. But he even "cussed optimistically." Pinky Ryan, Lonnie's cook and general servant, had made that crack: and no truer word was ever spoken. Adversity of whatever kind seemed only to encourage Lonnie; he never learned.

Ray winced slightly, thinking about the big poker game upstairs. Lonnie was in tough company—playing with men who had real money; while Lonnie was on the ragged edge. One exceptionally bad night—and goodby beach house, cars and whatever small reserve he had. The thought of the future made Ray feel panicky. He was now as dependent on Lonnie as he'd been on his own father when he was a boy.

He glanced up. Somebody was speaking to him: Benny Hayt.

"What's that, Benny?" he demanded. "Didn't hear you."

Benny was a fat little man of fifty, who had a good business and was a member of a big gambling syndicate, which included, besides himself, Jack Pool, one of the most successful gamblers in the country, and Mr. W. W. Keller, a rich Lake City businessman and realtor. "Your boss," said Benny, eying Ray somberly, "he's doing pretty fair. Run of luck." He chuckled without changing his somber expression. "You better bust up this game, I think."

"Doing that well, is he?" Ray's pulses began to jump.

Benny sat alongside Ray, put his chin on his hands and stared sadly out of the window into Warehouse Square. "Yeah. He's going pretty fair. Sam Ballard's taking a beating—but good."

Ray grimaced. "It's always the guy you don't want to take a beating who does."

"Money's money," said Benny. "If he don't want to lose, he shouldn't gamble. Mr. Pool's inching along—the Greek, I mean."

Ray smothered a smile. The thought of Benny calling the elegant Mr. Pool—born Ajax Macropoulos—"the Greek" to his face was one for the book.

"Then there's Gregg—a big gambler over at the track," Benny went on; "owns a lot of beetles. He's losing some. And that Coster fellow—I never seen him before. He's a big boy from downtown. He came with the Greek; owns a department store."

"Yeah," said Ray, "Karr-Dean Company. We won't cry about him."

"I don't cry over nobody," said Benny sadly. "Not even my mother—if she'd lose her wad in a stud game. Nobody makes you play."...

The little Irish bartender, Gordy, wouldn't trust anybody to wait on the big boys upstairs. He took care of them himself. This time when he entered with the tray, they were not playing. Some were seated, some were standing, smoking. Mr. Ballard, looking strained and pale, was pacing the floor. Gordy threw him a sympathetic glance; he knew he was taking an awful beating, and Ballard was A-one in his book. He put down the tray. Jack Pool, the Greek, made a move toward his pocket, but Lonnie Drew already had a big bill out and tossed it on the table.

"Thanks, Gordy," he said, smiling. The smile, Gordy reflected, that threw so many dames into a dither—or so he heard.

"Much obliged, Mr. Drew," said Gordy, glancing again at Ballard, then going out and closing the door softly behind him.

LONNIE turned and, rubbing his chin reflectively, studied Ballard. Lonnie himself was a tall young man, slightly over six feet, and weighing nearly a hundred and ninety pounds—though he didn't look it. He was long-legged, and his build seemed slight and graceful, due partly to his expensive, well-cut clothes. His sun-faded blond hair was thick and curly; his face gave an appearance of delicacy till you noticed the solid, projecting chin. His blue eyes, surrounded by sun wrinkles, were mild and observant. He had an almost boyish air in comparison with the dark, hairy, elegant Greek, who sat near by, sipping a liqueur and glancing up at him ironically from time to time.

It was nearly midnight. The game had been going since midafternoon.

"Well, what do you say, Lonnie?" Ballard demanded. "I'm in to my ears—and I've got no more cash."

"We play always for cash," said Pool, smoothly, staring at his carefully manicured nails.

"But that restaurant of mine—it's worth a lot of money," Ballard argued. "Anybody can tell you that."

Nobody said anything. Ballard looked about him anxiously.

"It's not up to me," said Coster, as if somebody had accused him of something. "This is my first time."

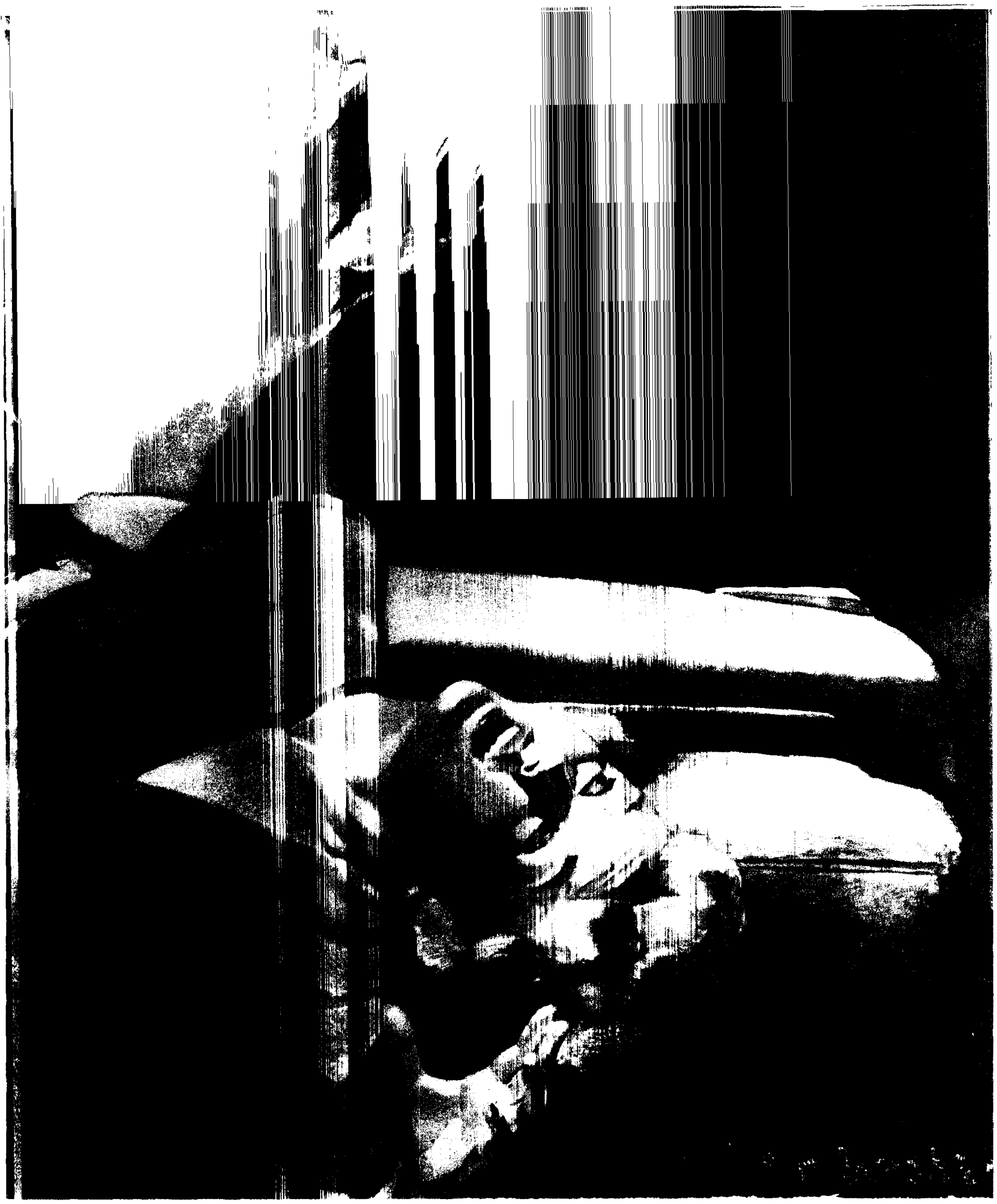
"Yes," said Pool, "Mr. Coster is my guest. I'm very embarrassed. He was looking for a big game. I told him this was the biggest in the Middle West. Now we are wrangling over cash."

Lonnie glanced at the Greek with distaste. He had never liked this conniving, handsome, perfumed, overbarbered gambler—even in the old days when he'd been head bellboy in the Erie Hotel, and the Greek had been . . . well, pretty much what he was today: A big tipper but a man who liked to yell at and embarrass the help.

Ballard turned to the others. "How do you fellows feel?"

Gregg merely shrugged, then tossed down his drink. "With cash it's simpler," he said.

"Oh, well," said Ballard and reached for his hat. He looked pale and sick.



Lonnie saw the woman begin to beat the driver with her purse. The man ducked and temporized for a minute or so, then he jumped out of the car and hit her a blow that made Lonnie wince

Lonnie felt a sudden stab of pity. "Look, Sam," he said, "I'll lend you some dough. I hate playing against my own money, but . . ."

Ballard's thin, pale face brightened. "Damn' nice of you, Lonnie. But—not without security. I'll put up the restaurant against your loan."

The Greek smiled to himself with satisfaction: Lonnie was breaking his luck. Pool had seldom known it to fail; he felt immensely superior to most other men. Their lives were all complicated and snarled up with sentiment, pity—such things. It was very droll!

They began to play. After the third card, both the Greek and Coster tossed their hands in.

Coster smiled happily. "For ten years I've been looking for a game like this."

"I'm so glad that you're pleased, Mr. Coster," said Pool.

"And all on account of a beautiful girl," laughed Coster. "Things have the strangest way of working out at times."

Lonnie glanced up at Coster and Pool as they looked at each other and smiled. He was curious.

"Has Jack, here, run into another doll?" he inquired.

Jack Pool's mouth tightened slightly. He did not like to have this ex-bellboy so familiar with him.

"Yes," said Coster, laughing. "One of the models in my store. He sends her flowers every day."

Pool threw Coster a veiled glance but said nothing.

"However," Coster went on, "I don't think our Casanova is doing quite as well as he expected."

"Oh, I expect nothing," said Pool. "Her company is enough."

Lonnie laughed briefly. Who did the Greek think he was with his polite manner? All he did was chase dames; a procession of them had passed through the hotel in the old days, and he was mean with them, and stingy. An all-round bad guy.

"She's quite a girl," said Coster.

"Cards!" Gregg cut in sharply.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said Coster, coming to himself. "I'm afraid I talk too much."

"Oh, no," said Pool, smiling. "Who could help talking about so charming a girl?"

"A grand I'm right," interrupted Lonnie. The others quietly threw in their hands.

IT WAS nearly 3 A.M. The Turf Café was dark except for a night light behind the bar, and the chairs were stacked on the tables. A big, shuffling Negro was mopping the floor, humming sadly to himself. Gordy, the head bartender, and Ray were sitting behind the bar on camp chairs eating sandwiches and drinking coffee out of a small tin pail.

While they were drinking, somebody began to bang on the door. The big Negro went over and tried to wave the man away, but the banging went on. Irritated, Gordy jumped up, went to the door and peered out; then he grinned and unlocked the door, calling over his shoulder to Ray: "It's Mr. Drew's boy with the car."

Ray sighed with relief. The game was over. Lonnie must have phoned from upstairs. Ray rose and went to meet Lonnie's chauffeur, a slender little Chicago Czech, named Willy Fiala, who was grinning and slapping Gordy on the back.

"Hello, kid," said Willy, always as cheerful as Lonnie; in fact, he aped his boss in everything. "How's about a little after-hours drink?"

"All locked up."

"Fine thing!" He turned to Ray. "Boss ain't down yet, huh?"

As he spoke, the door which led to the room upstairs opened, and Lonnie came out alone.

"You still here, Ray? Hello, Willy. Let's go." He noticed the bartender. "Thanks for the service, Gordy. I guess it brought me luck."

"Thank *you*, Mr. Drew, for all them tips."

Ray looked at Lonnie with interest—very anxious to hear about the game.

"You can relax," said Lonnie. "We're in the dough."

"Oh, boy!" cried Willy, rubbing his hands energetically. . .

Pinky Ryan, the cook, had a snack ready for them, and Ray and Lonnie ate it in the narrow, little breakfast room which was hardly more than a butler's pantry. Ray wasn't hungry, but he pecked at the food to keep Lonnie company. Lonnie was hungry as a wolf, as he always was after a long gambling session. Finally he stopped eating, leaned back comfortably and lighted a cigarette to go with his last cup of coffee.

"It seems," he said to Ray, "we're in the restaurant business."

"How do you mean?"

"I won over fifteen thousand cash, *and* Sam Ballard's restaurant."

"The Lake Shore Inn! What are you going to do with it?"

"Run it," said Lonnie calmly. "What else? Sam's going to manage it for me."

Ray groaned. "Is that sense, Lonnie? He just lost it, gambling. How can you trust a man like that?"

"You don't understand, Ray. As long as Sam's working for me, he'll be okay. Losing his own place is something else again."

RAY sat shaking his head and staring out of the window at the many winking lights of Bass Island. The moon was up and there was a pale, jewel-like shimmer on the water. The window was open; a fresh breeze was blowing in from the lake, stirring the curtains.

Lonnie got up and yawned and stretched. "Guess I'll hit the hay."

Ray envied him. Lonnie would throw off his clothes, get into bed, drop off in a second, and sleep like the dead—till somebody shook him awake.

"By the way," said Lonnie, turning, "the Greek got a slight pasting tonight. He dropped about five grand. The guy from downtown won about that—what's his name? —Coster. All in the family, I guess. The Greek's on the make for one of Coster's models. Beautiful kid, I understand. Maybe I should go take a look. . . ."

Lonnie yawned and stretched again. He turned and was just starting for the bedroom when somebody began to bang on the front door. Lonnie and Ray exchanged a look. It was past 4 A.M.

"You don't suppose it got out you won a lot of dough, and some of the boys . . ." Ray began.

"Would they knock?" asked Lonnie, shrugging.

He turned, went quickly down the hall, punched on the porch light and unlatched the front door. Willy came in behind him hurriedly and stood at the far end of the hall with a gun in his pocket. Lonnie opened the front door. A tall woman, whose face was partly in the shadows, was standing on the lower step.

"Well!" exclaimed Lonnie.

"Are you Mr. Drew?" asked the woman; she spoke thickly and swayed slightly.

Lonnie realized she was very drunk. "Yes," he said. "Won't you come in?"

"Don't be funny," the woman said. "I've had about enough of guys like you."

A man sitting in a car in front of the house called: "Wanda!"

"Be quiet, loudmouth!" cried the woman violently. Then she turned back to Lonnie. "All I want out of you, mister, is: Tell that Greek to come out here and face me like a man!"

"What Greek?"

"Don't give me that. He came home with you."

"Oh, you mean Jack Pool. He didn't come home with me."

"I don't believe it."

Lonnie stood aside. "Why don't you come in and search the house? He might be hiding in my bedroom. Shall we go see?"

Willy began to giggle. Ray and Pinky were both behind him now, listening.

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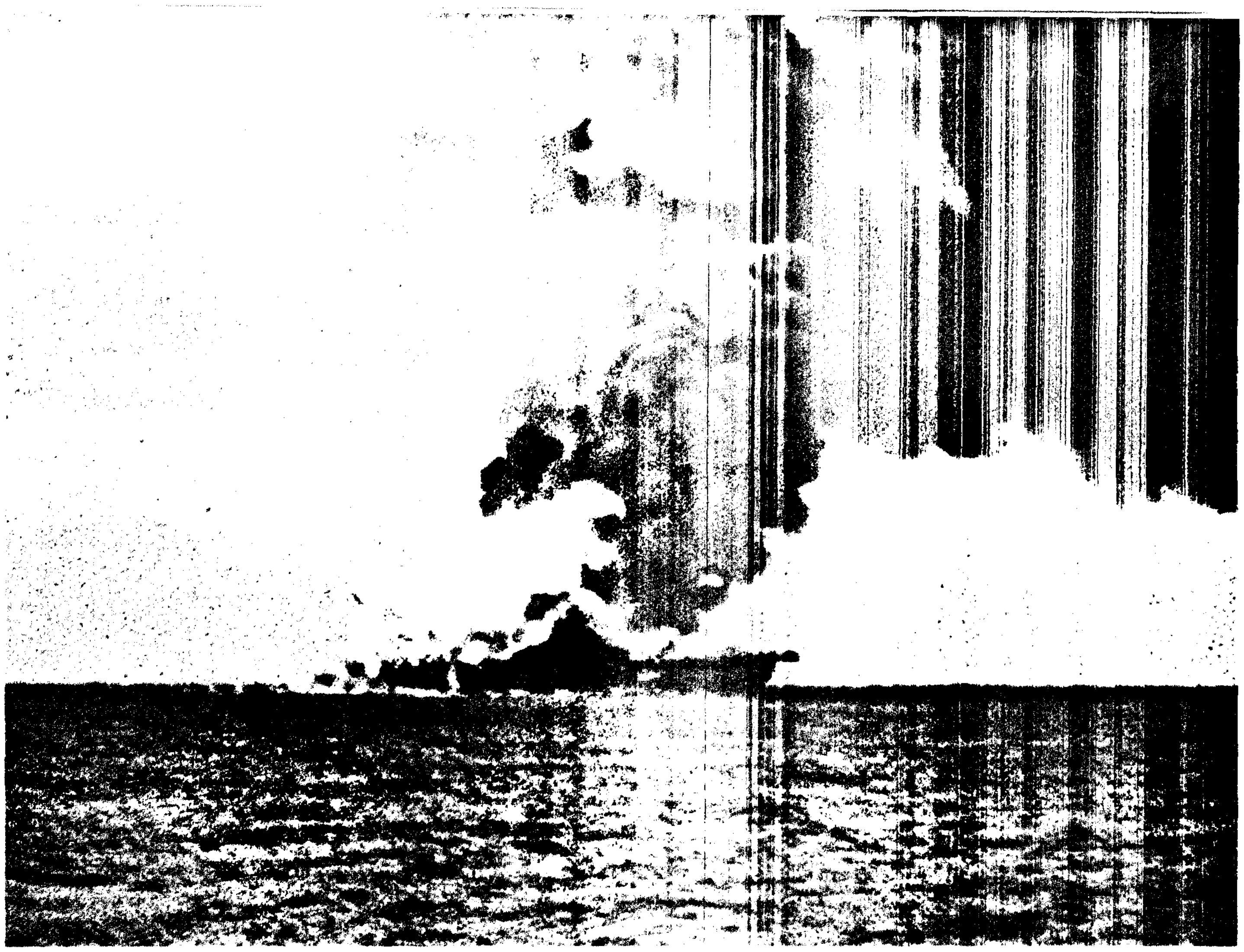
CHAPLAIN COURAGEOUS

By Quentin Reynolds



For hours after the Jap attack, the Franklin was tortured with internal explosions. Giant rockets are shown winging out of the billowing flames as five-inch shells pock the sea. The blob of flame comes from high-octane gasoline on the hangar deck

The giant carrier Franklin lay dead in the sea on Japan's front doorstep. She was ablaze almost from stem to stern as a result of two direct bomb hits which had exploded her own ammunition and gasoline. Men were dying by the hundreds when Lieutenant Gary crept below decks through the smoke to find 300 men trapped in a wardroom. At the risk of his life, he probed for an exit. Farther aft, down at the water line, Quartermaster Holbrook Davis and four men were imprisoned in an airtight, watertight compartment called steering aft. But Gary was concerned now with the 300

II

LIEUTENANT GARY ordered the first group of twenty men to follow him. All lights had long since gone. Gary's small flashlight made no impression in the thick yellow smoke that filled the passageways. But he found a ventilator trunk. He led the men to it. He had removed the grate and now he shoved his body inside and began to climb. The men followed him and within a few minutes lay gasping on the flight deck. Gary went back many times. He brought every one of the three hundred men out to safety. The last to leave with him was Jim Fuelling, the medico.

"We'd have all been dead if it hadn't been for Gary," Fuelling said.

Gary brushed that off and joined the fire fighters. Oh, yes, Captain Gehres later recommended him for the Congressional Medal. But right then Gary was in a hurry to get back to the flight deck and the fire fighting and the Irishman, Father O'Callahan, who was writing history up there.

The padre went from one part of the ship to another. He was always where things were hottest and he was grinning, and his good humor and his courage acted as a tonic to men who had almost reached the breaking point. Now flaming gasoline sluiced down the sloping deck, floating flames that licked everywhere. Father O'Callahan turned his hose on it and swept it overboard.

Young Lieutenant Stanley S. Graham was the fire marshal. Father O'Callahan was always at his elbow. They call the blond, good-looking fire marshal "Steamship" Graham. They say that's what the S in his name stands for.

"We all belonged to the padre's church that day," Graham said later. "And I'm a Baptist. The padre just doesn't know what fear is."

Father O'Callahan wasn't afraid. In fact, he is puzzled at anyone who is afraid of death. "It's stupid to fear death," he told me. "Yes, I thought we were all going that morning but I can't say I bothered to think much of it. To begin with, I was prepared. I was as ready as I'll ever be. If a man can be given the chance of picking a way to die—well, what better way than to die in the uniform of the United States Navy, fighting for your country? I don't remember being afraid. I've led an academic life for the most part. I often wondered if some of the things I've learned and some of the things I've taught were really of practical value. Well, that morning I found that everything I'd been taught was now helping me in one way or another. Yes, even logic and philosophy and mathematics and, of course, physics. They give you added strength when you're in the kind of situation we found ourselves in."

That's O'Callahan—fighting Navy priest—and that's the way he felt on that morning of March 19th when, at 11:15, Captain Gehres told Joe Taylor he had decided to accept a tow from the cruiser Pittsburgh.

Quite a man, Joe Taylor. He'd been christened prophetically enough Joseph Franklin Taylor in Danville, Illinois. But when they first asked his name when he entered the Naval Academy he blurted out "Joe Taylor," and he's been Joe Taylor on the rolls ever since. Every naval man in the Pacific knows about Taylor's two Navy Crosses, his Bronze Star, his Purple Heart and the green ribbon he wears, sign of a commendation from Admiral Nimitz.

"He's part Indian," the pilots will tell you, chuckling. "That's what makes him so tough. Used to be a test pilot. Hell, he can fly anything with wings! As a torpedo pilot he sank a carrier in the Coral Sea battle. Yeah, Joe was on the Yorktown when she got it, but nothing much happened to him. The guy is indestructible."

The Eight-Inch Messenger

So it was Taylor who went forward and found thirty men and gave them the captain's orders. First they'd have to get rid of the starboard anchor so they could use the heavy anchor chain for the tow. You need a strong chain to tow 27,000 tons of dead weight. They found an emergency cutting outfit and soon the big anchor splashed into the sea. The Pittsburgh had come around to the Franklin's bow. She tossed a rope over and to it was attached what Navy men call an eight-inch messenger. That's a rope eight inches thick. They began to haul in the water-soaked rope. Ordinarily this would be done by winches, but there was no power.

"The men were Negro cooks and steward's mates but they worked like real deck seamen," Taylor says. "It was an inspiring sight to watch the men and officers all pulling together, all chanting."

Tommy Frasure and Willie Cogman had a bright idea. They remembered an old Negro spiritual and they began to chant the chorus of it. "Yeave . . . Ho . . . Yeave . . . Ho," they chanted slowly, and the others took it up.

Joe Taylor grinned. How could you go wrong when even the messboys were turning into heroes? The huge rope slackened and then tightened and slackened and tightened, and, every time it tightened, a few extra precious feet came aboard. "Yeave . . . Ho . . . Yeave . . . Ho."

On the bridge, the captain watched the scene. He phoned the five men trapped in steering aft and told them that he hadn't forgotten them. Young Holbrook Davis said thanks and told the skipper that someone—he didn't know who—had phoned from an engine room and asked permission to correct the 14-degree list to starboard by transferring water and oil from starboard tanks to port. The skipper said, "Tell him to proceed."

A little more than an hour later, the ship was on an almost even keel, listing slightly to port. No one has been able to find out the identity of the hero who eliminated the danger of capsizing.

Finally, everything was secured and the Pittsburgh, Captain John E. Gingrich in command, began to move ahead slowly. At least the Franklin wouldn't be a sitting duck in the water when Jap planes came over. And it was Jap planes that worried Gehres up there on the bridge. Most of his guns were out of commission or in parts of the ship where fires were blazing. Besides, the men were too busy with the fires to man guns, and he knew that the Japs like nothing better than a shot at a blazing cripple. Gehres noticed that aft of the bridge there was a 40-millimeter battery that hadn't been touched. But could he spare the men to man it? Gehres sometimes thinks aloud. He was thinking of that battery, and his Marine orderly, Wally Klimciewicz, heard him thinking out loud.

"Begging the captain's pardon, but may I have permission to man the battery?" chunky Klimciewicz said.

"What do you know about forty-millimeters?" Gehres asked impatiently.

"I'm a Marine, sir," Klimciewicz said.

"All right, Marine. Go ahead."

The orderly scrambled down and half an hour later Gehres saw him with seven other men around the guns. Klimciewicz had gathered two cooks, one gunner's mate, a yeoman, two buglers from the band and another Marine orderly—and none too soon. Far above the horizon, black puffs dotted the sky. Enemy planes were coming in. The puffs blossomed closer as near-by ships began to fire. Klimciewicz hunched over the sights of his battery.

Then a Judy, squirming and escaping the ack-ack fire of the whole fleet, dived at the Franklin. She started to make her run from aft. Klimciewicz's forties popped at her. It was an unequal duel, because the makeshift crew had to shift the gun by hand; the electrical controls were out.

A Marine to the Rescue

The Judy, coming at 300 miles an hour, was a hundred yards from the ship when she swerved sharply. The forties had hit her; hit her just enough to make her lose control. She dropped a bomb and missed the Franklin by twenty feet. The explosion raised the ship and shook her—but no real damage had been done. Klimciewicz and his makeshift crew had saved the Franklin from a direct hit, a hit that undoubtedly would have been fatal.

"I'm a Marine, sir," Klimciewicz had said. That's enough—a 19-year-old Marine out of Jersey City.

The Pittsburgh kept a steady six knots, pulling the stricken carrier slowly away from Japan. Twice during the afternoon Jap planes made desperate efforts to get at her. But now the whole fleet was fighting to save this amazing ship that had lived through an experience that no ship in the history of naval warfare had ever been asked to live through. In truth, a large part of the fleet interposed itself between the Franklin and the coast of Japan, so that Nip bombers would be forced to run the gantlet of heavy AA fire before reaching the cripple.

Gehres received a report that a hundred Jap planes were approaching. He set his teeth a bit harder. He had confidence in this Navy. The planes were intercepted by our fighters far out beyond the horizon. A few got through but more than forty were

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U.S. NAVY

"splashed." Now and then an odd one got through, and twice the Big Ben rattled and shook as bombs screamed down at her to explode in the sea.

In steering aft, Holbrook Davis and his four trapped companions sat in darkness and listened to the explosions. Someone said, "I don't think we ran into a mine field. We got bombed." The water dripped down from the hatchway above. That was their only means of escape but they did not yet know that the hatchway was flooded with ten feet of water. All they knew was that up above, the fight went on to save the Franklin.

"Every time a Judy dived at us," Lieutenant Commander Dave Berger of Philadelphia, says, "we looked for foxholes. We dug our noses in the deck all right. Once when one came close, I ducked behind a five-inch magazine. The Jap had opened his wing guns and was chewing up the deck. At that moment I looked up, and there was Father O'Callahan calmly walking along the flight deck carrying a hose. He was so busy he never noticed the Jap planes."

But everyone noticed the padre. By now everyone on board was talking about him. He walked through smoke and fire, and emerged unscathed. He tried to get a Filipino boy to help him dump a bomb overboard. The youngster took one look at the bomb and understandably shrank from it.

"Are you a Catholic, son?" Father O'Callahan asked.

The boy nodded.

"Then I'll give you the last rites of the church and, no matter what happens, if you truly repent your sins, you'll have a chance for heaven." Solemnly he repeated the ritual, and the fear left the face of the boy.

"And now, son, let's get to work," Father O'Callahan said crisply.

The boy was a good worker from then on. Good? Gehres recommended him for a Bronze Star.

That story ran around the ship. Men began to believe that if you were with Father O'Callahan you were safe. They crowded around him saying, "What next, Padre?" And he'd tell them.

Now and then Father O'Callahan would point to the bridge. The bulky figure of Gehres, megaphone in hand, leaned over the rail. When the wind cleared the smoke away, you could see him. Father O'Callahan would point up to Gehres and he'd cry out to the men, "You can't let the Old Man down. Look at him up there. He doesn't look worried, does he? Have faith in the Old Man!"

In the long run, it was faith that saved that ship, the faith of the padre; the faith of the men in him and the faith of the men in Captain Gehres and Joe Taylor. Call it by some other name if you want but the men of the Franklin believe it was faith. Dusk began to fall, and no one was very happy about that. From now on, the fleet would have to depend almost entirely upon radar to defend the Franklin. The Santa Fe and two destroyers came in close, again directing their hoses on the flaming parts of the ship. The heat was so intense that, in some spots, the steel itself was blazing. The fires must be out by nightfall or the Franklin would be a flaming beacon visible fifty miles away. Father O'Callahan was still at it, indefatigable, and now, by virtue of ten hours of work, a veteran fire fighter.

The soft darkness had fallen to end a horrible day. The sick bay was crowded with wounded but the hands of Doctors Fuelling and Smith and Sherman weren't tired, or if they were, you'd never notice it. They had a great assistant with them, Chaplain Grimes W. Gatlin. He'd been with them since the first bomb struck early that morning. He'd been comforting the wounded and binding jagged cuts and using the morphine needles the way a doctor uses them. He had never left the wounded. He had some knowledge of medicine and considerable knowledge of men, and his knowledge and deft hands and sympathy were of great help that fearful day. Father O'Callahan is the first to say, "You can't write a story of the Franklin without telling of the great work Chaplain Gatlin did." He got the Silver Star.

Bad News from Below Decks

Holbrook Davis phoned to say that the engine-room crews were dropping from smoke and that the below-deck ventilators were out. They wanted permission to "secure station" and leave. Gehres told Davis to relay an order to each engine room to stand to station as long as possible, and then to leave without "securing station"—in sum, without dousing the boiler fires. Davis said "Aye, aye, sir." He didn't say a word about himself and his companions or how it felt to be imprisoned at the water line in an airtight compartment.

The Franklin was still moving ahead at six knots. She was listing slightly to port now. Her rudder control was gone, and nothing much on board was working, but her hull was sound and her heart was sound. Men brought food to the bridge—canned pork sausage and orange juice.

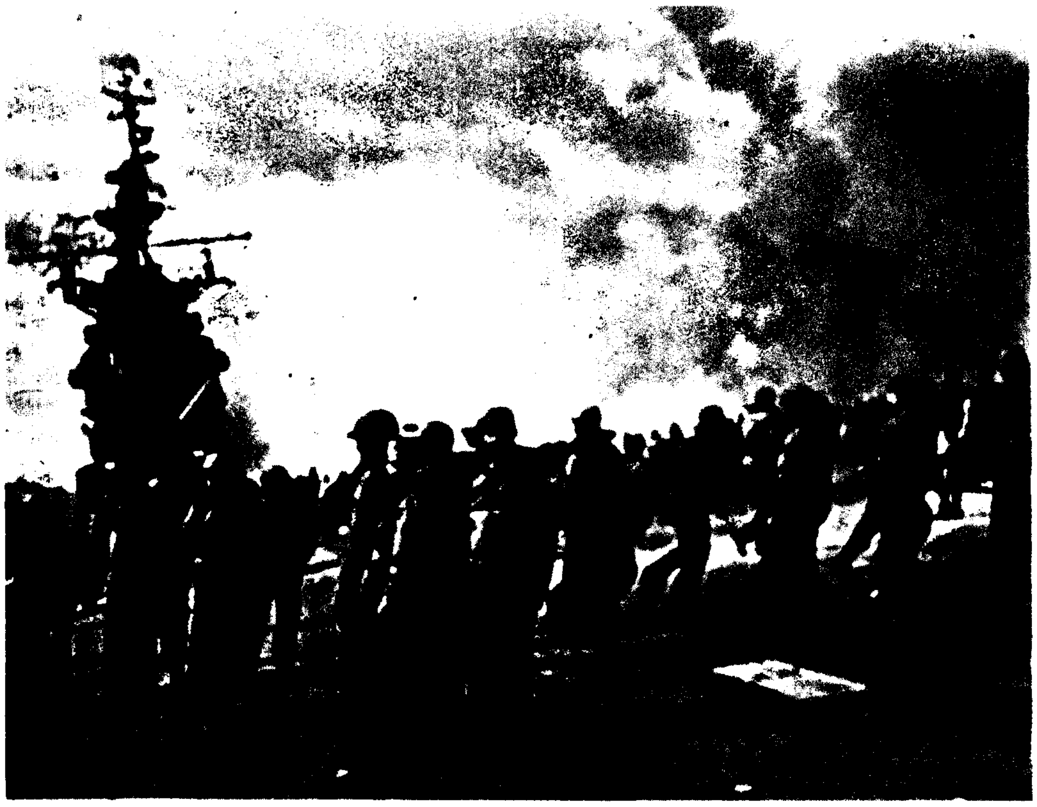
"Best damn' meal I ever tasted," Commander Taylor grinned.

The Hunt and the Marshall hovered close, their hoses ready to dim any fires that might break out. Twice they reported blazes that the men aboard couldn't get at. Twice they threw tons of water at the flames. Gehres received a report that Japs were approaching in large numbers. This time he could grin at Taylor. He felt by now that his ship was indestructible. And he was right.

"The Jap planes had been given the position we'd been at six hours before," Gehres explains. "But we had been towed forty miles since then. They went to that position,

(Continued on page 27)

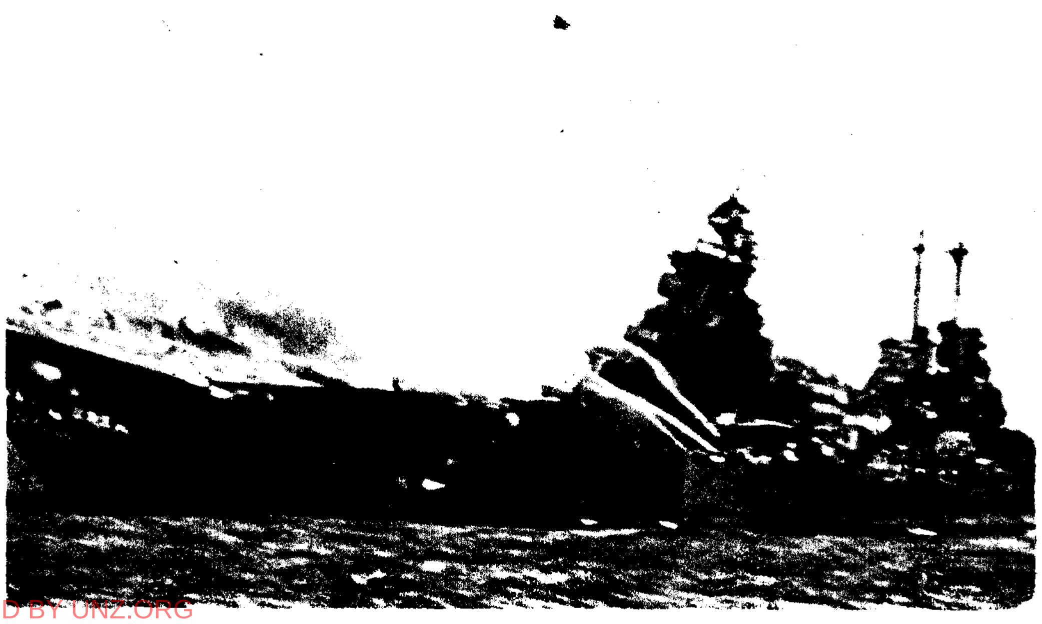
Throughout the day, Jap planes tried to kill the cripple. One is shown at the exact moment it hit the sea between two carriers. The Franklin, at right, had few guns in operation. The ack-ack bursts in the sky come from other ships



At first the men fought the fires defensively and felt that the "Abandon ship!" order would come soon. When it didn't, they fought valiantly, saved the Franklin

Father O'Callahan was everywhere, administering Extreme Unction to the dying, manning hoses, rolling hot bombs overside. This sailor recovered, is now home

The cruiser Santa Fe and its gallant men braved the Franklin's blasts to help douse fires and take hundreds of wounded and unessential personnel off the ship



Stopover

By Ware Torrey Budlong

Hap had begged her to forget that he was going away again, so Joyce put on a big, beautiful act. The only trouble was: She couldn't fool her heart—even for him!

JOYCE looked across the room at Hap and waited for the warm rush of thankfulness to break over her. She waited to feel safe and right because Hap was home. But nothing happened. She stayed frozen inside.

Of course she was glad, being glad was easy and natural, and when he touched her, that was enough for a moment. But now when he was across the room, she knew that being glad hadn't melted the cold dread that stayed deep inside her. She told herself desolately: He hasn't really come home, at all. He's just here for a stopover between wars.

"It isn't fair, Hap," she said aloud. "You won one war, in Germany. And now you've got to go and begin all over again, in the Pacific. Haven't you done enough?"

Hap turned, his blue eyes quizzical, and she couldn't tell what he felt. She got that small shock of surprise, again, from the sharp little triangular scar on his forehead.

"I didn't exactly win the war in Germany single-handed," he remarked. "And I couldn't exactly sit around here on my tail, while the rest of the boys shipped over to clean up the Japs."

His voice was so familiar, there in their own living room, that Joyce felt as if all the echoes of his tones drifted contentedly into the corners of the room where they belonged. He was back with his own house, his own wife, and yet he stood there in his uniform, rather stiffly alert, and he hadn't come to rest. She knew suddenly that he didn't feel right, any more than she did.

"What are we going to do?" she asked him slowly. "I think—I can't bear it—to have you go away again."

Hap moved sharply, and his face tightened to stillness. He came across to her, and his hands were gentle for an instant, and then he pulled her to him urgently.

"Stop talking about it," he said, with a harsh edge on his voice. "It's no good talking about it. Do you think I want to go away from you again? In three weeks? And I haven't been here half an hour yet. Can't we forget I've got to go away?"

No, I can't forget! The words were like a fierce little scream deep in her throat but she didn't let them break out.

"Joyce—" he was saying, just her name, over and over.

And she knew she had to stop being selfish and find what he wanted of her. It was worse for him. He had to go.

"Yes, Hap," she said. "I'll be good now. What do you want me to do?"

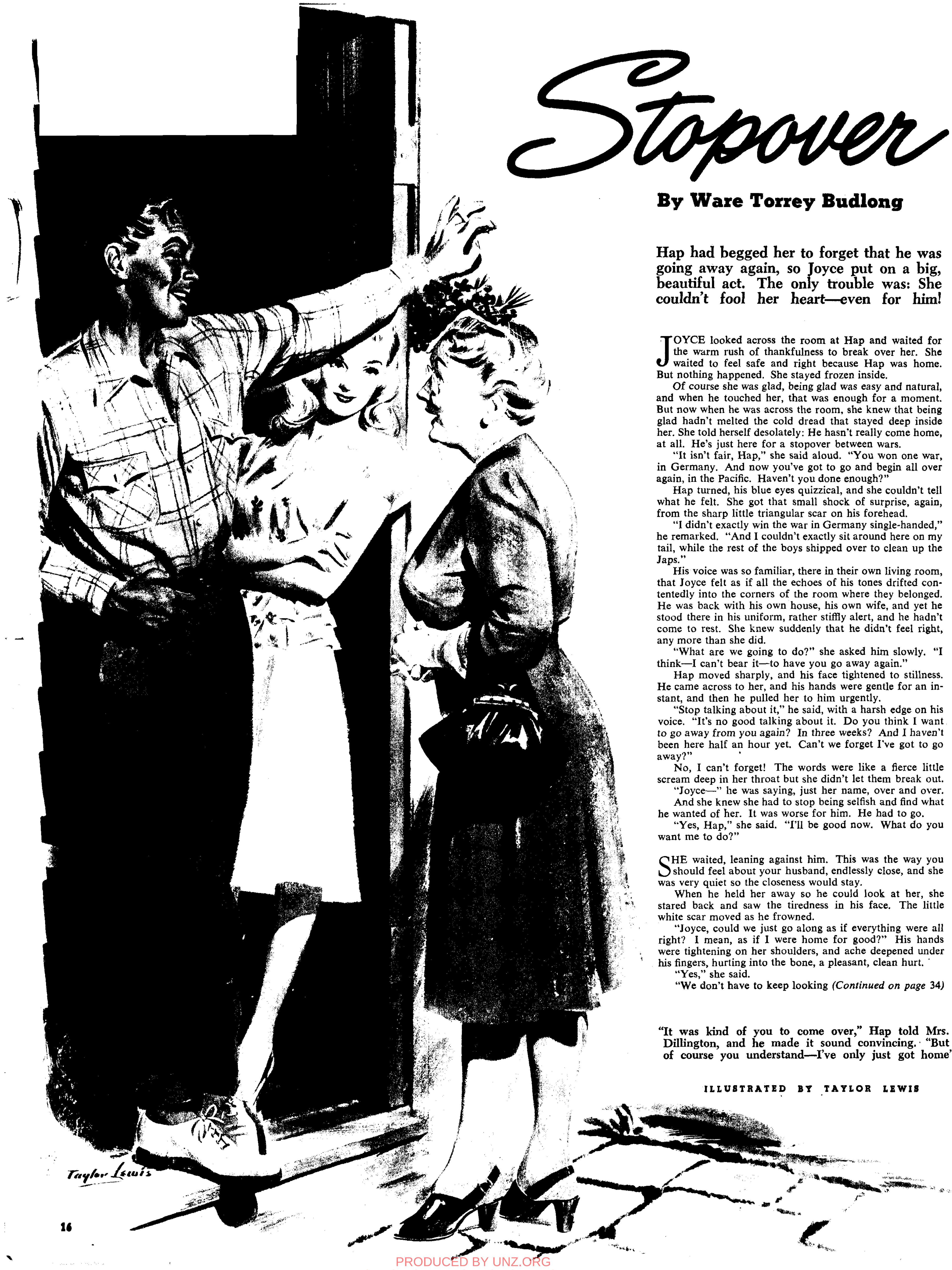
SHE waited, leaning against him. This was the way you should feel about your husband, endlessly close, and she was very quiet so the closeness would stay.

When he held her away so he could look at her, she stared back and saw the tiredness in his face. The little white scar moved as he frowned.

"Joyce, could we just go along as if everything were all right? I mean, as if I were home for good?" His hands were tightening on her shoulders, and ache deepened under his fingers, hurting into the bone, a pleasant, clean hurt.

"Yes," she said.

"We don't have to keep looking *(Continued on page 34)*



"It was kind of you to come over," Hap told Mrs. Dillington, and he made it sound convincing. "But of course you understand—I've only just got home"

ILLUSTRATED BY TAYLOR LEWIS

INTERNATIONAL

Harmony between Stalin and Churchill here illustrated was not evident during "second front" talks in 1942

Admiral Standley believes Russia wants to co-operate with the world, that another war would be "final disaster"

STALIN and WORLD UNITY

BY ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. STANDLEY

FORMER AMBASSADOR TO THE SOVIET UNION

HUSTON-PIX

Despite ups and downs in relations between our countries, Russia's overmastering desire, Admiral Standley believes, is to get along with the U.S. and the world

THE purpose of this article is to show how the Soviet Union emerged from isolation into a position where it sincerely wants to co-operate with its allies in the postwar world. This change became apparent to me while I was in Russia as American ambassador, and nothing that has happened since has shaken my conviction that it is to the interest of the Soviet Union to work wholeheartedly toward a stable peace.

Before becoming ambassador I went to Russia as a member of the Beaverbrook-Harriman mission in October, 1941. This was a critical period. The German attack was at its height and the Nazi armies were nearing Moscow. They had rolled like a juggernaut across the Russian plains and there were very few military authorities who dared hope they could be stopped. On the long trip on H.M.S. London from England to Archangel, I remember Lord Beaverbrook twitting his military aides on their original predictions that the Russian war would be over in three weeks. They admitted that error with some wryness of countenance, but it was plain that they still had to be convinced that the Russians could withstand the weight of the tremendous German attack.

We were not an overly optimistic party, and I think our first real hopes for the Russians came when the Soviet pilots took us over at Archangel for the last lap to Moscow. They were flying Russianized DC-3s and they flew them exactly as a Cossack would ride a horse. They swooped and dipped, and at one point came so close to a military area of their own that the ground troops opened fire on them. Those daredevils merely ducked low over a grove of trees and looked like a covey of quail getting away. The episode didn't help our state of mind but it somehow gave us confidence about the general morale of the country.

The mission was there to arrange for the transportation of supplies to help Russia withstand the German attack. On the night of our arrival, Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Harriman met Mr. Stalin and other important Soviet officials in a business session. It was so successful that they returned with the thought that they could settle the business on hand almost immediately. The various experts with the mission were urged to get their estimates and papers in order so that they could be laid before Mr. Stalin and the matter consummated at the earliest possible moment.

The next night brought a shocking change. Beaverbrook came back from the Kremlin almost in tears. It seemed that Stalin was cool toward the whole idea of accepting help. Our orders had been not to dicker, not to demand favors in exchange for gifts, not to insist on *quid pro quo*. The hope in Washington and London was that somehow the Russians could be kept going till spring. Here we were offering the Soviet Union help, and Stalin was spurning it. Why?

Naturally I don't know what went on in Mr. Stalin's mind but it is plain to me that we are under a misapprehension about his role as a dictator. From what I learned then and later, he never makes a decision without consulting the heads of departments and the military chiefs of staff. They evidently expressed the view to him that we couldn't possibly get supplies to Russia in time to be of any real assistance.

To Stand—or Fall—Alone

In view of this, he evidently didn't want to be under obligations to us. He was having great problems of his own. His armies were still falling back; his industrial centers in the west had been overrun; the farm and factory regions of the Ukraine and White Russia were lost. He had everything to prove about the strength of his system and his country, and may have felt that outside aid would be taken by his people as a sign of weakness.

However, in the meantime, vital meetings were going on between the experts of our staff and their comparable Russian representatives and from them evidently came the Russian belief that we were not only sincere about bringing relief but could do it in time. The agreement was finally made on the third night, and Beaverbrook and Harriman came back from the Kremlin in great excitement to urge their assistants to get things in order so that the papers could be signed at once.

Two days later, after the usual terminal Kremlin banquet, we left Moscow, October 4, 1941, in almost a gale. Our planes bobbed around on the field like catboats in a squall, and it seemed like the worst possible flying weather, but the Russians insisted that we leave. It was only later we learned that the direct attack on Moscow had started two days earlier, October 2d. Nobody knew if Moscow could hold. Even Stalin couldn't know and obviously he wanted us to get away in time.

As a matter of fact, Stalin was partly right about our supplies. We sent a shipload of P-40s to Archangel, but when they were assembled, it was found that certain essential parts were missing. The planes had been shipped knowing that this was true, and the extra parts had been sent on behind. However, the Soviet authorities had insisted that because of the difficulties of the Murmansk route, some of the supplies should come by way of Basra, and the spare parts happened to be among those supplies. The P-40s lay on the ground at Archangel for six months waiting for these spare parts.

The Beaverbrook-Harriman mission returned to London and immediately started implementing the agreements made at Moscow. In general, the members of the mission were optimistic about Russia. Personally I was convinced after observation that the Russians would not quit no matter how bad things looked. They would retire to the Volga line and even to the Urals if necessary. I expressed that view in a broadcast after I returned to this country.

(Continued on page 75)

BATTLE IN PRINTER'S INK

BY HERBERT ASBURY

The newspapers of Chicago are polishing up their presses for the inevitable postwar showdown. So far they've fought only a few skirmishes. When more paper is available you'll see the ink fly

CAGO DAILY NEWS
ARMY JOINS IKE
to Cross Here.
of Horror Rite
Chicago Daily Tribune
FINAL
THE CHICAGO SUN
CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
Nailed to Cross—Hint Publicity
Service Flag Gets U. S. OK
YANKS 5 MILES PAST RHI
Herald
Tokyo:
U. S.

[illegible] newspaper vendor who may [illegible] the rival [illegible] declare war on each other [illegible] There, the [illegible] more bitter; [illegible] circulation fight

LOUIS RUPPEL, ex-captain of Marines, is an ex-Brooklynite who can talk equally tough out of either corner of his mouth. Moreover, he can act about as tough as he can talk. Out in Chicago the newspaper boys are still marveling at the violence with which he took over the job of executive editor of Hearst's afternoon newspaper, the Herald-American. Nothing like Ruppel has loomed upon the Chicago newspaper horizon since the gaudy days memorialized in The Front Page.

A big man of extraordinary energy, Ruppel stormed into the Herald-American editorial rooms as if he were assaulting a Pacific beachhead. He had scarcely got his chair warm before he summoned the key members of his staff.

"What I want around here," he said, "is lots of sock! And if I don't get it I'm gonna shake you guys up!"

When the sock wasn't immediately forthcoming—and the boys say they never did know just what he meant—Ruppel started the shaking up. For nearly three months after he arrived last November 1st, the dingy old Hearst Building on West Madison Street resounded with his furious attempts to put the fear of Ruppel into his reporters, copyreaders and subordinate editors. With his hiring, firing and dynamic editing, he aroused a terrific commotion which hasn't entirely subsided yet, but actually he is only one of the factors which promise to lift Chicago out of the journalistic doldrums in which it has been languishing for several years. Probably more important than Ruppel's stormy advent was the purchase of the Chicago Daily News by John S. Knight.

To increase the explosive ingredients of the mixture, there is the steady growth of the afternoon Daily Times, Chicago's only tabloid, under the astute publishing hand of Richard Finnegan, a deceptively mild-mannered and soft-spoken editorial dynamo. And the upsurge of Marshall Field's morning Sun, which, as a Sun man put it, "is at last beginning to act and look like a Chicago paper."

Over on the Daily Tribune, long the monarch of Chicago journalism, Colonel Robert R. McCormick and his staff regard the Times' success with distaste; Finnegan will stand no nonsense from the Tribune, and the colonel has no use for him. But the Sun's spurt is looked upon at the Tribune with hostility and wonder tinged with respect; the colonel rightly holds it responsible for a sudden drop in Tribune circulation, and for an increasing dissatisfaction among the writers and artists of the Tribune-New York Daily News Syndicate.

Briefly, the editors and publishers of the Windy City are rarin' to go, but because of the newsprint shortage, there is little they can do now except make occasional raids upon rival personnel and plan postwar projects, all of which seem aimed at putting the other fellow out of business. But once wartime restrictions are removed, things should begin to happen.

Almost every newspaperman in Chicago looks for an outbreak of the exciting journalism for which the city has always been famous. Specifically, they expect a circulation war which may bring nostalgic memories of the bloody battles of more than thirty years ago. In those days, the Tribune and the Examiner, Hearst's now-defunct morning paper, slugged it out on the newsstands with the aid of a choice collection of thugs, while reporters fought one an-

other in the saloons, and helped out the circulation crews when opportunity offered. John Torrio, brought to Chicago by Big Jim Colosimo to help operate his South Side vice interests, limbered up his trigger finger in the circulation wars, and so did many others who later became big-shot gangsters.

"Things are going to pop, all right," said Louis Ruppel happily. "It'll be like old times, except I don't think there'll be any shooting."

Anyway, Ruppel will try to make it like old times. The boys on the Herald-American say that when Ruppel was busy with his shake-up, he used every form of attack except shooting, and that they expected him to open up with that any minute. He fired several people, some of them veterans of long service with Hearst; changed the duties of others, promoted and demoted with abandon, brought in outsiders and put them over the heads of men who had been on the staff for years. He imported two of his Marine cronies, Major Milton (Mike) O'Connell and Captain John Momson, and created jobs for them.

A Hoard of Promotion Schemes

Momson was appointed director of Sunday advertising, and O'Connell, a former New York newspaperman, became executive promotion director. They pitched in with enthusiasm, particularly O'Connell, who came up with a large assortment of promotion ideas, most of which Ruppel is hoarding for postwar use. And some of them are going to prove a bit startling even to the Hearst organization, to say nothing of its competitors. Ruppel says with glee, "Boy! Mike's stuff will turn this town upside down!"

All of Ruppel's moves raised howls of resentment, but two really did get the boys down. He got very tough about expense accounts and slashed the incomes of several reporters who had been allowed small sums weekly because they supposedly used their own automobiles on assignments. Ruppel said he found that most of them didn't even own cars. But there was an even greater uproar when Ruppel issued an order forbidding members of the staff to eat snacks on their desks during working hours, a practice common in newspaper offices for years. When two office boys disobeyed the order, Ruppel is said to have swept their coffee and doughnuts to the floor and blistered their hides with invective.

The morning after this happened, Verne Whaley, picture editor and president of the A.F. of L. union with which the Herald-American has a contract, ordered coffee and cake and bowls of soup for everyone in his department. The food was prominently displayed on half a dozen desks, and when Ruppel rushed in, Whaley and his aides were ostentatiously munching. To their great surprise, Ruppel only glanced at the group, grinned and went into his private office. There he ordered his secretary to send out for coffee and doughnuts, and that was the end of the order.

Most of the tales of Ruppel's activities during the shake-up period obviously came out of highball glasses. They're amusing, but they're not true. For instance, almost every newspaperman in Chicago will tell you (but won't say he saw it happen) that Ruppel burst into the men's washroom one morning, kicked in a couple of doors, and ordered every "lazy so-and-so" in there back to work.

"Bunk," says Ruppel. "Funny, but bunk."

In the bars where Chicago newspapermen congregate you'll also hear some extraordinary accounts of how Ruppel came to be there in the first place. But Ruppel says, "Joe Connolly brought me into this outfit."

The late Joseph Vincent Connolly was general manager of all the Hearst enterprises until a year or so ago, when changes in the hierarchy sent him back to his old post as head of King Features, the big Hearst syndicate, where he remained until his death in April. Connolly started dickering with Ruppel before the latter was discharged from the Marines, intending him for the Daily Mirror, Hearst's New York tabloid. He was shipped out to Chicago instead because Walter Howey, one of Hearst's executive editors, and Tom White, general manager of both the Herald-American and the New York Journal-American, have been bitter enemies for years.

When Jack Malloy, editor of the Herald-American, died some two years ago, Howey was sent to Chicago from Boston. There he clashed constantly with White, and the arrangement was never a happy one. Consequently when Ruppel came along, he was given Howey's job, and Howey was sent back to Boston.

As soon as Ruppel got really launched on his hiring-firing program, Union President Verne Whaley protested officially that most of Ruppel's hirings and firings violated the union contract, but Ruppel ignored him. The dispute simmered for several weeks, finally came to a boil when Ruppel hired George Emme, president of the Chicago Photographers' Association, away from the Daily Times and made him head photographer of the Herald-American. The union contended that this was a violation of the contract section which provides that "due consideration" shall be given to the merits of staff members for advancement before outsiders are employed. Ruppel retorted that he had given them due consideration and that none was capable of filling the job.

The Union Files a Complaint

Soon after Emme's arrival, a union meeting was held, and a list of eight alleged contract violations drawn up. When union officials reported that it seemed impossible to adjust the differences, a strike was voted, the actual date of the walkout being left to a committee of five. This committee sent a long telegram to William Randolph Hearst, setting forth the union's grievances and otherwise complaining of Ruppel's conduct.

Among other things, he was accused of using improper language in front of copy girls and secretaries. It was pointed out that this was one of the reasons he was fired from the Daily Times, where he was managing editor from 1935 to 1938. The committee also complained that almost every morning Ruppel, in a towering rage, burst out of his office at least once brandishing a copy of the day's paper and shouting, "What blankety-blank so-and-so did this?"

Since it was a strike of editorial employees that forced the Examiner to suspend publication in 1939, the threat of another on the Herald-American gave the entire Hearst hierarchy in New York a severe case of the jitters. Ruppel was inclined to dismiss the controversy with the union as bunk, but Hearst wired Tom White to hurry to Chicago and straighten matters out. White succeeded in doing so after several conferences with the union committee.

WIDE WORLD

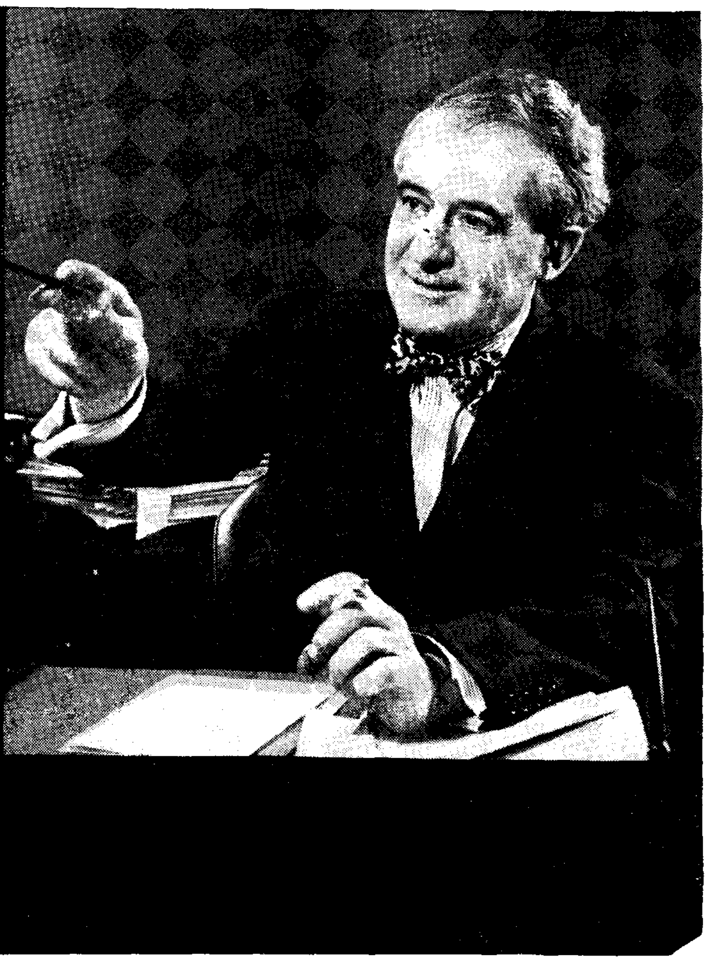
Colonel Robert R. McCormick. Will he start an afternoon paper? If he does, and Hearst comes back into the morning field, Chicagoans will see a grand scrap

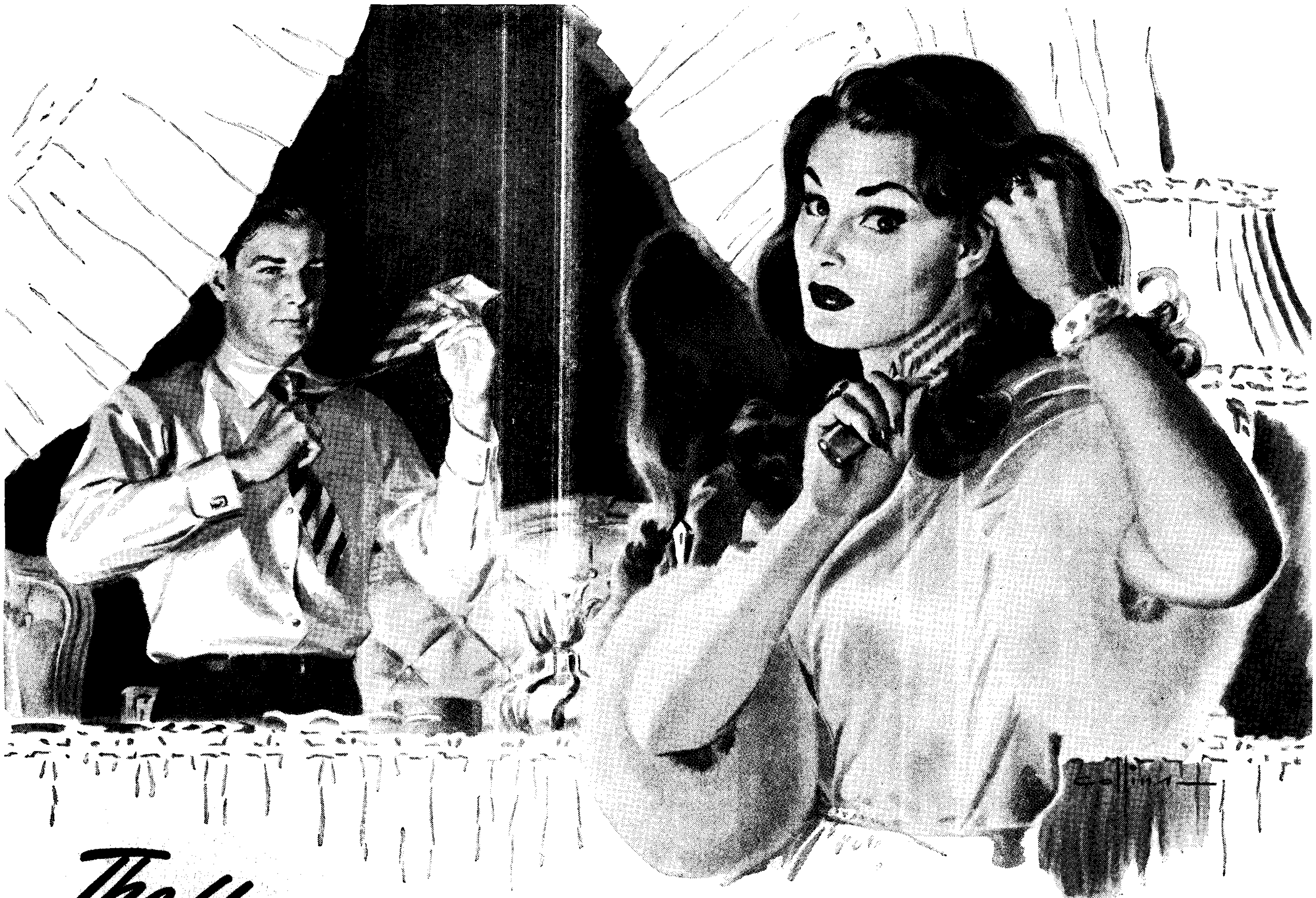
The clash with the union slowed Ruppel down somewhat, but he felt that the shake-up had accomplished its purpose. Besides, by this time he was very busy with an idea which he hoped would stir up the whole city of Chicago as he had stirred up his city room. The story goes that some time before Ruppel came to town, Walter Howey and Eleazar Schainmark arranged with Mayor Edward Kelly and other city officials for the mayor to come out with plans for improving Chicago's municipal services. The Herald-American was to break the story and carry the mayor's suggestions as a crusade, thus getting the journalistic credit, while Mayor Kelly was to receive the political kudos. The whole business was to be conducted with dignity.

But Ruppel, inheriting Howey's material and adding some of his own, threw dignity out of the window. On January 2, 1945, the Herald-American appeared with a huge eight-column banner line: "This is the Story of Our Dirty Shirt Town!" There followed three pages of pictures of hovels and slum areas, contrasted with the splendors of the Lake Front and Michigan Avenue.

Starting on page one was a ten-column article signed "William Tell," and written by a Herald-American reporter, Bill Carton. It began: "This is a sordid story of Dirty Shirt Town, our town! All the dirt . . . the cupidity and stupidity in high places . . . the human misery of our slums . . . the braindoggling of politics and finance . . . all of it will be told!"

Ruppel kept his crusade on the front page, most of the time under five- to eight-column banner lines, for nearly three weeks, and for ten *(Continued on page 60)*





His wife was brushing her hair when James suddenly broached the subject. "Marjorie," he said, "what do you think about having a child?"

The Uses of Silence

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

Because he loved his wife, he sought a reason for their emotional clashes. The search was difficult, and finally another woman gave him the answer

JAMES MORRISON made use of silence while a blond girl beside him in the club car talked in a feminine staccato. The girl said that she was hurrying back to work because her company simply could not get along without her, which James doubted. She said she had enjoyed the most wonderful vacation, which he did not doubt. She said she just couldn't remember all those funny names in the Pacific, and had he been on Guadalcanal? Her cousin had been there, and he said it was just awful. James thought it no doubt had been awful; and it also had ended in 1943, to be succeeded by any number of larger, more bloody battles which never would mean anything in the public mind.

He also thought he had made a good choice in sitting beside the blonde. Not that the choice between her and the seat beside a comfortable matron across the car had been based on anything more than honest masculinity. . . . Oh, hell, why not sit by the pretty one? But it had the added advantage of requiring no answers. The blonde was all wound up and self-priming. Also, she had nice ankles.

He noted all this, remarked on none of it. He had learned the uses of silence late, but he had learned them well, and all the tricks which went with them. The principal trick was never to say anything at all. You could listen—in a lurching destroyer wardroom to an anemic discussion of race problems and politics; in a transient Quonset hut to tales of improbable places and impossible adventures related by the inevitable late comers who did not feel like sleeping; in a lounge car to a blonde prattling—and smile. You could nod your head. You could file, in a dim half-memory, some of the things which were said.

But you yourself must say absolutely nothing. To say anything at all would break the spell. So he said nothing.

James Morrison used silence to get away. By saying nothing, he could travel suddenly from a Pacific warship to the streets of Des Moines, with sooty snow on them. The wardroom argument might be in full swing and turning personal; but he would be in Des Moines, shuffling in the snow—and the men in the wardroom, watching him turn from speaker to speaker, seeing him smile at one and frown at another, would never know he had gone.

Time was as easy to cross in silence as was space. Now in the swaying lounge car, he listened to the blonde, who was saying that she thought some older men were really charming in a quiet way. But James, had she only known, was not rocketing across the plains in a car with 1945 neglect written on its dirty windows and littered carpets. He was scuffing snow on a Des Moines sidewalk in 1932. The blonde had been newly graduated from kindergarten then, and James had been asking Marjorie to marry him. A little young, yes, both he and Marjorie, in 1932. A little young for marriage, for starting a life together. Children, really, clinging together in a day when there seemed not much to cling to outside of themselves, anywhere.

Remember her hair, James? Marjorie's very heavy, dark hair, with snow on it. There was snow on your eyebrows, and the trees shook in a quick breeze and cascaded more snow down on the two of you. . . .

HE REMEMBERED details no one else in the world remembered; certainly not Marjorie: That they were standing at the foot of the steps to her father's house, talking softly so that they would not wake the old man who now knew only that the world was against him, the world unfair and his daughter probably no better than all the rest of them these days. Presently, they were standing before a sniffling probate judge—two dollars each on these marriages, and a guy can't overlook dough like that in a depression—and not listening to his mumbled words, although they made the proper answers.

No, none of it was pretty, James. Not the splintered steps or the complaining parents, not the cheap hotel room which was all you could afford and as far as you could go on a bitter winter night. But there was laughter in her eyes, and you remember that always. You remember that, even now, as the train hoots for North Platte, shrills for Grand Island and halts its swaying at Omaha.

The blonde said she thought girls had more sense now than they had in the old days. In the old days, she said, a girl was excited if she even had two dates with the same man and insulted if he wanted to stay out after midnight. But she said she did not believe in those silly ideas. Girls now were smart enough to look out for themselves and she did not believe men were really as bad as they were painted.

Why, she knew a boy who had asked her to stop off a day in Chicago just to see some of the town with him. Back where she came from, the mothers—yes, even her own—would think that was awful. But Fred was different. It was just that he couldn't get away from Chicago, what with his essential job and all, so she thought she might as well do what he asked. He was the sort of a boy who would reserve a room for her at some nice hotel and who wouldn't get ideas just because they were a long way from home.

James nodded and grinned. A youth in a Marine uniform sat down at the other side of the girl and received a dazzling blond smile in due time; but after a while, he went away. He looked puzzled, not knowing how to combat the silence with which James held her close attention.

Listening, James was actually in Des Moines in 1932. He was riding an old streetcar with an entrance in the middle and a swaybacked look to it. The old car went across a bridge, far past shanties into the wrong end of town. Nobody who was anybody lived out there, nobody who mattered. But the apartment was cheap enough even for a copywriter who had begun at the wrong time and had to take what salary he could

(Continued on page 57)

IDAHO'S HOT POTATO

BY KYLE CRICHTON

It took Glen H. Taylor six years to get to Congress, but then every newspaper in the country took note even before he got up the Senate steps

WHEN the Honorable Glen H. Taylor of Idaho made his first speech in the United States Senate, a colleague was heard to remark that if the sacred precincts had rafters, Mr. Taylor would most certainly have made them ring. As an old actor, Senator Taylor holds that the acoustics of the Senate chamber are the worst in the world.

"You mean the people in the galleries can't hear the speakers?" he was asked.

"I mean the other senators can't hear them," he said.

Mr. Taylor spoke on behalf of Henry Wallace in such fine ringing tones that ancient solons hastily dug their noses out of afternoon newspapers, allowed their eyeglasses to fall off their noses with a jerk and looked up in pained surprise. What they were hearing was the voice of the musical tabloid show and the dramatic repertoire troupe. Mr. Taylor is the first full-blown mummer the United States Senate has ever known.

At intervals a legislator arrives in Washington who is a test of democracy and perhaps even an indication of a rent in the fabric of the Republic. The election returns prove conclusively that Mr. Taylor was elected by the citizens of Idaho to his high post but it is difficult to think of a state where the minority took a verdict with less grace.

"They hate me out there," says Mr. Taylor sadly, and explains that he refers to what might be termed the loftier social sections of his constituency. The editorial pages of the Idaho Statesman and the Pocatello Tribune, for example, treat Mr. Taylor with sullen bitterness. They say quite flatly that the man is a clown and that the primary laws which permit a man like him to get into the United States Senate should be changed.

On meeting Senator Taylor he turns out to be a quiet-spoken, attractive man of forty. In Idaho he was known as the Crooning Cowboy. He conducted his first campaigns at the head of his own theatrical company. With his own hands he had built a streamlined car out of plywood on a truck chassis. On top of that, he erected a platform, reached from below by a ladder. When he entered a town, he simply parked at a street corner, climbed up on the platform and started the loud-speakers blaring.

Music Bait for Political Talk

With his wife, Dora, playing a saxophone, himself twanging merrily away on a banjo, and other members of the troupe puffing their cheeks out on other instruments, a crowd was soon gathered. Mr. Taylor then made his speech.

The leaders of Idaho life did not like this, and the professional politicians cared for it even less.

The political saga of Glen Taylor began in 1938. He had been born in Idaho and had toured all over the Northwest with his theatrical company. Then he came back to Pocatello, waited six months to become eligible and entered the race for Congress.

"I had one precinct committeeman for me," he says, "and that's about all I ever did have until this last campaign."

He covered the state with his troubadours and ran fourth in a field of nine. Then Senator Borah died in 1940, and there was a race for his unexpired term. Having been nicely warmed up by the previous experience, Glen decided he might as well be a United States senator. He had never held office and had no political machine. His money was low and he had no funds for radio time or newspaper advertisements. He entered the Democratic Primary and won over Judge Bothwell and George Donart by 1,049 votes. He lost in the finals to Senator John Thomas. Totals: Thomas, 124,535; Taylor, 110,604.

"The Democratic organization didn't exactly break their necks to help," says Mr. Taylor. "The papers called me a hillbilly and an ignoramus, and the big shots always managed to be over on the other sidewalk when I came by."

Finding that he couldn't be a steady candidate and also a theatrical man, Taylor was really flat after this adventure, so he went

(Continued on page 64)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

Senator Taylor, with his wife and two sons in crowded quarters—Washington variety. He has plenty of room now. He bought a house

Miss Mary MacDonald's class at M-G-M (left) has Margaret O'Brien smack in the front row

Starlet School

BY MAGNER WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

Life for the movie moppets isn't all glamor and tinsel; they have to do their lessons every day, just like other kids

"TO ME," says Miss Mary MacDonald, "they are just specially privileged little boys and girls having normal troubles with arithmetic, grammar, history and spelling—and I love them all!"

To you, visiting their neat schoolhouse on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's main 44-acre lot, they are big names in pictures: Margaret O'Brien, eight, the "wonder moppet"; Elizabeth Taylor, who rode to stardom in National Velvet; Jane Powell, who sings like a chorus of larks; Skippy Homeier, the nasty little Nazi in Tomorrow The World.

These are some of the "tops." There are hundreds of others; contract players, bit players, and extras called in for scenes marked in scripts, as in Kismet for example: "A crowd of little Arabian kids is seen playing in the streets." But whether star or extra, all motion-picture children under eighteen must go to school three hours daily, between 8 A.M. and 4 P.M.—pictures notwithstanding.

Through the portals of this schoolhouse—an early California structure with thick walls, recessed windows and beamed ceilings—and the doors of the smaller one that preceded it, have passed, in Miss MacDonald's twelve years tenure, such personalities as Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner (outstanding in the subject of civil government, according to the records), Kathryn Grayson, Freddie Bartholomew, Ann Rutherford, Deanna Durbin, Bobs Watson, Darryl Hickman, Jackie Searl. Some attended a few days or weeks, depending on picture commitments; others, including Judy, Mickey and Darryl, for three or four years.

Miss MacDonald's position, as head of the teaching staff in the world's largest motion-picture studio, is unique in her profession. No schoolroom, she assures us, was ever dull with Mickey Rooney in it. With an adult attitude and vocabulary acquired in vaudeville, a coiled-spring restlessness and a remarkable ability as a mimic, he kept teachers and classes in a state of expectancy.

"He was not bad," she says. "He could do any assignment he wanted to. But he'd mimic your gestures, posture and make faces at the desk, all the while looking straight at you. He was always ready to grab the floor, and when he did, the teacher had a job to get it back."

One teacher didn't dare look at him. His antics unnerved her. Another teacher solved this by seating him in the rear of the class.

"Without an audience," she said, "he was sunk."

Teachers had to be firm with him, for he'd try to talk them out of everything. One assignment, which Mickey attempted to evade, was the memorizing of Rudyard Kipling's If.

"You've got to learn this poem," the teacher announced firmly. "I don't know it any better than you do, but I'm sure I could memorize it at least a minute quicker."

Mickey undid his wrist watch, laid it on the table face up, took up the poem. "Say when!"

"Well," recalls the teacher, "he beat me by several minutes. I'd forgotten that memorizing lines was as easy for him as breathing!"

Judy Garland, also a vaudeville child, arrived at the studio school at the age of thirteen, plump, with a "hot lick" voice and a tomboyish talent for baseball. This immediately started a dispute between Mickey and Gene Reynolds as to whose team should have her. Mickey won, Judy was made catcher, and they became friends for life. The school discovered, too, that Judy not only had a fine appreciation of poetry, but wrote excellent verse. She has turned down repeated requests to publish it.

"But it was not long after she arrived," Miss MacDonald said, "when she was still a child making The Wizard of Oz, that she became more interested in the dazzling sets and the midgets and music than in her lessons. She frankly admitted that she didn't like school. Soon she began to notice other girls her age in the class who were much slimmer. This seemed to awaken her. She did her hair in different ways and watched her diet. Before our eyes, she turned into a beautiful young woman."

Judy's worst time was the week of her graduation. For this she went to her "home school," University High, in Westwood.

"She was appearing then in Strike Up the Band," Miss MacDonald recalled. "Usually prompt and efficient on the sets, that week, for the first time, she forgot lines and cues. Everybody understood. Graduating from high school was as exciting for Judy as getting a job in pictures would be for most girls. No one was ever prouder of her diploma."

A New Arrival on the Lot

Freddie Bartholomew's arrival on the lot to appear in Captains Courageous, with his precise accent and wearing short trousers when all the other boys wore long ones, fascinated the other children.

"He excelled in any subject he undertook," said Miss MacDonald, "and he had a poise which all the other children coveted. Mickey Rooney became his friend immediately."

One question visitors always ask Miss MacDonald is: Are her pupils brighter than other children?

"No," she replies emphatically. "Basically, they are the same as other children with latent talents, but their talents are being uniquely developed, mostly because of the type of work they are in, and because of their environments. The greatest difference is in their understanding and practice of such social graces as courtesy, attentiveness, politeness and tolerance. The business they are in keeps their natural instinct of curiosity alert; their inquiring minds seem to be always at top speed.

"Then—an important factor, in my opinion—they get intensive, individual attention. They have opportunities to learn more, faster. Surrounded by talented men and women, wits and quick thinkers, they acquire large vocabularies, and so can express themselves far better than the average child—an important personality factor. Their I.Q.s may not be above average, but it is more apparent that they do have good I.Q.s. This, in my opinion, is because their egos are not so suppressed as those of many children. They get chances to demonstrate their personal qualities."

Miss MacDonald and her aides (Miss Florence White, who teaches high school classes, and Mrs. Mary West, who looks after the lower grades and the infants of from two weeks up), suggest that there may be important hints to parents in their observations.

"We try to answer every question the children ask," says Miss MacDonald, "even if we blush!"

The accouchements of pets, of which these movie children seem to have more than the average variety—from monkeys to chipmunks and cats—always result in a schoolroom report, usually with clinical details. But of course they have innumerable interests other than biology.

Jane Powell supervises the bulletin board. Posted on it are such items as newspaper and magazine photos and clippings, cartoons and announcements; a large newspaper advertisement for Music For Millions, with top-star billing for Margaret O'Brien underlined; the weather report—more important than you'd think for children appearing in pictures in production on open lots; and Editor Ruth Jordan's assignments for the school paper.

Skippy Homeier seems to be star reporter; his assignment list is longest. An assignment for Dolores Dey was: "Write a gossip column. All of us will help with little bits of gossip." The possibilities, Miss MacDonald realized, were formidable. Every trip, personal appearance or otherwise, every award (such as Margaret O'Brien's special Academy Award), a picture of one of the kids on a magazine cover, Jane Powell's singing at Hollywood Bowl—all are dutifully chronicled.

This school is different, Miss MacDonald explains. No formal graduations; few report cards, except for the "steadies." There is no way of knowing, from week to week, how

Kid extras of Warner Brothers' Janie Gets Married do their lessons on set

Wanda Hendrix, a Warner Brothers' player, looks over notes between scenes

Frances Klampt dismisses her class from the portable schoolhouse on the lot at 20th Century-Fox

SCHOOL HOUSE

At right: Barbara Lawrence and Connie Marshall, l. to r., bone up for exams

Clare Foley skips a ballet scene to do her homework

many will be present, and it varies anywhere from ten to a thousand.

For graduations, students go to Beverly High, Hollywood High, or whatever school is nearest their homes, to receive their diplomas. The M-G-M school is held not only in this schoolhouse but out on the sets, and even in other states when film companies are on location. A tutor went to Lake Chelan, Washington, for instance, with Elizabeth Taylor, for Hold High The Torch.

For location teaching jobs, the Los Angeles Board of Education maintains a pool of thirty-five teachers. They work at the various studios, on call. Sometimes half of this number are on duty at Metro, one to each ten pupils. They have taught in deserts, on mountain peaks, aboard transcontinental trains and busses, at the beach, even at Santa Anita race track.

School Follows the Pupils

For Dragon Seed, in which several hundred Chinese-American children were used, the studio built a complete schoolhouse on the 100-acre location at Calabasas.

The children often pick up the mannerisms of the stars. "While Kismet was being filmed, there was an unusual wave of politeness," says Miss MacDonald. "Kids on the sets seemed to go out of their way to do things so that they could say 'Pahdon me' the way Ronald Colman says it. We had that exquisite British accent with us for days!"

Many mothers try to get their offspring into Miss MacDonald's school, not entirely for educational purposes. They write from all over the nation, and many telephone. "I'd be willing to pay you well!" they sometimes plead. But only those under contract, or under commitment for a picture, are admitted.

Equally obvious are letters from pretty teachers—photographs enclosed—who desire to get on Miss MacDonald's staff. Don't bother writing. The jobs are filled.

All studio teachers must have high-school teaching credentials, though their classes may range from kindergarten up. They must speak French, Spanish or know Latin. The Los Angeles high-school teacher's annual salary is $3,290 for 40 weeks of five days each. But studio teachers work six days and, on trips, sometimes seven. On the other hand, they may work for a few weeks or fifty. When not acting as teachers, they function as welfare supervisors.

Miss MacDonald prefaced her studio teaching with four years in Manila and a semester in Zamboanga. In Manila she was critic and demonstration teacher in the Philippines Normal School, a civil service position. A native of Boston, she went to school there, had a year's schooling on Prince Edward Island, Canada; attended high school in Seattle, majored at the University of California at Los Angeles in English, two and a half years; received her A.B. degree in English at the University of California, where she had done much graduate work.

Among the best-treated and highest-paid actors in pictures are babies. Miss MacDonald's staff has charge of them also. A nurse in a studio car picks up infant and mother the day before, and has the child examined carefully by a physician. The next day, it is taken to the studio. An infant may work no more than 20 minutes per day, and no longer than 30 seconds at a time. The pay ranges from $25 per day upward, and some finish their stints in five minutes. The following day, the baby is taken to the physician, reexamined.

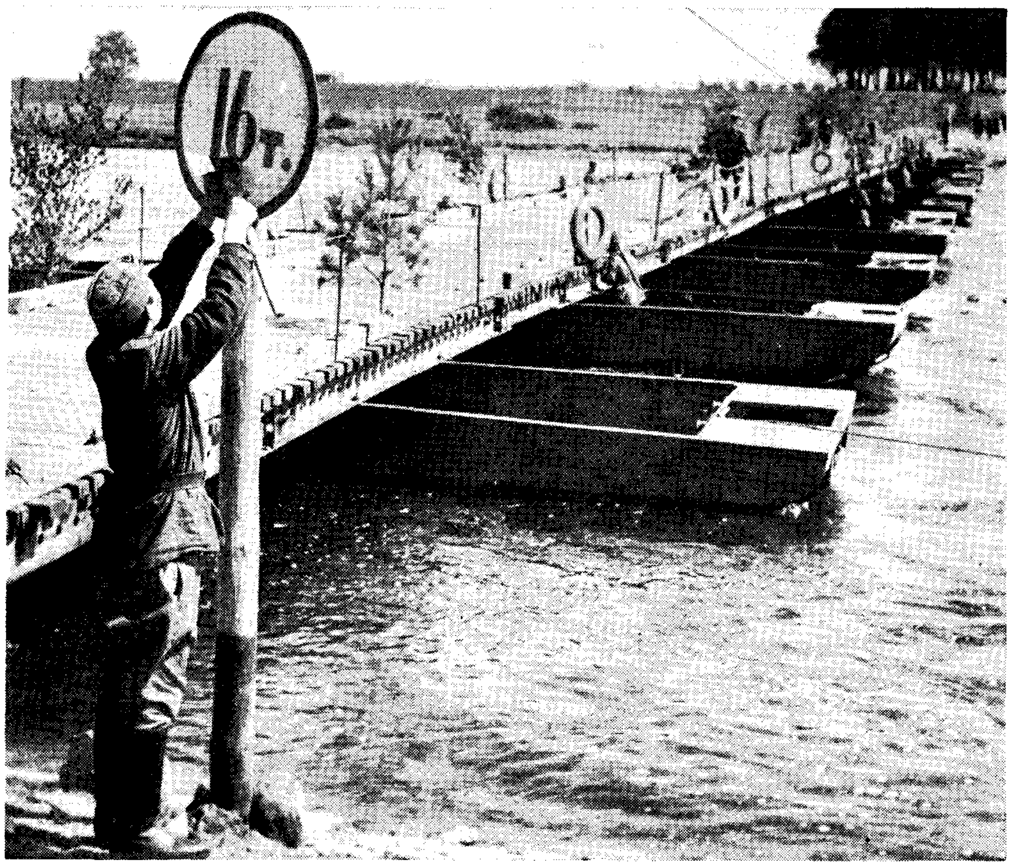
"When word spreads that we have a baby or two on hand," said the principal, "visitors—sometimes stars and directors—want to come over and see it. But we don't permit that."

One of Miss MacDonald's favorite stories concerns Yolanda and The Thief when that movie was on location at Santa Barbara. Local children were used as natives of the mythical kingdom in which the story is laid. Two teachers from local schools were hired, and they moved their classrooms to the production site. However, only twenty of the children could be used in the picture. The chosen twenty pooled their earnings—$10.50 per day each—and divided the money equally with all the others.

★★★

The Russians' INVISIBLE WALL

BY MARTHA GELLHORN



BLACK STAR

Ponton bridge across the Elbe. Americans and British could cross only in company of Russian officer designated to take them to a specific place for a specific purpose. Below: Russian policewomen, Karuma Galemua, left (who has 42 Germans to her credit), and Vera Soeddovuik, stand guard with Pfc. E. O'Donaghue, of Sacramento, Cal.

BLACK STAR

RADIOED FROM FRANCE

THERE was one Russian guard standing on the ponton bridge on our side of the Elbe. He was small and shaggy and bright-eyed. He waved to us to stop and came over to the jeep and spoke Russian very fast, smiling all the time. Then he shook hands and said, *"Amerikanski?"* Then he shook hands again, and we saluted each other.

A silence followed, during which we all smiled. I tried German, French, Spanish and English in that order: We wanted to cross the Elbe to the Russian side and pay a visit to our allies. None of these languages worked. The Russians speak Russian. The G.I. driver now made a few remarks in Russian which filled me with wonder and admiration.

"How did you ever learn?" I asked.

"You got to talk a little bit of everything to get around these days," he said modestly.

The Russian guard had listened and digested our request and he now answered. The operative word in his answer was *niet*. It is the only word in Russian I know but you hear it a lot, and afterward there is no use arguing.

So we drove back to the command post of a Russian officer who perhaps controlled that bridge. Here we had another brilliant and enjoyable conversation filled with handshakes, laughter and good will. The operative word again was *niet*. It was suggested that I go to a building in Torgau, a little way farther back from the river, where I would find more of my compatriots who were waiting for one thing or another. This was a gray, square German house outside of which were parked jeeps and staff cars belonging to various American and English officers waiting to cross the Elbe on business.

There were no barriers; just one guard and friendly, exasperating Russians. And Collier's correspondent kept butting her head against—nothing

The situation seemed to be permanently snafu. The atmosphere was one of baffled but cordial resignation. Officers stood in the street and speculated on Russian time, which was either one or two hours earlier or later than ours. They asked themselves whether the Russian general who was due today (they thought) but who had actually arrived and departed yesterday would possibly come tomorrow and, if so, at whose hour—ours or theirs?

They said that it was pointless to try to telephone across the river because the telephone which was located in the first office I had visited was in a purely experimental stage, and anyhow you never got an answer to anything by telephone—if in the first place the telephone worked and you happened to reach anyone at the other end. They said, "This is the way it is, chum, and you may as well get used to waiting because wait is what you do." You could only cross the Elbe to the Russian side if accompanied by a Russian officer who had come to take you to a specific place for a specific purpose. There was no nonsense about walking across a few hundred yards of ponton bridge and fraternizing with your allies.

It was quite agreeable in the sun and the street was interesting. Two Russian girl soldiers passed, and a Russian nurse wearing a pistol very competently on her hip. A Russian soldier, in a blue coverall, with lovely blue eyes to match, wandered up and said, *"Amerikanski?"* and shook everyone's hand and was treated to a flood of G.I. jokes, to which he responded with smiles and the word *"Russki."* Then he said *"Na"* with a little sigh, and shook hands all around again and went about his business.

The morning wore on, and obviously nothing was going to happen, so we drove through the Russian part of Torgau and across a bridge guarded by M.P.s and went to battalion headquarters for lunch. There we found a very large, jolly, soiled Russian colonel and his interpreter doing their best to cope with the plateful of K rations. They were no more enthusiastic about K rations than we are, which proves them to be men of taste, but they did like the coffee.

No one was looking very spic and span in battalion headquarters, due to the fact that combat troops have a tendency to be too hurried and occupied to look spic and span. Also there is usually no water in newly liberated towns. However, the Russians all looked as if they hadn't had time for a bath since Stalingrad, so we felt perfectly cozy.

The colonel was delightful and had a handshake like the final death squeeze of a grizzly bear. Through his interpreter he said he would take me across the Elbe tonight, as he was going back to his division headquarters, and he would call for me at 5:30.

After a certain amount of discussion we agreed on whose 5:30 that would be, his or ours, and everyone was happy. At 5:30, he had not come, and runners went out to search for him. At 6:30, I went back to the Russian part of Torgau and tracked him down.

He insisted that I come and eat with them as they were having a little snack. The little snack was a dream—hard-boiled eggs, three kinds of sausage, pickles, butter, honey and various wines. I decided then and there that the Russians had a more sensible approach to rationing than we have; it may be old-fashioned but it is effective and it saves a lot of trouble. You live off the land, and any land can beat K rations.

Then we began to talk about crossing the Elbe. It appeared that the colonel had not understood my request; no, it would be impossible to go unless the general gave his permission. Then could he telephone the general? What? Now? Yes, now.

"Time is money," said the interpreter sagely.

"Oh, hell!" said I, not so sagely.

"You are in such a hurry," said the colonel. "We will talk this all over later."

"You do not understand," I said. "I am a wage slave. I work for a bunch of capitalist ogres in New York who drive me night and day and give me no rest. I will be severely punished if I hang around here eating with your citizens when it is my duty to my country to cross the Elbe and salute our gallant allies."

They thought this was fine, but still nothing happened.

"Go and call the general," I said, trying the wheedle angle. "What difference will it make to the general if one insignificant female correspondent pays him a visit?"

"Hokay," said the colonel, that being an English word he knew. He went out to telephone the general and more time passed.

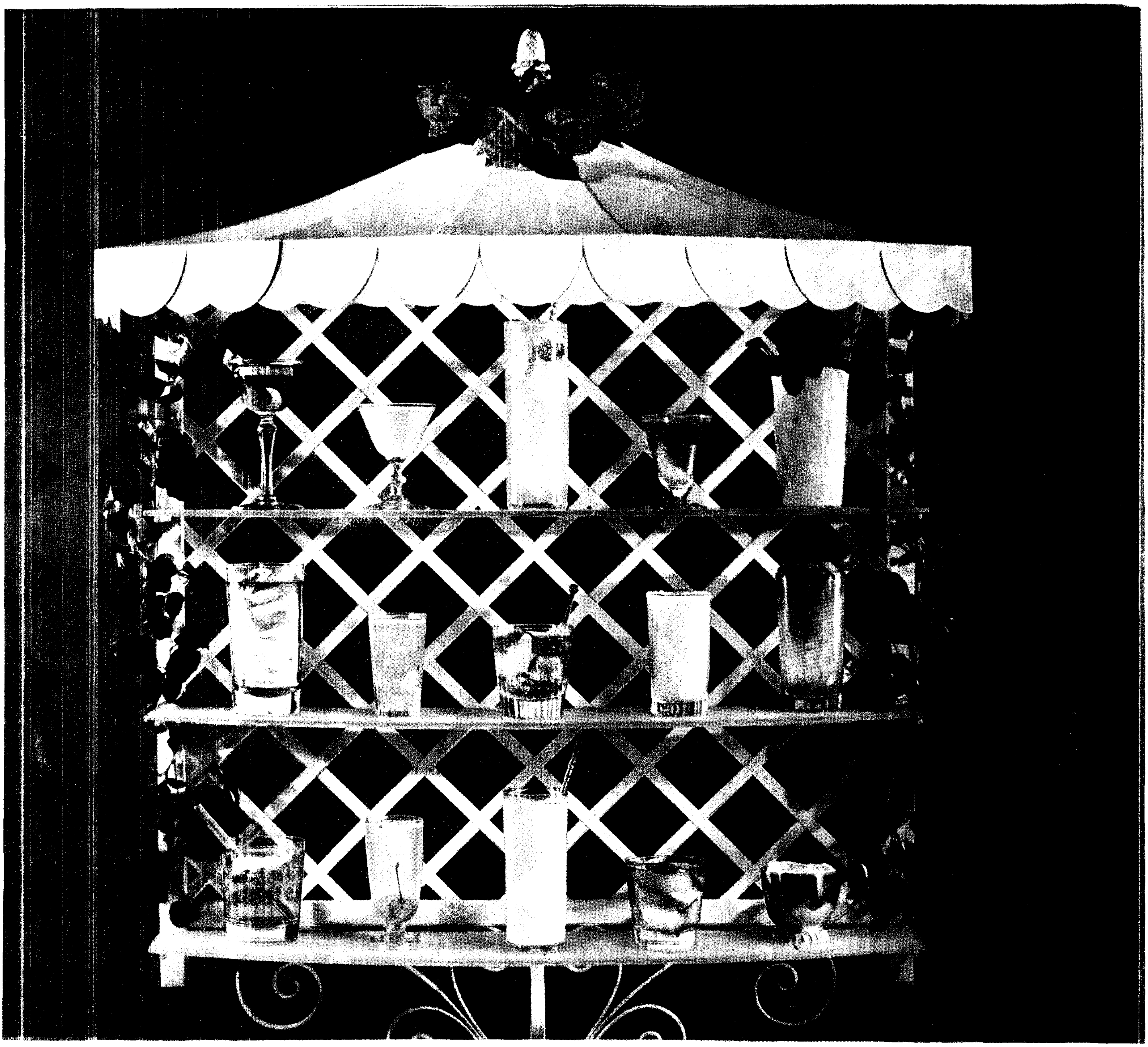
Truly an Entente Cordiale

There was another colonel and between mouthfuls of hard-boiled eggs we had a splendid talk. We discussed the Germans and were in perfect agreement all along the line. We discussed the American Army and were in perfect agreement all along the line. I was told of the wonders of Russia, which I have never seen, and was urged to visit the Crimea in the summer since it is of surpassing beauty. I said I would. I was asked what I thought about the Russian army. I said I would give anything to see it, but in the meantime I thought it was wonderful—the whole world thought it was wonderful.

We had a few toasts. We toasted *"Trumann"* for quite a while before I realized we were toasting the President; the way they said it, I imagined it was some crisp Russian term meaning "Bottoms up!" Then the colonel came back. The operative word again was *niet*. I do not really think he had telephoned the general but it was *niet* anyhow.

The conversation had been purely gay, and then all of a sudden it got serious. We were talking about their medals. They do not wear ribbons, they wear the entire medal—officers and men alike—and they are worn on both sides of the chest and look terrific. There are handsome enamel decorations for killing Germans. I believe each decoration equals fifty dead Germans but I am not sure of this, and

(Continued on page 54)



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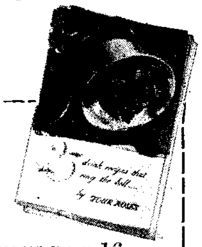

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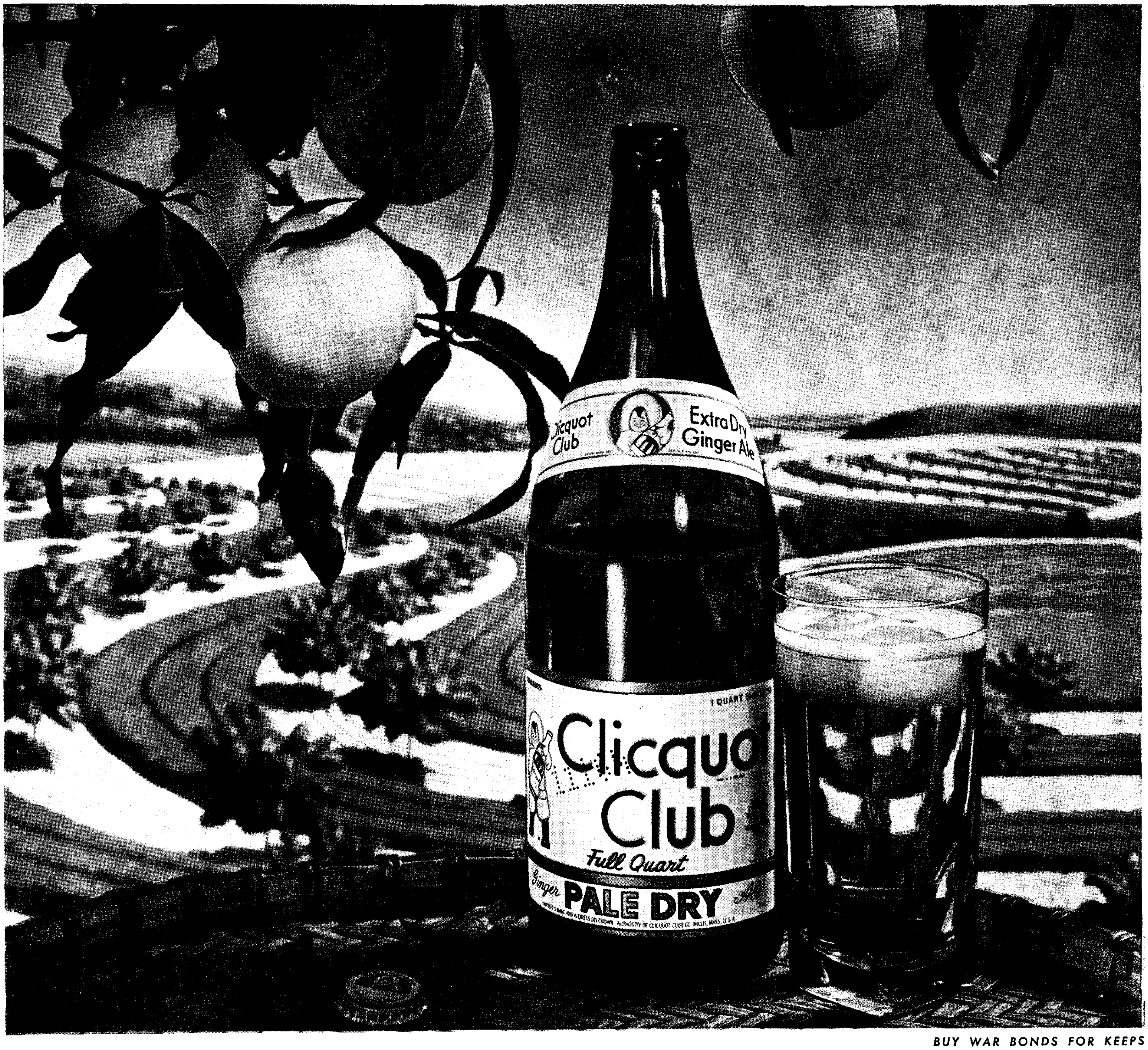
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N. W. AYER & SON

Chaplain Courageous

Continued from page 15

dropped flares, didn't see us—and returned home. We were sitting there with plenty of flames to guide them but they never went looking for us. Apparently the Jap just obeys orders. He doesn't take the initiative."

The night wore on, and Gehres breathed easier. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply. It was the first time since that morning he'd had a chance to smoke.

"Watch that butt, Captain. It's a 'darkened ship,' " a respectful voice said.

Gehres tossed the cigarette overboard automatically and then looked to see who on this ship had the temerity to reprimand the skipper. It was Wally "I'm-a-Marine" Klimciewicz. Gehres smiled. This is a good crew, he thought, standing there on the bridge. He thought with satisfaction of Lieutenant Melvin Tappen, officer of the deck and of Jurika and Taylor, and of Jortberg, the helmsman, of Ryan and Tarr and Bernard and O'Donovan. A great gang to have along when you're in trouble, Gehres said to himself. Gehres tried not to think of the dead.

As the fires grew less in number and size, the men fell to the deck and let the night breeze revive them. The skipper came down from the bridge and asked some of them if they would try to rescue the five men in steering aft. They got up wearily and some of them worked their way below decks into the blackness. They used their flashlights and came to the compartment above the five men.

They saw the ten feet of water. Heavy debris sloshed about as the carrier tossed. Power pumps would be useless. The rescuers knew that there was no power. So they went topside again and came back down with hand pumps and worked. One man managed to open a bulkhead door, and the pent-up water crashed out into the darkness.

When the compartment had less than a foot of water, the rescuers tapped a message to Davis below. Then they swung the hatch open, and the water swirled down. It wasn't quite midnight when Holbrook Davis and his four friends, dripping, came topside, looking bewildered and asking, "What the hell happened?"

They had been trapped below for sixteen hours, but the skipper had kept his word.

The engineers reported that they might be able to get the engines running soon. They had stuck by their stations, although many had dropped unconscious in the 130-degree heat, and they had managed to turn over the engines. Now, through Holbrook Davis' telephone they said they were ready to proceed. This would give the bridge steering power. It would mean that Gehres could throw off the tow. He'd have a ship again, not just a huge battered hulk.

The dawn came finally, and Gehres looked down on what was left of his ship. The flight deck had jagged holes torn all over it—more than twenty gaping holes—and was littered with debris; broken aircraft, smashed guns, melted steel—and bodies. He looked around. It was comforting to see the Santa Fe, the Pittsburgh and four destroyers standing by.

The Hulk Is a Ship Again

At ten o'clock that morning Gehres sent this message to the Pittsburgh: "Ready to make fifteen knots on two engines. If okay desire to cast off tow lines. Request permission to go ahead."

An hour later the Franklin was moving along under her own power. Men on ships all around her yelled when they saw the battered giant, her flag snapping from her mast, move away alive. They'd seen this ship blazing from dozens of fires. They'd expected her to take the final plunge any minute, yet here she was, a bit lopsided, with her island mast leaning forward like the feather in a hat, with smoke still coming from her hangar deck and through the holes in her flight deck—but she was moving. She was alive.

Down below, there was one persistent fire that wouldn't die. The thick smoke kept pouring from a room that held stores. Men with oxygen masks and asbestos suits finally got into the room to remove the smoldering stuff. They found that what had laughed at tons of water was the ship's supply of black shoe polish. The remains were hurriedly dumped overboard.

The ship was still listing to port. The only thing to do was to jettison everything possible from the port side. Five-inch guns were ripped up and rolled over the side. Down on the hangar deck, thousands of tons of still hot metal had shifted with the list. This had to be jettisoned. But there was no power to work hoists and cranes. Lieutenant (jg) Lindsay (Red) Morgan had the idea of using jeeps. There were four of them on board and, by some miracle, they were still intact. Red Morgan connected them by chains, and the masses of steel were pulled to the side. It was easy then for fifty men to shove the stuff overboard. They jettisoned the "Beast" (the huge hangar deck crane used to pick up wrecked planes).

Consigned to the Deep

Chaplains O'Callahan and Gatlin held burial services for hundreds of men. There were still many bodies under the smoldering tons of steel and on the hangar deck. Others had been blown overboard. It was impossible to know as yet what the casualties were.

Late that afternoon the men found a precious bit of cargo intact: several hundred cases of beer. There was no fresh water left, so Gehres ordered one can of beer to be given to each man. It was a morale builder.

Father O'Callahan bumped into Saxy Dowell, the band leader, who began life in Raleigh, North Carolina. Saxy used to play with Hal Kemp's band and it was he who wrote the popular song, Three Little Fishes. Most of his instruments had been destroyed, Saxy told the padre sadly. He still had his saxophone and a couple of trumpets.

"We can use pots and pans, Saxy, instead of drums," Father O'Callahan said. "We've got to give the men something to laugh at. Get some whistles. We'll give them a concert, Saxy. I'll write some parodies for them to sing."

Just before nightfall, a dozen men, most of whom carried makeshift instruments, began to parade the flight deck. They played loudly if not beautifully, and their song was an old familiar American folk song, The Old Gray Mare, but the words were:

Oh, the Old Big Ben, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, just a few hours ago. . . .

The men took up the song. Father O'Callahan was singing louder than any of them. Well, it was his song. The voices rang across the water to the men aboard the Santa Fe and the Pittsburgh.

Lt. Donald A. Gary, U.S.N.

"Those guys must be punch drunk," the cruiser crews said. The sound grew louder and louder until every man on the Franklin was singing. The voices were cracked from swallowing smoke.

"Give 'em this one, Saxy," the padre whispered in Dowell's ear, and then his band struck up probably the most appropriate song that anyone could have imagined.

The men listened and then roared with laughter and they took up the words. It's the song that begins:

Oh, give me land . . . lots of land . . . and a starry sky above. . . .
Don't fence me in.

In the morning Joe Taylor found a mimeograph that still worked. Gehres told him to get out a mimeographed plan of the day, and distribute copies to the crew. The mimeographed sheet was headed: "Big Ben bombed, battered, bruised and bent but not broken."

The plan for the day read: "(1) All hands wear clean dungarees, blue-dyed hats, black shoes to quarters. Chins up, chests out, tails over the dashboard. (2) Gun crews will wear helmets. All usable gun batteries will be manned. . . . Joe Taylor, Executive Officer."

Another night and another day, and now Gehres put the crew to clearing the hangar deck. It could never be entirely cleared but some of the debris could be shoved overboard. He worked them hard to keep their minds off the job they were doing, uncovering bodies of shipmates. He worked them hard to keep them sane, and then when they were ready to drop, Father O'Callahan took over. He made them play volley ball; he wrote more parodies, and he and Saxy Dowell and the band sang lustily, and then when darkness fell, men dropped where they were and slept; too tired for nightmares.

The next day Joe Taylor got out another mimeographed order of the day. It was headed: "A ship that won't be sunk, can't be sunk." It contained a message to Captain Gehres from Captain Fitz of the Santa Fe: "Congratulations on heroic work and outstanding efficiency of yourself and men in getting ship under way and saving her. It is an example we will never forget."

The orders for the day read: "(1) Due to our after gasoline system being damaged, smoking regulations must be strictly enforced. You may smoke on the forecastle during the daylight hours. You may smoke in the forward messing compartment between reveille and taps. Officers may smoke in the wardroom. *Never throw a lighted butt over the side.*

"(2) Keep busy doing something all the time. If you aren't on a scheduled working party, work anyway. We've got the world by the tail, hang on.

"(3) Do not throw *any usable article* over the side. If you think it can be salvaged, stack it neatly on the hangar deck just forward of No. 3 elevator on the starboard side.

"(4) Anyone knowing the whereabouts of any musical instrument, report to the chaplain.

"(5) Any personal effects such as wallets, watches, etc., shall be turned into the Executive Officer's cabin. . . . Joe Taylor, Commander, U.S. Navy, Executive Officer."

The men chuckled over Order No. 2. They chuckled over the message Admiral Davison had sent. It read: "Congratulations. I may be on a stranger's doorstep now but I claim you again with pride. Battered though you may be, you're still my child. Great work. Davison."

The "704 Club" Is Founded

There were 704 men aboard the Big Ben as she slid through the waters toward Pearl Harbor. There had been more than 3,000 aboard the morning of March 19th. The cruisers had taken off hundreds of unnecessary personnel but 1,496 were dead or wounded or missing. The seriously wounded had been taken to shore hospitals by the Santa Fe and other ships. Seven hundred and four officers and men brought her to port. Father O'Callahan organized the "704 Club." Today each man has a card of membership to this, the most exclusive club in the world whose members brushed elbows with death and shoved death aside.

Finally the Franklin steamed into Pearl Harbor. News of the disaster had reached the big naval base. Every admiral in Hawaii was there to pay his respects to this ship that had come back from the dead. As she approached her dock, every ship in the harbor saluted her. Men looked unbelieving at the huge holes in her. Thirty Waves had volunteered to sing the traditional song of the islands to welcome the Franklin—Aloha.

The crew of the Big Ben was drawn up smartly on deck. Yes—even the 270 slightly wounded. The clear voices of the girls rang out in the plaintive strains of the ancient Hawaiian song of welcome.

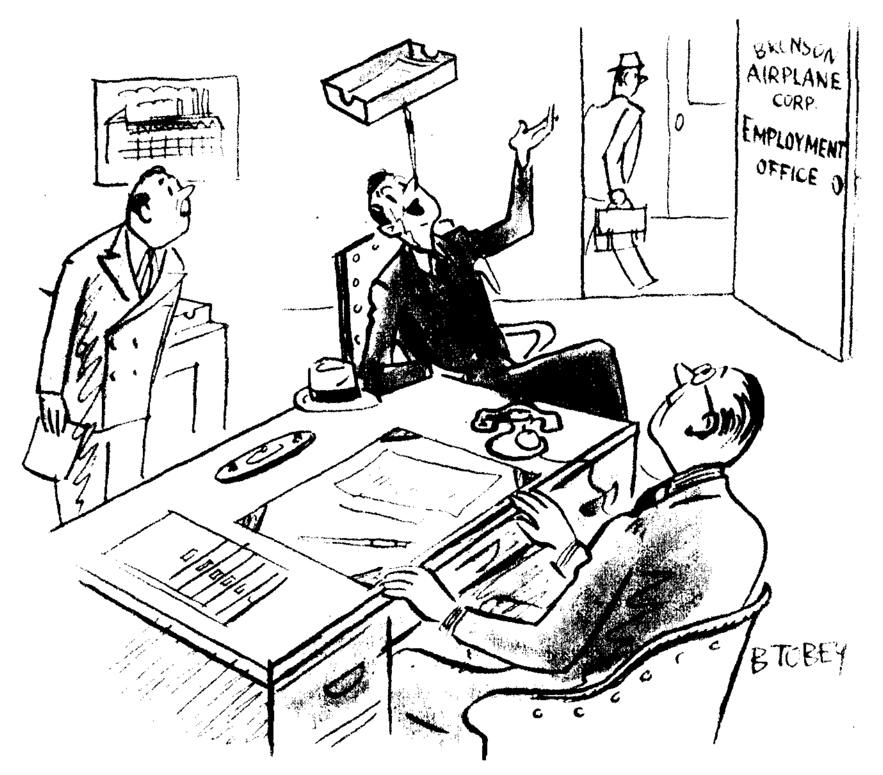
The Franklin slid to the dock. The girls looked . . . they faltered . . . they hesitated . . . . . . they broke down, and their song died. No one could look at this stricken ship without breaking down. No one but the crew—her own crew.

It was Father O'Callahan who started it, of course. And the whole crew took it up. The admirals waiting on the pier strained their ears.

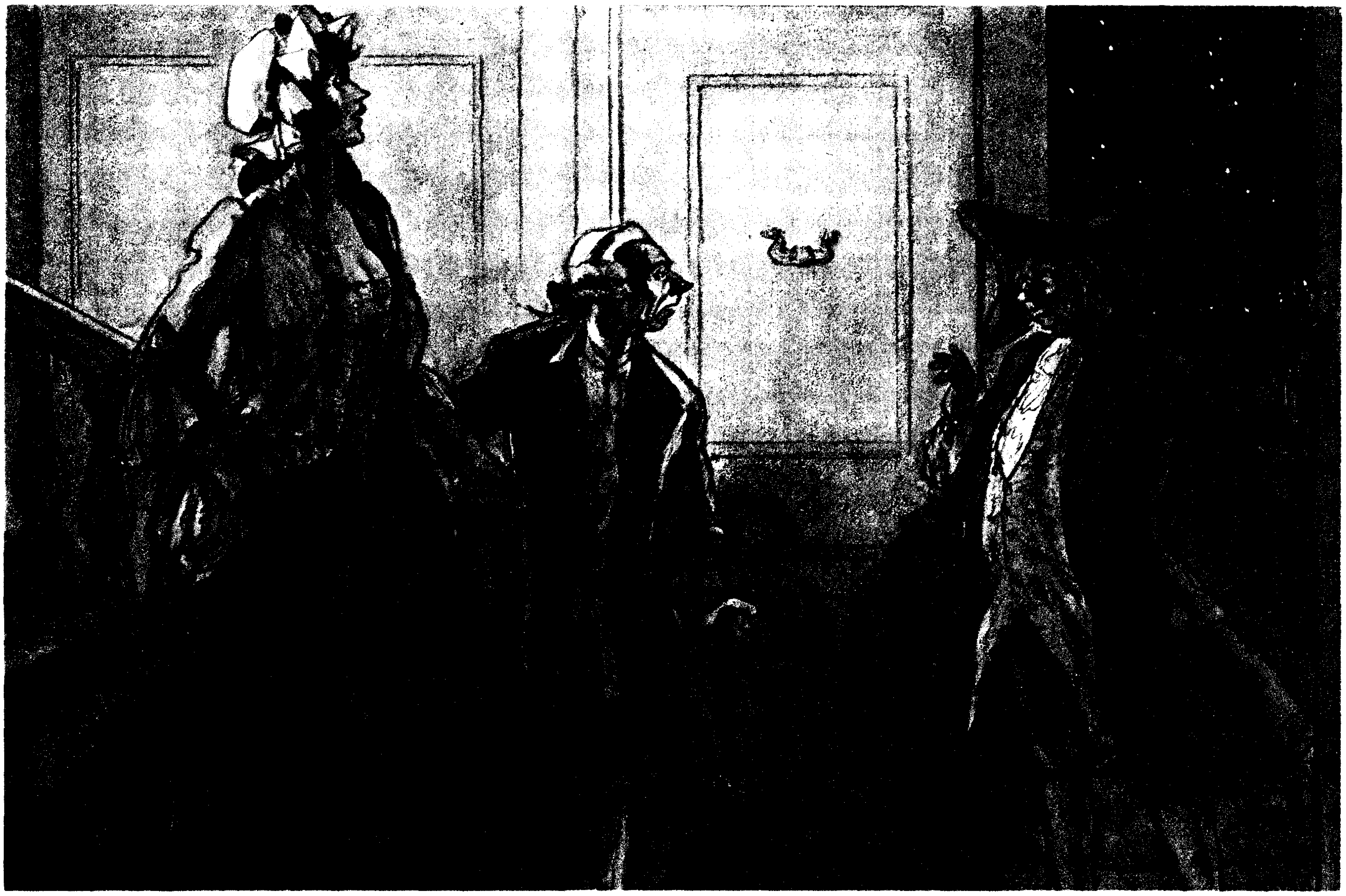
Up on the bridge Gehres nudged Joe Taylor and grinned as these men who had returned from death sang lustily:

The Old Big Ben, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be. . . ."

THE END



COLLIER'S "This is what I do best" BARNEY TOBEY



"What do you want? In the middle of the night! Who are you?" Anne Bondy said. M. Cassard stared. It flashed into his mind that he had never seen anyone so lovely

LOVE IS SO UNNECESSARY

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

This story of a bewildered Casanova poses a wry question: Does a great lover make a reputation, or would you say his reputation makes him?

M'SIEU Vulcain Cassard, that mild man, was breathing rather heavily through his prominent nose at the instant that Madame Cassard—his wife—descended the dark stairs and came into the rear of the shop. He was not, for a moment, aware of her. His eyes were directed through the open doorway into the Rue des Miracles. And Madame Cassard, pausing, bulging fatly on the bottom step, looked into the street also, with particular interest.

She saw the familiar brick façade of the Hostelry of Mars the Lover and, beyond, the weathered Sign of the Foul Anchor; she saw the row of plump almond trees bordering the deep cobbled gutter, and the neat pattern of light and shadow laid down by the morning sun.

But the street was at peace, dozing, soundless. In fact, empty. This was curious. The shop was also empty, save for Vulcain. Yet she had heard another voice. Not Vulcain's voice. The voice of a woman? It was conceivable. The air contained (she could feel it) a tight sense of unusualness; everything was not right, not—routine. And there stood that spare one, the frugal Cassard, wheezing with extraordinary fervor through his cornucopia of a nose. Why?

Madame Cassard wondered. She pursed her lips. She spoke.

"With whom were you talking?"

Her voice was rich and twanging; ponderous, big, like herself. M. Cassard swung about.

"Eh?" he said, startled. "Talking?" and his eyes, colorless, came to rest, like returning lost sheep, on the amplitude of Madame Cassard's furrowed chin.

"Ayee!" she said. "Don't be stupid. I asked whom you were talking with. Are you the inside of a barn that you must echo me?"

And she looked her husband straight in the eye like a woman with a knife concealed in her stocking.

Vulcain Cassard shrugged within himself. It was too early in the morning for quarreling, and he did not feel well. No protest stirred him; the day of protest was far, far in the past. By a muscular action almost reflexive, a conciliatory smile played briefly over his thin lips. "Ah," he said, and again, "Ah. Of course; the customer. You must forgive me, my dear, I did not quite hear you—"

This, thought Madame Cassard, tapping her toe on the step—this was very odd; this was so obviously evasion. But she controlled herself. "Well?" she said, at length.

Then, as if a spring had been touched, M. Cassard's mouth opened and his voice droned, establishing a kind of dull rhythm. "It's that I was somewhat startled, you understand," he said. "It was so very unusual. Listen: I came down and opened the shop. I opened the shutters onto the street. I prepared my cup of coffee. I drank my cup of coffee, and at that moment the woman came in from the street—"

"I knew it!" interrupted Madame Cassard imperiously. "I knew I heard the voice of a woman. I felt it, I was *not* mistaken. Why did you not say so in the first place?"

"Say what, my dear?"

"That you had a woman in the shop."

"That I had—! Are you sure you understand, my dear? This woman, this customer—"

"Who was she? What did she want? At this hour!"

"But I am coming to that—"

"You are coming to it in a most exasperatingly roundabout manner," said Madame Cassard bleakly. The tone implied that M. Cassard's intentions were suspect and all his habits such as to unfit him for decent society. "I demand that you tell me why, you are making a mystery of this woman."

"But I am not!" A spurt of something approaching spirit lifted for a moment the pale voice of Vulcain Cassard; and then faded. Again the defeated, pacificatory smile hovered on his lips, like a mask for Mardi Gras. "I am simply trying to explain to you why I was startled and surprised. Because I knew the instant I laid eyes on her that the woman was Anne Bondy—"

"Anne Bondy!"

"But exactly, my dear. You see, you're surprised, too."

"What did she want of you?"

"Of me? Nothing—nothing of me personally. She came into the shop to inquire the direction to the home of M. Morin, the attorney, with whom she said she had affairs to transact."

"Affairs at this hour!"

M. Cassard's stooped shoulders rose and fell. He said, wearily, "It's early, yes—six o'clock. But is that so very odd an hour to do business with M. Morin? I don't know. In any case, I am not responsible for the hour."

"Continue," said Madame Cassard tartly.

"That's all there is. I politely told her the

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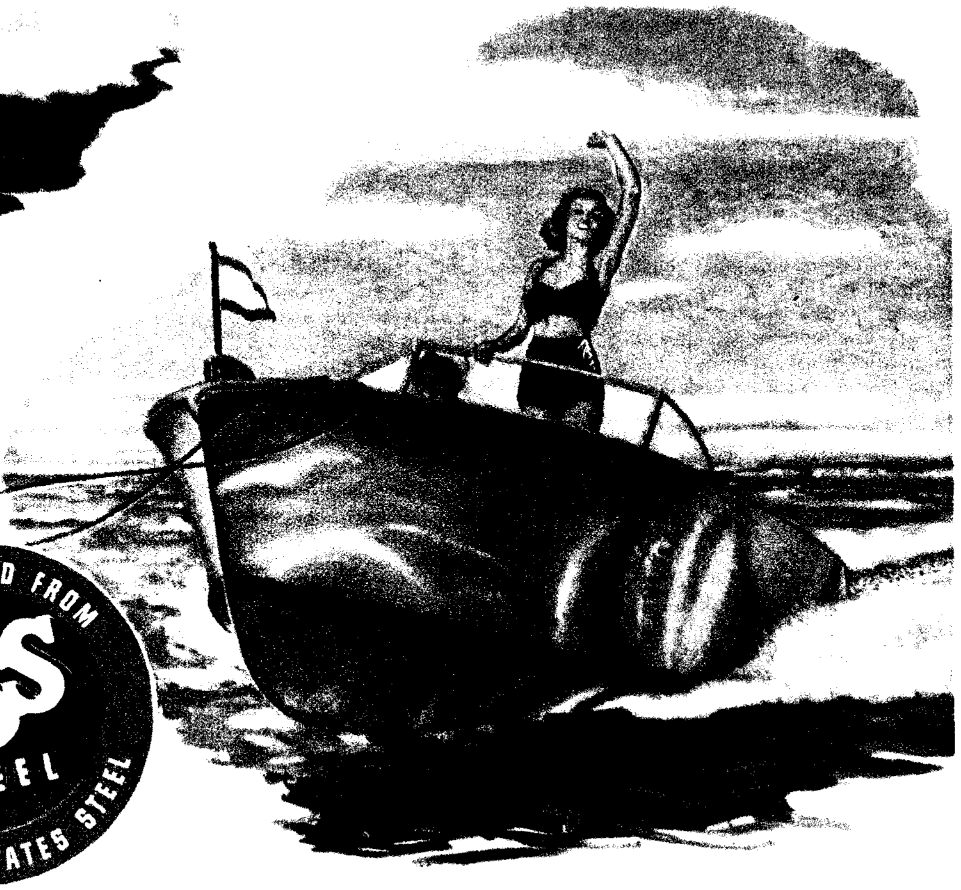

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way to M. Morin's. And she bought a packet of thread, the best grade, and thanked me and went away."

The lips of Madame Cassard's extensive mouth curled. "I invite you to observe," she said, "that your story is full of flaws." She paused; she gave the unprotesting Cassard a look you could brand a pork with. And she went on, distinctly, "This notorious Bondy woman comes with great secrecy to the shop at six o'clock in the morning to inquire the way to M. Morin's! She comes *here,* though every shiftless jack in town knows Morin's house and could tell her in an instant—"

She lifted her hands in a significant gesture. "Your story puts me in mind of a sieve, *mon vieux*. What did the Bondy woman really want?"

"I have told you."

"Then why were you whispering with her? Do you whisper about thread?"

"You are being ridiculous, my dear Violette," said Vulcain Cassard faintly.

For the space of a long breath Madame Cassard regarded him silently. Then she turned on her heel and with deliberately weighty tread mounted the stairs to their rooms above the shop.

And M. Cassard felt his ineffectual anger rise within him; agitation tore at his breast and a keen sense of injury possessed him. He was obliged to sit in a chair and drink a glass of water. He had no heartening word to say to himself.

That was the way it began.

LATER in the morning a low cloud blew over the island from the windward side and spilled a half-hour's rain on Fort Royal. Vulcain Cassard sat morosely, a lean figure, in his doorway and smelled the warm odors of the tropical town. This was Martinique, heart and center of the West Indies, on the first day of July, anno Domini 1719. M. Cassard hated it.

The damp hand of melancholy lay on his brow, and he hated Martinique and the fat sun and the damnably blue sea; he brushed his forehead delicately with a limp finger and, for a while, entertained in his mind a picture of the cool gray skies of Rouen, of sweet Normandy—his true home, the hearth he had so madly forsaken.

It occurred to him then, as he tilted sacklike in his chair and stared down the steaming Rue des Miracles toward the sea of the Caribs, that he had three major regrets in life. He ticked them off dourly on the stem of his pipe: First, that he had been born at all; second, that he had, in the throes of a temporary insanity that left him aghast, courted and won (the word appalled him) this Violette Cecile Baudrillart, cushioned daughter of a Norman baker, fifteen years ago, when he was twenty-five; and last, that he had crossed the Western Ocean to seek the fortune said in Normandy, by irresponsible persons, to grow on the trees of Martinique.

Fortune! Vulcain Cassard worked his mouth and spat.

This was his fortune: to have been born; to have been saddled with a prying, suspicious, eternally shrewish woman, a mountain of intrusive flesh, alien to quiet, the enemy of peace; and—the climax—to have cast his lot in Martinique.

And now—

M. Cassard thought of Anne Bondy.

He thought of her without pleasure.

His principal grievance was that she was a woman, all hips and convexities and sudden softnesses. True, she was cut to a daintier pattern than Violette Cecile, and, to do her justice, it might be argued that her throat had a certain delicacy of line, her eyes a warmth that indicated good humor. Yes; give her that much. Doubtless there was a type of man—the outdoors, sea-going sort—who would be attracted by Anne Bondy, by her vitality, her firm assurance, but . . .

But not Vulcain Cassard. He sat in his chair, very clean and small and rather queer-looking, perhaps, with his thin face, his graying hair, his more than adequate nose; and he shuddered. He was suffering intensely under the thought of Violette Cecile and of Anne Bondy.

He said "Women!" as another man might say *cholera*. He managed to put a great deal of bitterness into the word . . .

The evidence indicates that sometime during the morning Madame Cassard poured her preposterous suspicions into the ear of Madame Froidevaux, wife of the pharmacist in the Rue du Fripon Fieffe, who knew from long practice what can be done with a morsel of gossip.

At noon, exactly at noon, M. Froidevaux, having shuttered his pharmacy for the hours of luncheon and siesta, passed jauntily down the Rue des Miracles. He saw Vulcain Cassard in the doorway of the wine-tobacco-and-miscellany shop. He paused. He signed to M. Cassard with his hand. A grin occupied his fat mouth; and then, very suddenly, a kind of awful spasm contracted the right side of his face. He winked.

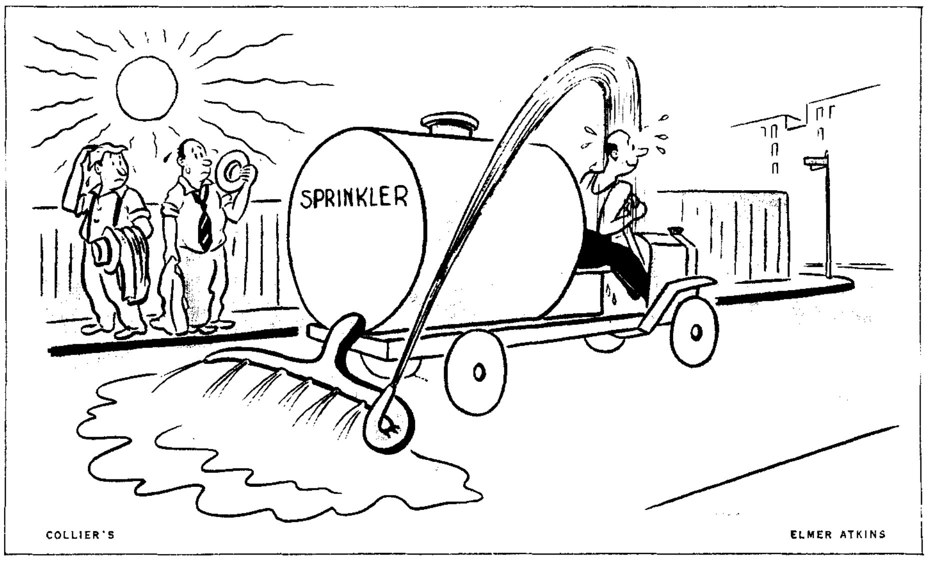
"What the deuce are you winking about?" said M. Cassard snappishly.

"Ouf!" said Froidevaux. The crooked grin persisted. "As if we didn't know—eh, old boy?"

"I haven't the faintest notion what you're talking about."

Froidevaux's beard twitched suggestively. He said, "Come, come, Vulcain," his tone pitched low. "We're men of the world, you and I, *hein?* We can discuss these things when the ladies aren't around. I've taken a bit of a fling myself, now and again—"

Froidevaux weighed far above two hundred pounds; his face was the color of camembert; he had plump, hairy wrists. Vulcain Cassard was acutely aware that he did not like Froidevaux at all, at all. He said, tight-lipped, "Move on, please. I've no stomach for your nonsense."



But Froidevaux's repulsive effervescence was in no degree quenched. "*Zut!*" he said amiably. "With me, *cher,* you need not adopt this pose of sanctity. This is old Froidevaux who speaks to you!"

"I repeat—"

"My reference," M. Froidevaux said in enormous good humor, pulling his fingers as if he would milk them, "is to Madame the Widow Bondy. I confess I was amazed! You can never predict anything about the taste of a woman—" He contributed a subtle stirring motion with his hands.

Then, for the first time, Vulcain Cassard saw where the conversation was leading. "St. Denis!" he exclaimed in a rush of incredulity, tossing up his arms as if defensively. "What lies have you been listening to?"

Anger glowed up from the soles of his feet and he advanced threateningly upon Froidevaux, waving his small fists; but his wrath broke like a wave on the obese grinning bulk of the pharmacist. "Listen to me," he cried pleadingly; "this isn't true! Not a word—"

And M. Froidevaux puckered his mouth and nodded blankly, offering a facial agreement; but it was too clear that his mind roamed in other chambers behind the mocking façade. "Calm yourself," he purred. "Rest tranquil, *mon vieux*. Of course it isn't true! And, in any case, your secret's safe with me. Discretion is but another name for Froidevaux."

Abruptly he put out his hand and touched the shoulder of Cassard, a conspirator's pat; and he turned and went away, jaunty as before, down the street. It would not have been so bad if he had been able to repress his chuckling.

Then M. Cassard returned to his chair and stared into the Rue des Miracles like a man with pennies over his eyes. He wanted to ask of life some tremendous questions, but he did not know where to begin. *Anne Bondy,* he murmured under his breath; *Anne Bondy,* with all the distaste in the world. . . .

THIS Anne Bondy was a name that opened and closed conversations in Martinique in that season. Everybody knew her: but nobody knew much about her. She kept to herself with an untouchable aloofness, and hence wore a garment of mystery. She had arrived in the island six months before. She was rumored to be wealthy, covered with francs as a bird is with feathers. She bought the elaborate Larousse mansion in the Rue Albert Mathon.

She owned a ship, and herself—though a woman and pleasantly molded—sometimes sailed in it for trading southward to the Venezuelan shore. She was possibly English, though she spoke French well. She was a widow.

But *widow* is an odd word, applied to her. Widow has certain fixed implications; there is conveyed to the mind a quality of grayness, of bereavement. Widow is popularly and rightly synonymous with tears. With heartache. But not with Anne Bondy.

Try to imagine her: Age about thirty; skin softly and warmly tanned; hair bright as a tropical flower. Efficiency clearly expressed in every movement of her tidy brown hands. A woman who could—and did—drive a man's bargain in the markets of corn and tobacco. . . .

Vulcain Cassard had been embarrassed and uneasy in her presence. Capable women upset his stomach.

AND Raoul Pougin upset his stomach.

Monsieur Pougin was second assistant to the secretary of His Excellency the Governor. He wore cream-colored gloves and crisp lace at the throat of his jacket. He was close to the important men of the colony and knew them by their first names.

M. Pougin came into the shop before his usual time that evening.

There were a half-dozen tables in an alcove of the shop; and half a dozen regular customers came each evening at five o'clock to drink a few glasses of *ordinaire*. They could be counted on. M. Pougin entered this evening, at a quarter before five and sat at the first table, nearest the doorway.

He was removing his gloves as M. Cassard approached from the rear of the shop.

"Vulcain," he said, lifting his eyebrows, "*bon soir.*"

"*Bon soir,* M'sieu Pougin," said M. Cassard.

"A trifle warm—"

"Isn't it?" said M. Cassard.

M. Pougin nodded toward a chair. "Sit down, Vulcain. Join me in a glass of your excellent wine." He spoke lightly for a few minutes of the conditions of empire. Then he said, much too casually, "And what's this I hear about Madame the Widow Bondy?"

Ridiculously, M. Cassard's shoulders jerked, and he uttered a series of dry, gulping sounds, like hiccups. "What," he demanded tensely, "do you imply?"

"Ah . . ." said M. Pougin, slowly. "So that's the way it is!" His eyes took on a far-away, woolgathering look. "But you can trust me, Vulcain. Your old friend of many years—"

M. Cassard pointedly said nothing. After a pregnant interval, Pougin shrugged: "Very well. I confess I admire your discretion. You have the instincts of a gentleman, Vulcain. Tell me—at what hour do you close shop?"

"At seven," Vulcain said. "Why?"

"His Honor M. Rocheblave, secretary to the governor, would like to meet you."

"Me?"

"Yes," said Pougin. "You. This afternoon he said to me, 'Who is this Cassard of whom they say—' and so forth. I told him."

"What do you mean by 'Of whom they say—'?"

"Vulcain," said M. Pougin, "do not be tiresome. And put your glass on the table; you're slopping your wine over. M. Rocheblave has invited you to dinner at his home. The honor is considerable. It is not everybody who is invited to dine with M. Rocheblave. Now, what answer am I to take him?"

"As you say, it's an honor," murmured Vulcain Cassard. "But if the invitation is based on any premise that I am—how can I say it?—acquainted with Madame the Widow Bondy—"

"Because, of course, you're not," said M. Pougin, smiling.

"No, I'm not!"

"Naturally. I give you my word, old boy, the governor's secretary is a man of absolute tact. Why should he mention Madame Bondy?"

"In that event—"

"Good! Dinner at nine at the house of M. Rocheblave. And compliments to you, my dear fellow. You rise in society, eh?" M. Pougin did not wait for an answer. He put down his glass, bowed with elegance from the waist and went away.

OBSERVE that the dinner was memorable. Fat snails from the heights of Mont Pele, laid in their little sarcophagi with exactly the right *soupçon* of garlic; a tender fish in bread crumbs; filet of beef that parted magically before the merest touch of the blade. And then brandy in thin glasses. Copiously supplied. A sound brandy. And M. Rocheblave, his fine military face beaming expansively, said, "Cassard, *mon vieux,* how does it happen that you and I have never rubbed shoulders before?"

Vulcain Cassard twisted his velvet jacket so that the worn spot on the collar was out of the candlelight's range. He returned his brandy glass to the vertical and was conscious of an incandescence in his stomach—a glowing, a certain indefinable well-being. "Your Excellency—" he began.

"Come! Call me Antoine."

"Thank you—Antoine." M. Cassard grinned with pleasure. "Well—I suppose it's that we've moved in different circles, eh?"

"Precisely. I never see you at the club these days."

M. Cassard had never been invited to the club. But why say so?

"I mean," continued M. Rocheblave, "you've kept yourself altogether too exclusive. The lone wolf, *hein?* But I appreciate, of course, that your time is doubtless fully occupied. Business pressure, *n'est-ce pas?* And—" he coughed lightly "—affairs of the heart."

A warning knife thrust pricked Vulcain Cassard. What was this? Had M. Rocheblave's ears, then, been brushed by the infamous lie—

The host exploded the silence with a laugh. "But you are a sly one, *mon bijou!* We'll mention no names, eh? Really, this is a delightful situation. Have another brandy! I tell you, man, if I were fifteen years younger I'd give you a taste of competition—"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Vulcain Cassard, tilting his glass in desperation.

M. Rocheblave ignored the remark. He hitched his chair closer with an air of intimacy. "Hark to me," he said. "Since, as I

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am told, a certain lady has expressed a decided preference for you, amongst all the bucks in Martinique, it is to you that I must address myself. Frankly, old man, I'm going to ask a favor of you."

Cassard found his voice. The words that burbled out were "misapprehension, all a misunderstanding—" something of that sort; but M. Rocheblave waved them aside.

"I shall be disappointed, M. Cassard, if you are going to be difficult. I take the liberty to remind you that I am myself in a position to dispense favors in this colony. Give and take, not so? Very well! A certain delightful lady, whose heart you have taken in the cup of your hands, is interested in buying land for cotton-growing—"

He lifted his shoulders slightly; the gesture clearly said that business was a pig, it revolted him, but what could a man do, etc. He refilled the glass of M. Cassard and said, "I own exactly the land she needs." He paused. "I want to sell it. But she won't so much as look at it."

Cassard drained his glass. The brandy was good. It made a little fire on the tongue. He chuckled at the image of fire on the tongue, little flames licking. He narrowed his eyes to look at Rocheblave. . . .

Capital fellow, Rocheblave. Nothing snooty about him, no airs. See—how engagingly he smiled! M. Cassard found that he was suddenly stimulated by a warm interest in the problem of his good friend Rocheblave. Something about cotton land. Seemed like a damned shame. He leaned and tapped M. Rocheblave's knee chummily. "Who won't look at your land?" he asked.

"Madame Bondy."

"Why won't she?"

"I don't know—I can't say. She repulses my agents, and now I learn she is negotiating for the Gosier estate."

"Ah! That's very bad."

"It's infuriating. I wish you'd use your influence with her."

Vulcain Cassard was aware that his head had taken—very strangely—to wheeling and dipping like a gull in flight; and he found some difficulty in following the conversation of M. Rocheblave. But the main idea—the essential idea, you might say—seemed to be that his good friend, who was secretary to the governor and a man of broad information, believed that Madame the Widow Bondy (a particularly attractive woman: beautiful face) had fallen in love with him—with *him*, Vulcain Cassard! Come to think of it, others believed so, too; there was Froidevaux, the pharmacist, and also Raoul Pougin, a veritable man-about-town. Well! In fact, name of a name—

VULCAIN CASSARD rubbed his nose. If you considered it calmly, he said beneath his breath, was there any reason why Madame the Widow Bondy should not have fallen in love with him?

He remembered, not too clearly, that in the morning he had been somehow distressed by the growing evidence that Madame Bondy had not come into his shop entirely by—by chance. Yes! he'd behaved like a confounded gangling schoolboy, he had permitted the incident to upset his stomach. To himself he confessed the shameful truth: he had been ridiculous, he had rejected the thought of the Widow Bondy. But now, in the pleasantly warm room, in the stimulating company of his good friend Antoine Rocheblave, he could not remember why. Distressed because a beautiful—and wealthy—widow of thirty summers, softly plump as a partridge, had broken her heart over him? *Parbleu!* There wasn't a man in Martinique who wouldn't give a leg for the luck of Cassard!

"Wha' d'you want me to tell her?"

Rocheblave said, "Tell her the Gosier estate is inferior to mine, the drainage not what it should be. Advise her that the only wise move is to buy the Rocheblave land. *You* can convince her! And listen: I spoke of favor for favor, I'm a man of my word. There's a tidy profitable position open in the northern district—commissioner of taxes in St. Pierre. Good salary, liberal privileges. The day that Madame Bondy signs a contract with me, the post is yours."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it," Rocheblave said. "It's practically yours, *mon vieux*. You'll know how to handle the widow, eh?"

"Is there room for doubt?" Cassard brushed a finger across his lips, which were rather peculiarly numb. Then he forgot his lips and decision hardened within him. He stood up. "What hour is it now?"

"It's past eleven."

"All right," said Cassard firmly. "I go to her at the instant. I'll tell her."

"But it's not too late? She'll be awake?"

Vulcain Cassard held the back of the chair with both hands, supporting himself. He swung his eyes round and focussed on M. Rocheblave. "Awake?" he said. "I'll waken her."

Then he winked.

THE cooler air under the open sky did nothing to steady his steps as he jogged down the hill past the Church of the Sacred Girdle and turned into the deep-shadowed Rue Albert Mathon. The night was elaborately beautiful: small points of stars shook like sequins in the broad dark blue curtain overhead; odors of jasmine and the astringent *prunier de Damas* swirled about him, too elusive to capture; a promise of moonlight lay in the clouds on the sea's distant rim. "Lovely, lovely . . ." he sang, experimenting with the range of his voice.

He knew the house, this expensive Larousse mansion. Lights burned within. He pushed open the heavy grilled gate and mounted to the gallery. A servant answered his knock.

He smiled at the servant. The servant was an honest and affable-looking fellow, no doubt a jewel among servants, a treasure. "Tell Madame Bondy that M. Vulcain Cassard is here," Vulcain Cassard said in a musical tone.

The servant was staring at him. "Madame is retired to her chamber," the servant said. "I will tell her in the morning that you called."

M. Cassard knew insolence when he encountered it. The servant was a damned insolent puppy. Untrustworthy, and likely a thief to boot. Mistake to engage a man like that. Rascal was written all over his flat face—

M. Cassard barked a word: *"Canaille!"* He watched the effect of it. The man cringed—not much, perhaps, but nevertheless a distinct cringe. The scoundrel was afraid! And he had reason. "You!" said M. Cassard, loud. "Is it deafness that occupies your flapping ears? Or did you hear me order you to inform Madame the Widow Bondy that M. Vulcain Cassard is attending her?"

The low fellow made a move as if to close the door—and might have succeeded, for Vulcain Cassard was not one to shatter dignity by tussling with a common servant. But the door remained open: a voice had intervened.

And Cassard knew the voice. This was the voice of Anne Bondy! The sound was like tinkling water in a cool stream, like the nightingale.

The voice inquired, "Georges! Who is that man at the door? Who is making this uproar?" The tone forceful, yet sweet. M. Cassard pushed past the servant and stood in the foyer, in the light of the wall candles. He raised his eyes to the stairway—Anne Bondy was there, on the steps, sheathed in a silver peignoir. It flashed into M. Cassard's mind that he had never seen a woman so radiantly lovely. . . .

"It's I," he said softly. "It's Vulcain."

He put his hand on the newel and drew himself to his full height, waiting.

She said, "What do you want? In the middle of the night! Who are you?"

Apparently the light was bad; apparently she could not see him clearly. Perhaps she was a trifle confused by sleep. Vulcain Cassard said, "This is Vulcain who speaks."

She answered firmly and unmistakably, and her words struck him like a sudden cancerous rust on his soul. She said, "Go away instantly or I'll send for a gendarme. But yes—now I know you! *You're* the man with the dingy shop in the Rue des Miracles. How dare you presume to come to my house? Georges! I command you to remove this man—"

"Wait!" cried Vulcain Cassard. He took a grip on himself. Something was very wrong here. A kind of unfathomable terror boiled up in him and he struggled to clear his mind. "Wait! You don't understand—" And then he saw; then he knew, sharp and clear, what had happened. Of course! "Ah, yes," he said. "You're offended, naturally. You think, Madame, that I've come here only to induce you to buy Rocheblave's land for your cotton—"

He was about to add: *Not so! To the devil with Rocheblave and his land*—but her voice, edged with cutting anger, beat him down. "Heavens," she cried, lifting her arms. "Now Rocheblave sends his agents in the dead of night! Listen to me, whatever your name is—I've half a mind to slam my door on Rocheblave for all time. But you can tell him this: I *have* looked at his land, privately. It happens to be what he says it is; it happens to be what I want. So I shall buy it. Yes; you may tell him so. Morin, the attorney, will arrange the price—"

Anne Bondy plunged a glance into the depths of Cassard.

"But tell Rocheblave, also, that if one more of his lunatic agents interrupts my peace, I'll change my mind—and permanently!"

She swung about. She ascended the stairs. The servant's voice intruded. "Get out," the servant said.

FROM the bottom of blackness as deep as a pit, the ponderous tones of Madame Cassard dragged him. Her voice was a cord about his waist, dragging him up, up. Vulcain Cassard opened his eyes. Sunlight seared him. He moaned.

"My head. . . ."

The voice of Madame Cassard penetrated now like a surgeon's knife. He glanced up at her; she sat on the edge of the bed, her face distorted and two ludicrous tears coursing down the watershed of her nose. Her voice lifted and fell wheedlingly and the words poured out—

"Stop it!" cried Vulcain Cassard. He winced. He awaited the flood of her anger. But what she said, and repeated, was "Don't leave me!"

M. Cassard felt very wretched indeed. Waves of pain crashed like surf at the base of his neck. He was in no mood for theatricals. Don't leave her! *Ciel!* What chance—

"Commissioner!" she said.

The word attacked his consciousness and slowly registered. He tilted his head and shook it, somewhat as if it were a dicecup. "What—"

Madame Cassard clutched a shoulder of his nightshirt. "I know everything," she sobbed. "But I forgive you. Don't leave me, Vulcain! Our years together— Do they mean nothing to you? *You cannot leave me for this woman*—"

She was pleading with him! She, the iron fist in the iron glove. Vulcain Cassard sat up in bed. What was this sense of power that stirred in him? "Say quickly what you have to say," he commanded. "I'm listening."

"His Honor, M. Rocheblave came an hour ago, at eight o'clock, in his carriage. He said you had been named King's commissioner of taxes in the northern district. You! Vulcain, I'm so proud of you!" Her voice changed, fell to a whisper. "And you were seen last night leaving the house of that woman—"

"What woman?"

"Ayee, the shame of it! I won't say her name."

"Who saw me?"

"Then you admit it! Vulcain— You can't leave me. I'll slave for you—my temper's been bad, I know it has; but I'll reform it. I'll work for you with my hands and never speak a harsh word—"

The poor woman was blubbering afresh. A great surge of pity touched Vulcain Cassard. Say what you would, she wasn't a bad old girl, this Violette Cecile; no; they'd been through a lot together, you couldn't deny that. Was it really likely that he'd leave her for that acid-tongued widow in the Rue Albert Mathon? That deceptively sweet-looking virago, puffed up with her horde of money, as flighty as the winds, one thing today, another thing tomorrow? Not much!

He touched her arm. "Violette," he said tenderly, "dry your tears. *Ecoutez, mon petit chou.* I renounce the woman. We shall never speak of her again." He smiled. "Kiss me, dear heart."

She caught her breath; she leaned as gracefully as her bosom permitted and kissed Vulcain Cassard moistly.

"There now!" he said. He brushed her cheek comfortingly with soft fingers. "As for Rocheblave," he went on, "Did he specify the salary? No? *Alors*, it's a good post, it will pay well. We'll take a little house on the bay in St. Pierre—"

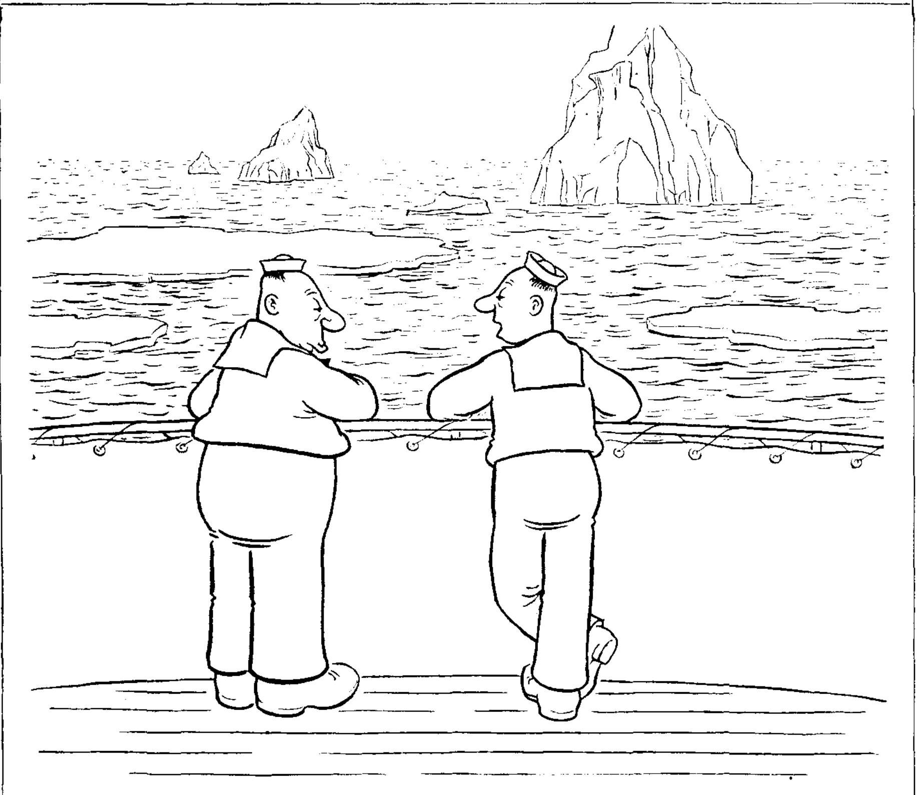
His head felt astonishingly better. He moved as if to swing his legs out of bed, but changed his mind.

"Bring me a cup of coffee, my dear," he said. "I believe I'll take my coffee in bed this morning."

He raised a warning finger. "Not too much sugar," he said, and nestled into the pillows.

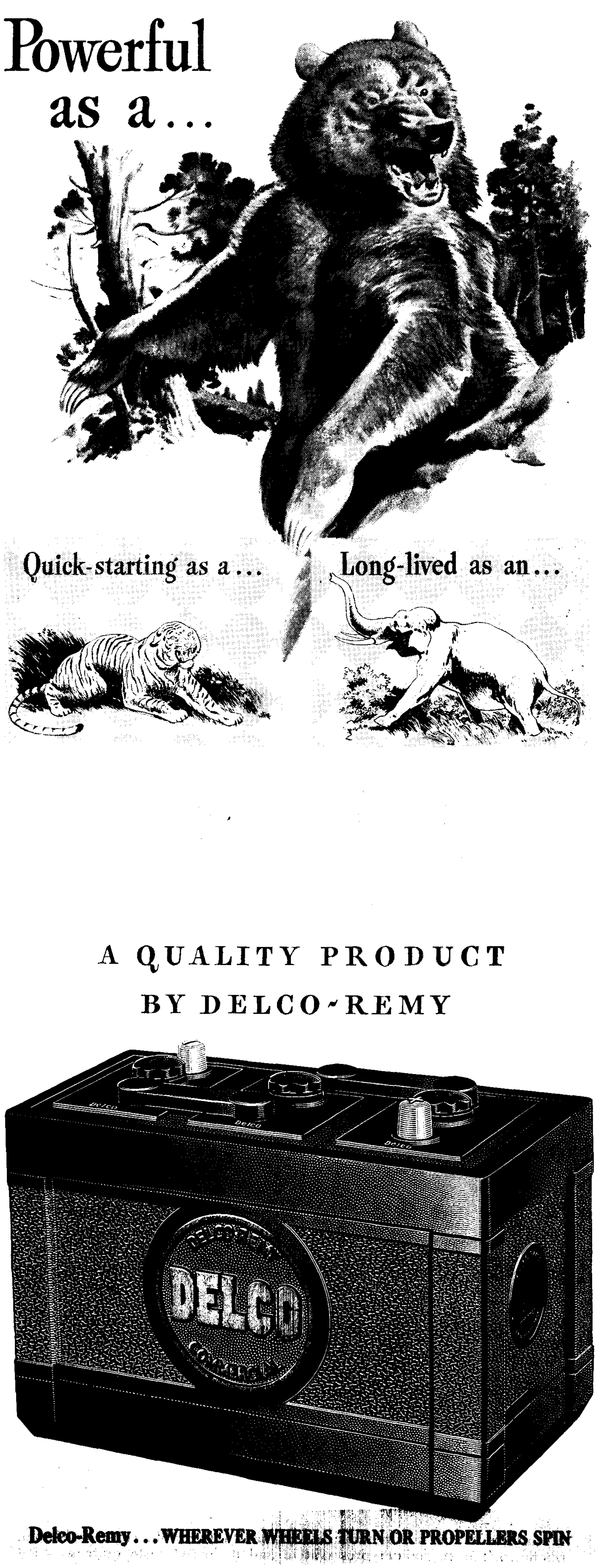
THE END

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Well, you haven't got your skates, Alfred, so that's that"

COLLIER S



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Continued from page 16

ahead and remembering I'm going away, do we, Joyce?" Weariness dragged under his words. "Can't I just be home, Joyce?"

She curved toward him, a tide of reassurance going out from her in answer. "Yes, my darling," she said. "Here we are. We're all right."

And for a little time she could almost believe it, that they were all right now. They were together, and she mustn't look beyond that.

After a while Hap said suddenly, "Let's get those damned bags out of here."

Then they began to hurry, to make everything the way it used to be. They took his bags upstairs and unpacked them and put them out of sight, and hung his uniforms in the dark back of the closet. They put his brushes, just so, on the left-hand side of the chest of drawers, and she hung one of his old bright ties on the bar of her dressing-table mirror, where he always used to throw the one he had taken off.

Joyce went out to the cedar closet and got an armload of his suits and jackets, and when she came back, he had put on slacks and a plaid sports shirt and was standing looking at himself in the mirror.

"Not bad, huh?" he said, bending a modest eyebrow at himself.

Joyce considered him critically. "Well, I like it."

He swung round and seized her, lifting her lightly. He dropped her on the bed and stood looking down at her.

As she started to sit up, he put out a long brown arm and pushed her back again. "Joyce—"

"No," she told him determinedly. "Stay right where you are. We can't go up in smoke at four o'clock in the afternoon, with Mrs. Dillington due here any minute."

"Hell with Mrs. Dillington!" said Hap, reaching for her again.

Joyce flashed past him and stood in the doorway. "I'll see you later," she said demurely, the effect somewhat spoiled by lack of breath.

Hap said, "Mrs. Dillington had better not stay all night. What's she coming round here so soon for, anyhow?"

"To welcome you home, in the name of the Freeport Women's Group," said Joyce.

Hap groaned and started picking up the suits that Joyce had dropped, and hanging them away. Watching him, tall and easy-moving, in the everyday sports clothes, Joyce could make believe that the war had never happened. Then when he turned and she saw the scar and the strained way his mouth set when he wasn't smiling, she knew better.

"How's the garden?" asked Hap. He added suspiciously, "You mess it up with Victory vegetables?"

"I planted it just the way we always do," she retorted. "With the vegetables neatly tucked away behind the hedge."

"Come on. Let's see."

He caught her hand and they were running down the stairs in a wave of pure lightheartedness when the doorbell rang.

"Mrs. Dillington," said Joyce.

"Maybe the postman," said Hap hopefully.

It was Mrs. Dillington. She was standing on the door mat with her smile waiting, and she'd certainly got herself up for the occasion. The gay hat with the passionate purple flowers, and a new satin dress that was a little tight on front and rear curves. Her plump face was glazed with fervor.

"Hap!" she exclaimed, holding out both hands to him. "My dear boy. I can't believe that it's really Hap Hazard."

"Hello, Mrs. Dillington," said Hap crisply. He looked at both her hands and shook one of them. "Nice to see you again." He grinned at her, a dry grin that was very firm.

"Our boy!" said Mrs. Dillington. "Our brave, wonderful boy!"

Hap's grin wavered.

"In the name of the Women's Group of Freeport, welcome home," said Mrs. Dillington. She put the old organ throb in her voice.

There was a bad pause, and then Hap said, "Thank you," and Joyce hastily said, "Come in, Mrs. Dillington." Because after all, even if Mrs. Dillington did enjoy the war thoroughly, she had the very best intentions.

Mrs. Dillington turned to Joyce. "And now, at last, you have him home again, my dear."

"Yes," said Joyce. Yes, she had him home—for a snatched handful of days. Twenty-one days; count them. "Won't you come in, Mrs. Dillington?"

HAP leaned against the doorway, casually blocking the entrance. "It was kind of you to come over," he told Mrs Dillington, and he made it sound convincing. "Thanks for the welcome. And I'll be seeing you again." He smiled down at her, and she melted further. "But of course you understand—I've only just got home. . . ."

"Oh, of course—" said Mrs. Dillington, a little regretfully.

"Goodby. We'll be seeing you soon," Hap said firmly.

There was some handshaking, and Mrs. Dillington's purple flowers sailed down the path; she waved, as she reached the sidewalk.

Hap closed the front door gently. "That's the Army way. Direct to your objective."

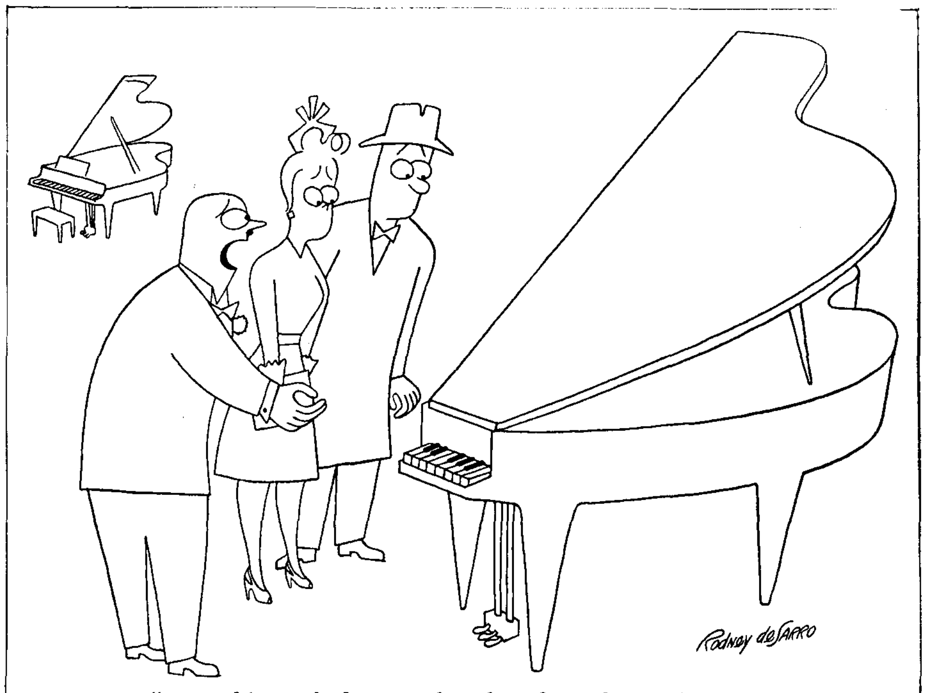
"Not very hospitable," Joyce said.

Hap kissed her thoroughly. "Want to call her back?"

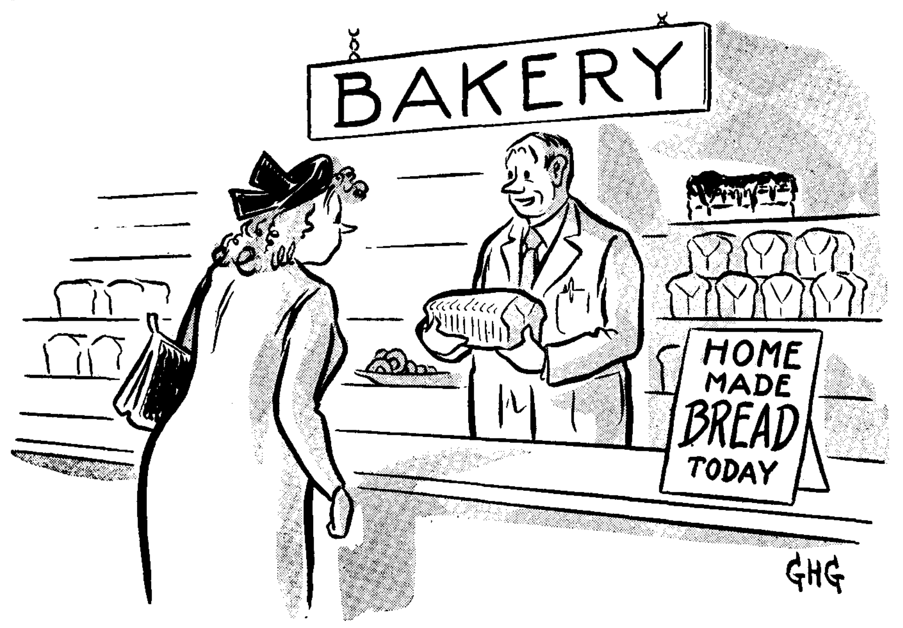
"No," said Joyce.

She pulled herself together eventually. Hap had wanted things to go along naturally, as if he were home for good. She'd better start getting dinner, and Hap could look at the garden. . . .

Dinner went off very naturally, and washing dishes was not notably unusual. The evening, though brief, was also successfully natural. Joyce took the phone off the cradle, and hung a sign on the front door that said "Not at Home—Please." Hap read the evening paper and she watched him do it. They talked a little, skirting all vital topics. And they called it a day, thankfully.


"Now this one's for people who play Chopsticks only"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO



"It's just like Mother used to make, except that it's sliced thin, contains thiamin, riboflavin, niacin, sodium preservative and it doesn't taste quite as good"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Going to bed with Hap was natural, too, Joyce thought; though natural was too calm a word. She stopped thinking at all then, she even stopped remembering that Hap was going away to fight again. And she slipped into sleep without remembering.

When she woke, deep in the night, she was completely defenseless. She knew he was there, and she had barely reached out to touch him when it hit her all at once. Now this minute she was touching him, and in a few short days he would be gone again, gone back into that darkness of fighting and death, and the waiting when anything could happen. She had been through that once. How could she do it all over again?

"I can't take it," she said softly aloud.

Hap moved under her hand. "Don't let it get you, kid. We're here, aren't we?"

"How can you go away again?" she asked slowly.

Hap didn't answer for a little. He gathered her in, his chin on her head, and she waited.

"God knows," he said finally. "But I've got to. Joyce, it'll be easier for us—when I go—if we don't let it down, while I'm here."

He'd not wanted to talk about going away, last evening. But did he want her to put on an act all the time?

"Not let down—at all?" she said.

"Well, don't let's relax and be glad, all the way. I mean, you know how I feel, Joyce. But can't we sort of skim along on the surface? Do everyday things, and not look back and not look ahead."

Joyce moved her head till it fitted into his shoulder. "You mean: Not talk about how glad we are?"

"Yeah," he said. "If we look straight at what it's like—to be together—it'll rip us up worse, when I go."

"I can't stop feeling," she said.

"You think I can? But let's not talk about it. It's the talking that digs deep, Joyce."

"All right, Hap," she said steadily. If that would make it easier for him, she could try.

"So I won't say things like: I've nearly gone crazy, sometimes, wanting to hold you like this—" His voice roughened and stopped.

"What will you say?" she whispered.

"Go to sleep, bunny-face," said Hap.

And after a while, surprisingly, she did.

So the pact stood between them, to coast along, taking each thing as it came; not to talk about how they felt to be together; to hold their happiness with a light and cautious touch. Joyce set herself to remember all that, doggedly, the moment she woke next morning.

She and Hap looked at each other, and they knew a lot of things, but what they talked about was griddle cakes and socks and the fact it was a good day to work in the garden. Maybe it would be easier—this way.

The first day was complicated, of course, by the fact that so many people wanted to say hello to Hap. And almost everybody referred to his going off again, to the Pacific. When Joyce and Hap walked downtown to do errands, their progress had the flavor of a triumphant procession.

"Yeah, swell to be here," Hap said over and over. "Yeah, I'll be off again pretty soon." . . . "Hi, how are you? Yeah, swell to be here." He looked a little grim, after a while, especially when people spilled too much patriotic fervor over him, but he bore up well.

THEY went along Main Street to the square and back, and it seemed as if half the town was out on the shady sidewalks. When Cal Barnes came along, that was different, of course. Cal and Joyce and Hap had gone to school together, and the two boys had teamed up in college. The fact that Hap went overseas had consoled Cal a little for being turned down by all the services.

Cal was tall and lanky, with yellow hair that was always falling into his eyes. He looked almost fragile beside Hap. He and Hap pounded each other on the back in the accepted male manner for reunions, and Cal shoved his hair back and kept grinning.

"So you stopped by to look us over, Hap. And you're going out to the Pacific, you lucky bum—"

"How you been? What's new?" said Hap, grinning back at Cal.

"Nothing," said Cal. "We sit around and read headlines, while you guys scramble up the history books and maps."

Joyce left them talking and ordered her groceries, and when she got back to the sidewalk they were still hard at it. "Come on over and bring Bess," she told Cal.

They started on again and ran into Mrs. Dillington before they'd gone half a block. Hap took a firm grip on Joyce's elbow, and started past Mrs. Dillington with a bright smile and a brisk step.

Mrs. Dillington called after them determinedly. "I'm going to give a party for you, Hap—"

"Swell," Hap answered, waving a long arm at her.

He muttered rebelliously at Joyce, "I won't go to a party and have her blasted Women's Group drip all over me."

"Try and get out of it," said Joyce.

When they got back to the house Hap did a little relieved swearing, dug two new flower beds and tied up the tomato plants. Joyce discreetly left him alone for a while, to work off his tour through town.

She looked at him, though, out of each window she passed. He had his old blue

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dungarees on and, watching him work out there, it seemed incredible that there could ever be a war. She took him out a cold drink after a while, and they sat on the warm grass and smelled the fresh earth Hap had turned over.

That was all right, that was good. But as the day went on, Joyce felt a strain building inside her. It was a phony, not to talk about what they were really thinking and feeling. Hap was home, but he was a visiting husband. The deep current of feeling that always ran between them was hidden.

She told herself that this was the first day, it would be easier tomorrow. But when tomorrow came, nothing was easier. She started too many sentences and broke them off. Too many times when Hap touched her, she had to stiffen against him, because if she let go she would fly into little emotional pieces.

She locked herself into a routine, keeping house, talking to friends who came in. But she and Hap didn't have anything real to do, because it was no use starting anything, any real pattern of living, for just a few days. The strain tightened in Joyce, slowly, and she could see a tension in Hap, too.

DAYS and nights went by. The nights were separate, when she and Hap were close and no words needed. But she couldn't tie the nights in with the rest of living, and the days were all unreal.

One afternoon they walked a couple of miles from town, and went along the old tow path where they used to go on Sunday afternoons. The canal was being used again, because of the gasoline shortage; and boats came by, taking vegetables to market. Even the canal was different.

Their big willow tree was the same, though, with the slanting trunk for a seat, and a curtain of trailing leaves. They settled down, and Hap lighted a cigarette. Joyce watched his dark face bent toward the match, and the glimmer of the tiny scar. She ought to be happy, she ought to be completely happy, just for this minute.

"This is nice and peaceful," she said.

Hap was watching the water, now. "That slow water," he said. "It's like a stream I saw—"

"Yes?"

Hap stared into the water. "We were feeling pretty good, we were inside Germany for the first time, and driving ahead. Then we hit a daisy chain of antitank mines strung across a field. And right on ahead, Jerry was dug in hard. While we were sorting ourselves out, the Germans started for us, with tanks and half-tracks.

"Guy next to me did some pretty work with a bazooka, before he walked on a mine. Things moved fast for a while. Well, skipping all that, a bunch of us found ourselves on the edge of the field toward sundown, with the Jerries shoved back and quieted down for the time being. And we were sort of surprised we were there, and half deaf and dopey, and completely covered with mud.

"There was a little stream by us. Slow water, like this. Good place for us to scoop out some foxholes, so we could fire across the water. We didn't know which minute firing would break out again."

"What did you do?" asked Joyce, watching his face.

"We took a swim," said Hap. He grinned at her suddenly, his blue eyes narrowed. "And was that water cold! But we got the mud off, before the Jerries or the company commander came along. And we got set for the night."

"What happened then, Hap?"

"Oh, they attacked again," said Hap briefly. He threw his cigarette into the canal and ended the subject as swiftly. "Here comes a boat."

JOYCE looked at the canal, but she knew whenever she saw it again she would think of tanks and mud and Hap in danger. There wasn't any place to relax, not even here.

She was so everlastingly tired of holding back, keeping a taut control. Why couldn't she break it all open—and say it all to Hap—the drag of her worries, and the sharp joy of having him back, and all the dark and bright pieces of loving him?

"Hap," she said, but he didn't answer; he didn't even hear her.

And she wondered suddenly why he wanted to keep this everyday surface over trouble. If he felt the way he used to about her, why did he shut himself away? This wasn't marriage, to walk along on a false crust, with the hot lava running close underneath, and make believe they were on solid ground.

"Hang on, Joyce," he said abruptly. So he had heard her, after all, and he had waited to answer.

The thin strips of leaves blew softly, behind him. They made a blurred green background for his dark head. He sat quite still, but his shoulders didn't look restful.

"This is the twelfth day," she said. Over half the time had gone.

"It's all a mess. Don't look at it, Joyce, look at me. This is just today, any day." He turned her face toward him when she looked away. "Joyce—"

His finger tips burned softly along her mouth. She turned to him and, as always, his touch was a drug against dread. But the relief didn't last, and when they moved apart she was alone again. When he was gone, in nine more days, what could she hold on to?

Their loving swung in space, a wordless clinging for a few days, and then emptiness ahead. It was all wrong, but she didn't know what to do. Hap had said, "Hang on."

So for increasingly bitter days, she tried to follow his lead; and as each day passed, and the time shortened, the strain tightened.

They had tried to keep from making dates with people, but they couldn't stay free entirely. When they went out for dinner in other people's houses, Hap wore his uniform, and whenever she turned to him the silver bars on his collar gleamed with a cold shine. She told herself wryly that she couldn't expect him to spend his entire leave in gardening clothes and pajamas.

Mrs. Dillington carried out her threat and gave a farewell party for Hap. There were only two more days left, and Joyce begrudged giving up an evening. But Mrs. Dillington had started inviting people before Joyce could stop her.

Hap swore roundly when he heard about it, but he went along, clean and decent and almost in his right mind, that evening. Mrs. Dillington had a wide hall that opened into a wider living room. The first thing Hap saw were the bowls of red, white and blue flowers.

"Don't look now," he told Joyce, "but I think there's a large American flag behind us."

"It won't bite you," Joyce answered comfortably.

Mrs. Dillington welcomed them, Hap with fervor and Joyce with modified fervor. Her husband shook hands more formally.

"Glad to see you, Horace," he told Hap.

Joyce blinked. She hadn't heard Hap's real name for years and she glanced at Hap and realized again how the years overseas had taken some of the casual, reckless swing away from him.

People surged out from the living room. "Hi, Hap." "Hello, Hap Hazard."

Joyce moved aside, so they could all get to Hap. Bess Barnes stopped beside her, her dark little face warming as she spoke.

"How's it going, Joyce?" she asked.

"Fine," said Joyce. "Well—mixed." She wouldn't lie to Bess.

"Some of the men are going direct, from Europe to the Pacific," Bess said thoughtfully. "When Hap leaves, won't it help that you had this time with him?"

Joyce answered slowly, "I don't know, Bess."

She saw Hap looking for her, a touch of wildness in his glance, and she went to him.

"Can't you keep some of these dames scraped off me?" Hap whispered.

"Yes, Hap," she said soothingly, beginning to start the crowd back toward the living room. "Stand in a corner, Hap, and take 'em a few at a time."

"Stick around, Joyce."

PEOPLE pressed in on them, and even as she greeted the familiar faces, they all began to swirl in a circling pack of curious eyes. Strange that people she knew so well all seemed outsiders now, all trying to get some excitement from contact with Hap.

Hap stood against the wall, sweating it out with a polite smile that didn't touch his eyes. He was the only man in town who had been in the war and was going out again to fight, Joyce told herself. To these people, he was the war. But the things they were saying to Hap—everything they said—had a false, empty sound to her, like lines on a greeting card.

"One of our gallant defenders—"

"You represent America, Hap—"

"You're going out to win some more fame and glory, Hap—"

Cal Barnes slid in behind Hap, and Hap turned to him quickly. "I'm fed up with glory," Hap said in a savage whisper.

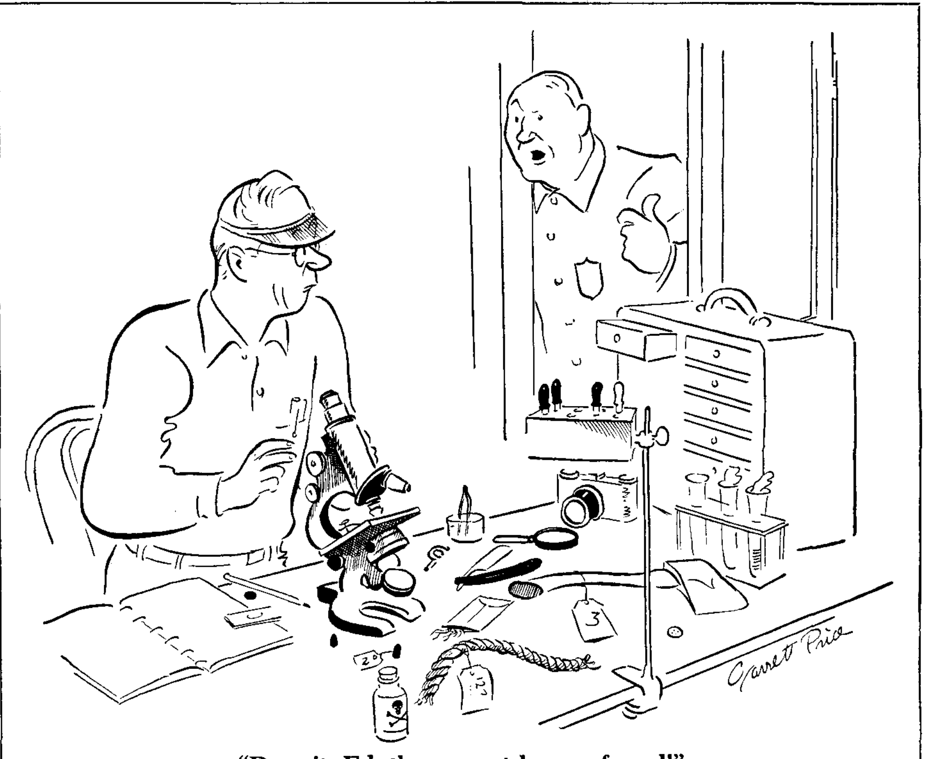
Cal said in an odd tone, "Look at their faces, Hap. They sound phony. But look at their faces, guy."

Joyce looked, too. The faces that pressed in on them steadied, and as she looked, tightness caught her throat. They were all staring at Hap as if he were different from them, as if he were better, or bigger, or someone on beyond them. They looked as if they needed something from him.

"We can't all go," someone was saying. "You're going for all of us, Hap."

Cal said, "I wish to God I was going with you!"

And Hap was saying with a new quietness



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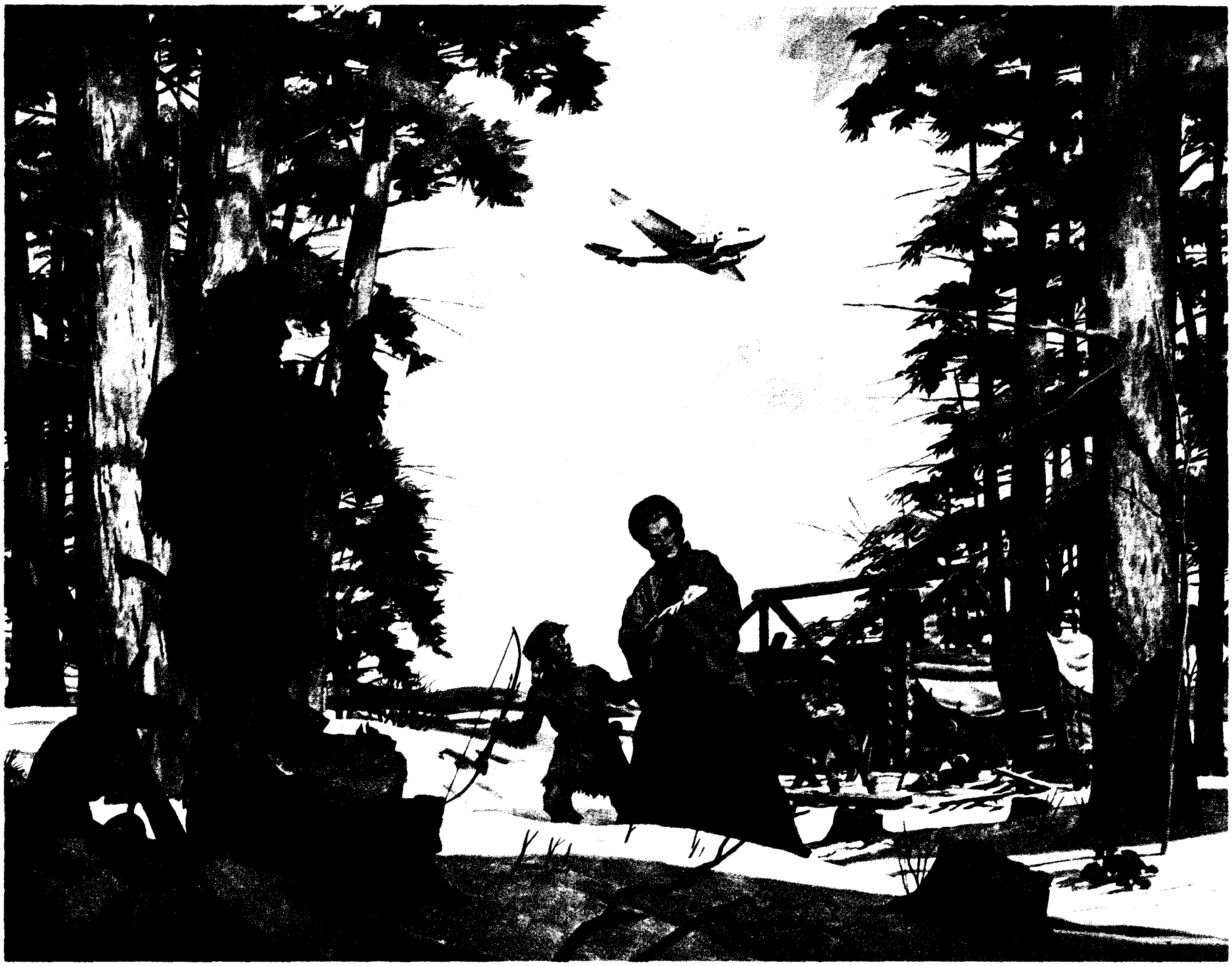

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Navigators find the way. Pilots take them there. Bombardiers do the big damage... But it's the boys in the back room who bring the bombers back—the gunners.

Huddled in flying suits, masked and goggled, they stand by on the high cold course, helpless against the buffeting or fiery shell particles of flak, eyes probing the somber metal skies for the dots that mean danger. As the fighter pack closes within range, they loose their twin stingers on anything that flicks by their sights... fire in solo, series or chorus, keep enemy ships respectful, fight off interference attacks, chalk up individual kills like fighter pilots.

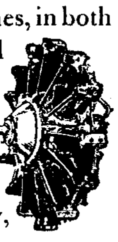
THE gunners run young, fresh from the farm, factory, high school. They rate perfect in eyesight, are quick on the gun trigger, long on guts and loyalty, wear chevrons and rockers, and more decorations than any other enlisted men in any other army. They fly, fight, live and play as crews; but they die alone. They get to know sudden death, ugly wounds, wakeful nights in dark barracks by the empty bunks of missing friends...These are today's heirs of the American tradition, and they do their forebears and their country proud!

IT was our privilege to make more than 20,000 Jacobs engines, and more than 10,000 of another make, for the twin-engine planes which schooled the bomber crews.

And it is our pride that the Jacobs engines served well both student airmen and American taxpayers... raised their service periods between major overhauls from the 350 flight hours originally specified up to as much as 1,200 hours...and reduced maintenance costs—in the hardest kind of service required of any plane engines.

The service records of the Jacobs, the experience acquired in quantity production, are the best evidence that Jacobs postwar engines, in both large and small units, will continue to give even longer trouble-free, dependable service, at low costs!... Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

JACOBS • **Pottstown, Pa.**



in his tone, "It's a job of work. But I know what you mean."

The rest of that evening, Joyce listened to what people were trying to say, with a sharp awareness. They knew—that Hap was going out for a second time. She had been locked in with her own fears and bitterness, all these days; now she was suddenly ashamed. She watched Hap, and the uniform belonged to him, and the new quiet manner belonged to him. When he smiled at her across the others, she belonged, too.

People began to leave, at last, and when she and Hap could go, they moved toward the front door together, with release and the cool night just ahead. Mrs. Dillington said good night to Joyce, and then she caught Hap's hands. "We'll think of you, fighting those Japs," Mrs. Dillington told him. "It's so wonderful you're going, Hap—"

Outside the house, Joyce's control snapped. "It's wonderful you're going, they say. It's not wonderful. It's—"

"It's hell," Hap said.

AND suddenly they were holding tightly to each other, there in the dark on the Dillingtons' front lawn, saying the things they hadn't said before.

"When I wake up in the night and you aren't there—" Joyce said.

"When I say goodby to you, Joyce, I can just barely make myself turn and walk away."

"Your letters don't come, and I get scared, Hap."

"You're all the things I want in the world, Joyce."

"Now I've got you, how can I let you go?"

They tore away all the careful surface they had built, and they went on and scraped the bottom of their misery. And yet, when they walked on at last, they were no longer sad.

"It's funny, I feel better," Hap told her. "Those people did something to me. I'd frozen onto the controls, and they knocked me loose." He held her hand tightly as they walked along. "I was nuts; it's no good trying to kid ourselves, Joyce."

She looked up at him, dim beside her, the line of his cap sharp against the sky. "I'd rather be crazy glad you're here—"

"And crazy sick when I go—" said Hap.

"Yes. It's honest. It's something to hang on to when you're gone."

Hap said, "We're lucky. The way we feel, we'll last through any war. I guess—you need kind of a big love, to get through a war with."

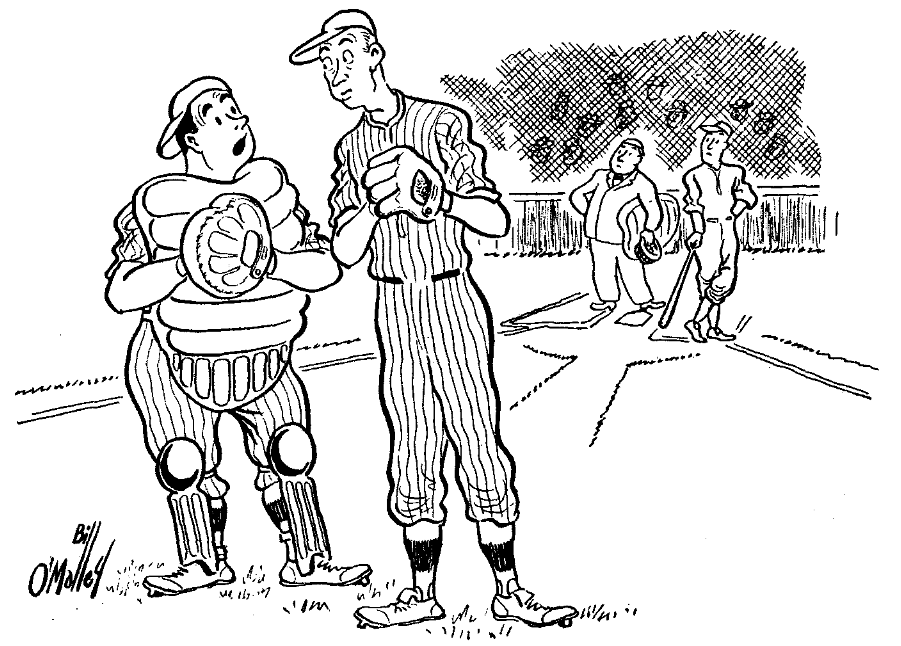
"We're lucky," Joyce repeated after him. And this would stay, when he was gone.

They turned in their own driveway, and the time that was left was more shiningly important than all the rest of the leave, because they would use it all.

"You're here," she said with deep content.

"We're here," said Hap.

THE END



COLLIER'S "... I'm not going to tell you how the book ends, but you'll be surprised who the murderer is" BILL O'MALLEY

Any Week

Continued from page 4

front, other women were predicting that there wouldn't be enough of it to go around. Her only comment was that she hadn't had any bacon for a long, long while and that she wanted bacon—wanted it bad. Otherwise she was silent, although the others noticed that her lips were constantly moving. At last she reached the counter, asked for bacon, got a half pound, and the man said that was the last of the bacon. "Thank you, Lord," sang she. "Thank you, Lord. Knowed you'd listen."

HAVING read a recent piece in this magazine—San Francisco's Pride and Joy, by Dugal O'Liam—the editor of the San Francisco Chronicle had an attack of melancholia. It was about his city's vanishing cable cars. Mr. O'Liam quotes a cable-car gripman (the guy who runs the car) as saying, as he approaches a curve: "Grasp your seats firmly and beware of approaching vehicles." This, complains the editor, is libelous. He claims that the gripman talked in no such quaint foreign tongue but spoke clear San Francisco, to wit: "Kowfadacuv"—and everybody got ready to look out for the curve.

IT WAS in Dallas that we saw a sign in a store window: "Ladies! Bring your old mother in for Mother's Day. We know how to handle her."

BUT it was in Little Rock, Arkansas, that a gentleman was walking decorously home, clearly minding his own business. The last thing he remembers before waking up in the hospital is that he was passing a store when somebody came to the door and hollered "Cigarettes." We didn't see this, but witnesses tell us that the result was terrific. The gentleman will soon be out of the hospital—slight concussion from striking his head against the pavement. He is a nonsmoker. Never smoked in his life.

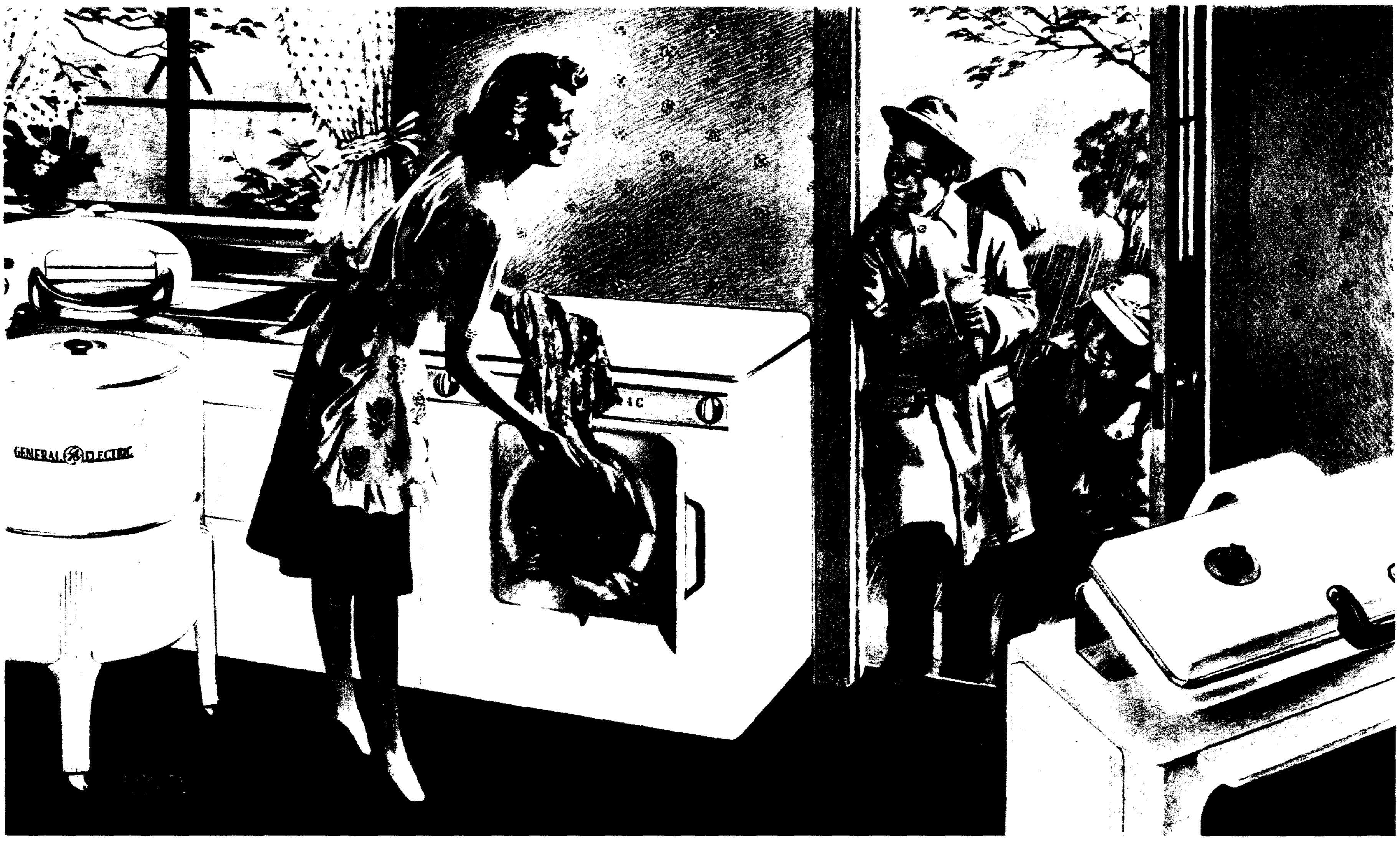
NATURALLY we heard a lot about the racial question in the South: Whether there'd be riots and all that sort of thing. In Austin, Texas, a true gentleman of the old South pooh-poohed it from start to finish; said he'd ask the very next Negro that passed—and he did. "Son," he asked, "do you aim to do any rioting after the war?" The colored boy looked at him with some astonishment and said, "No, sir, I don't. I work up here at Mr. Jackson's and I only get off Sundays, and then I sleep all day."

WE WERE a lousy war correspondent. Like this much better. Know what we're doing....

W. D.

You'll dry clothes indoors, rain or shine

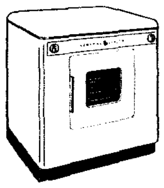
...with a G-E *All-Electric* Laundry in your home!



ONE OF these days, you can laugh at the weather on Washday.

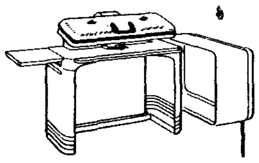
For in the General Electric *All-Electric* Laundry that can be yours after victory, there'll be a G-E Tumbler Dryer! White, shining, streamlined. And with it, you can dry clothes quickly, thoroughly . . . no matter what the weather's doing outside.

G-E Automatic Tumbler Dryer lets you say "Good-by" to heavy clothesbaskets



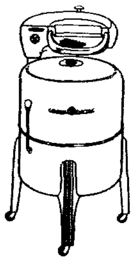
Imagine! Never again to have to lug baskets of wet, heavy wash in and out of doors. No more need to bother with clotheslines, clothespins. You simply toss a washer-load of clothes into the Automatic G-E Tumbler Dryer. They're gently "tumbled" *completely dry* in 30 minutes . . . less if you want them damp enough to iron.

G-E Automatic Flatplate Ironer banishes another Washday backache



What a blessing this fast-heating, automatically controlled G-E Flatplate Ironer will be! With it, you can SIT DOWN and iron . . . turn out shirts, dresses, linens, everything . . . do it quickly and so beautifully, with such a little bit of effort you'll scarcely believe it! 300-square-inch ironing surface lets you iron *two* flat pieces at once!

Washer features you've always wanted! Only G. E. has them *all!*



"*Activator Action*"! That's the gentler, more thorough washing action you get in a General Electric Washer. Even the grimiest clothes come clean *quickly—safely*, too!

"*One-Control Wringer*"! What a wonder for flexibility and safety! And only G. E. has it. *One Control* starts, reverses, releases. Just turn a simple knob, and you have the correct pressure for every fabric . . . pressure that *stays even* throughout the roll. Just as efficient with bulky work clothes as with frilly underthings!

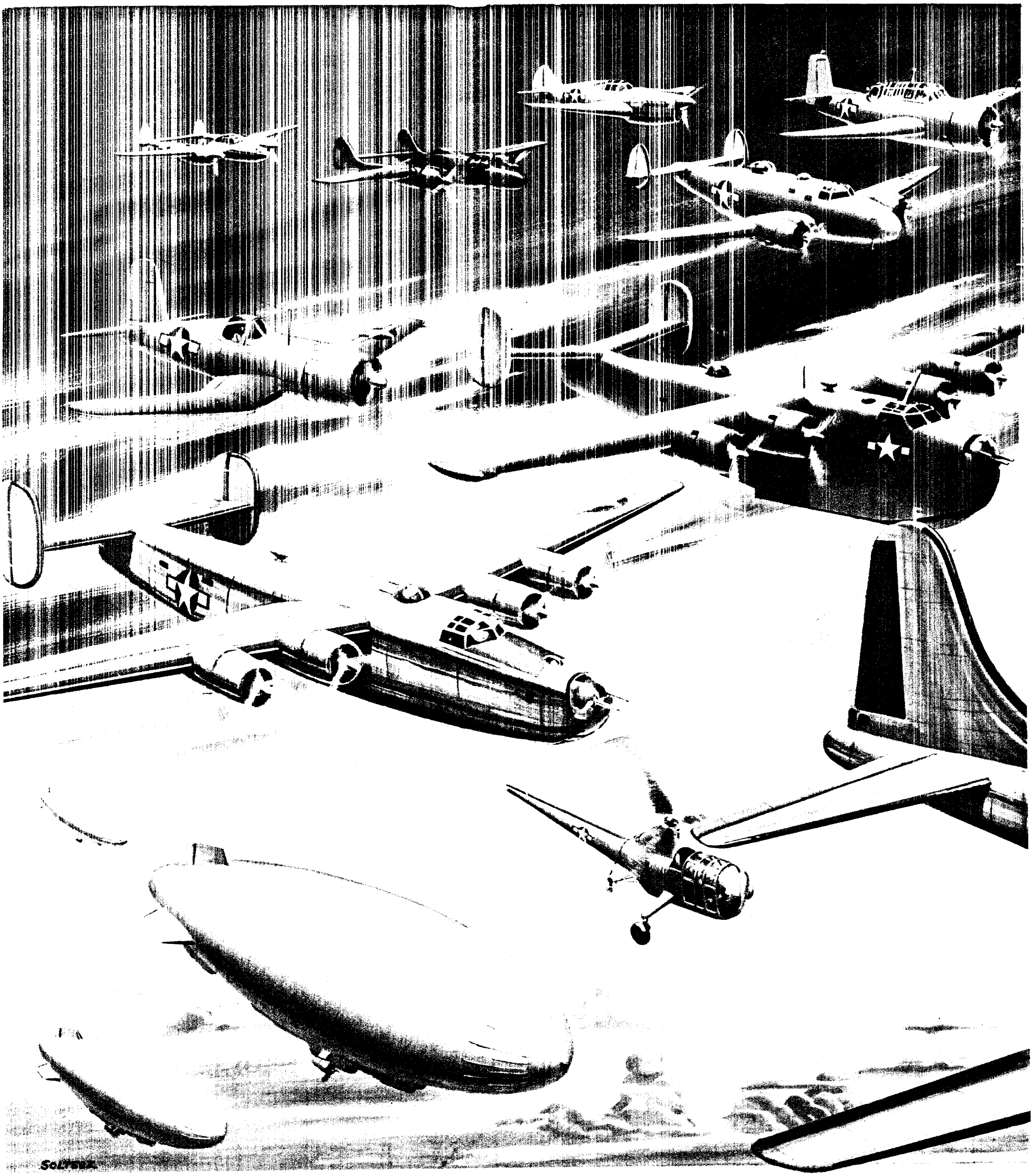
"*Permadrive Mechanism*"! The man in your family will be impressed with the quiet, trouble-free mechanism in a G-E Washer. Only 4 moving parts. Needs no oiling. Rust-free.

Watch for the *G-E Automatic Washer!* Coming, after victory. *Completely automatic.* Washes, rinses, damp-dries. All *you* do is put in the clothes, and turn a switch! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

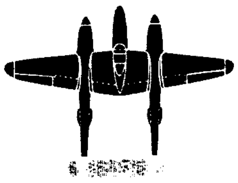
All-Electric Laundry

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TUNE IN: *"The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.* • **FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS**

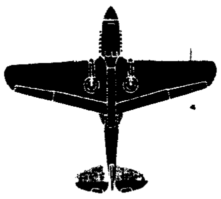


GOODYEAR'S CONTRIBUTION TO VICTORY IN THE AIR

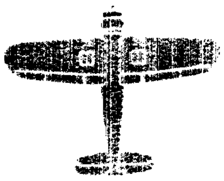


LIGHTNING

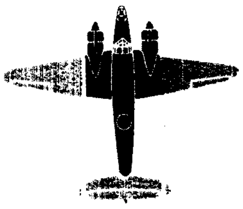
BLACK WIDOW



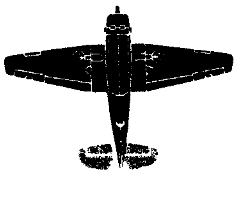
WARHAWK



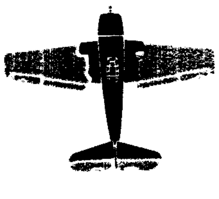
CORSAIR



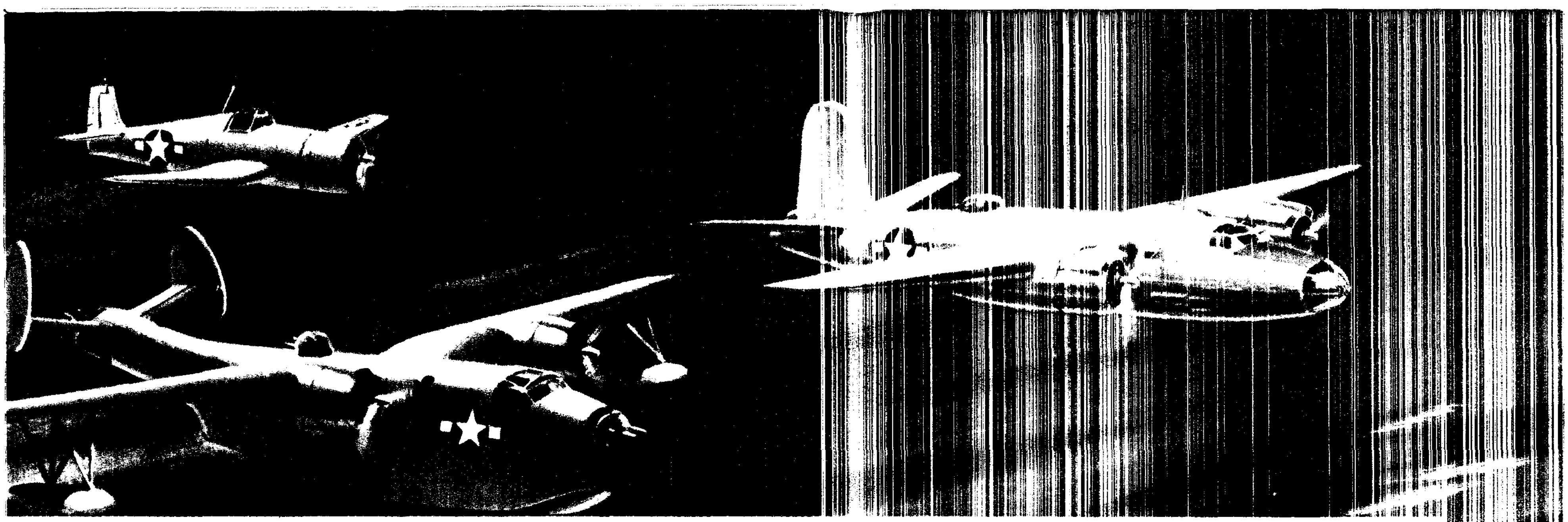
VENTURA



AVENGER



HELLCAT

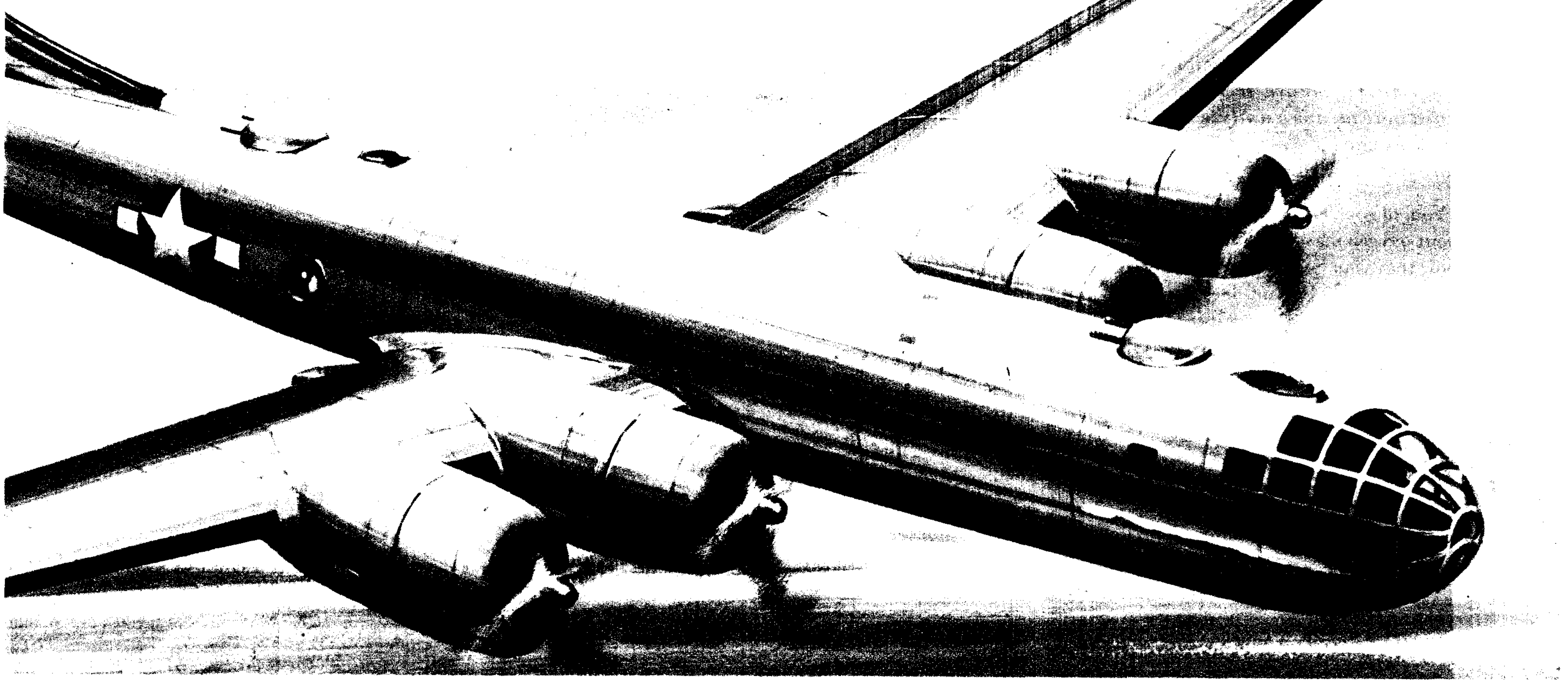


Now it can be told!

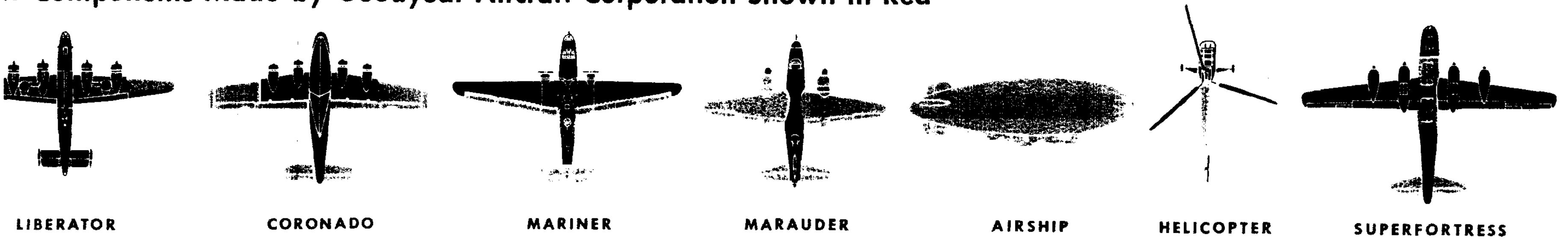
● In the building of America's conquering air fleets, Goodyear Aircraft Corporation has already mass-produced major components by thousands for the 16 battle-proved airplanes and airship models you see here. Beyond this Goodyear is the only manufacturer to build both complete airplanes (Corsairs) and naval patrol airships. The ability to fabricate so many different types of aircraft stems from Goodyear's 35 years' experience in aeronautics—an experience now dedicated to keeping America first in the air.

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Akron, Ohio Litchfield Park, Arizona

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT



r Components Made by Goodyear Aircraft Corporation Shown in Red



BOMBARDIER SAVES FACE BY A CLOSE SHAVE

Schick
HOLLOW GROUND

He liked his Schick Shaver in civilian days, this bombardier-navigator writes us from the South Pacific, "*but I never appreciated it fully until I came overseas. A tough beard here means a daily struggle, as clean shaves are necessary for close fitting of oxygen masks.*"

You, of course, don't have to worry about oxygen masks—but it's good to know that your Schick does that clean and smooth a job. And does it comfortably, without the scrape, burn, pull or nick of old-fashioned shaving.

When our war work is finished we'll build a new and finer Schick. Meantime we help keep your old one Schick-shape at the offices listed below.

They'll check, clean or overhaul it for a cost so small it's hardly worth mentioning. They'll use only genuine Schick parts for replacements—even give you the new 2M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head for only $3.00 (slightly higher in Canada).

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

***MAIL YOUR SCHICK* for expert servicing and genuine Schick renewal parts—including the famous 2M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head—to any of these offices:**

ALBANY 7, N. Y.
938 Natl. Savings Bk. Bldg.
ATLANTA 3, GA.
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BALTIMORE 1, MD.
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON 9, MASS.
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN 17, N. Y.
1007 Fox Bldg.
Nevins St.
BUFFALO 3, N. Y.
632 Brisbane Bldg.
CHICAGO 3, ILL.
212 Palmer House
119 So. State St.
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO
413 Traction Bldg.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS 15, OHIO
1200 Beggs Bldg.
DALLAS 1, TEXAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER 2, COLO.
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DETROIT 26, MICH.
906 Industrial Bk. Bldg.
HARTFORD 3, CONN.
1001 American Ind. Bldg.
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703 Merchants Bk. Bldg.
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152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
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612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
17 East 42nd St., Rm. 600
NEWARK 2, N. J.
810 Raymond-Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY 2, OKLA.
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OMAHA 2, NEB.
647 Omaha Natl. Bk. Bldg.
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Room 2640-7, P.S.F.S. Bldg.
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PORTLAND 5, ORE.
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SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.
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SEATTLE 1, WASH.
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STAMFORD, CONN.
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CALGARY, ALTA.
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★ **FREE TO MEN IN ARMED FORCES:** Bring or send your Schick Shaver to any of the above offices. It will be inspected, cleaned and lubricated Free. ★

SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

NOW FINISH THE JOB—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

The sky was now empty and bright, and Danny was all right as long as he sat up, but when he lay down, the dizziness came on him and he could feel himself slipping into a dreamlike sleep. This was no time for unconsciousness. The waves were fairly high and they might capsize his boat. But despite himself, he slipped off once and he came to only when he heard a horrible roar of mighty wings beating and an angry scream and he awoke to find three large sea gulls diving at him. Automatically he threw his arms across his face to protect himself and then beat the birds off.

It was dusk now, and Danny began to get apprehensive. He thought he'd better head for shore and trust to the prayers he'd been sending up. He lay full length on the raft and paddled with the little hand paddles they equip the raft with. Then it was night and the moon came down and dropped into the water as though to give Danny light to know where the shore was. He paddled all night and then the waves threw him high upon a slab of rock not far from shore. He rested for a couple of hours and, because the sulfa had taken hold, he felt stronger, and when dawn came he paddled the rest of the way ashore.

Then he hid his raft and took stock. He had a knife, he had his .38 gun, he had his compass, he had his medical kit, a small box of emergency rations and a canteen of water. He remembered now the training he'd had for just such contingencies. Malaria was to be feared above all else, and now a slanting rain was coming down, so Danny swallowed a couple of atabrine tablets. Then he ate some malted-milk tablets and drank a few spoonfuls of water from his canteen. He felt good, felt confident. Everything had worked as it was supposed to work. He wandered inland now, away from the shore. It was hard walking through the jungle but he hoped to find friendly natives. It looked as though his luck was out. He wandered for three days inland and every night it rained, a rain that brought the shaking chills.

It was five days before he came across anyone. Then he found himself face to face with a grinning black native. Pilots always carry an American flag with them, and Danny held it out to the native. The little fellow shook his head. But he was friendly even though he spoke no English, and he motioned for Danny to follow him. They came to a grass hut and there was a fire going, with natives squatting around it and rice being cooked.

"I never tasted such rice," Danny said thoughtfully. "It was wonderful."

Then the natives took Danny along trails for several hours and soon they emerged into a clearing, and there was a group of fierce-looking men, but two of them spoke English and Danny realized that he was with a group of guerrilla fighters.

They greeted him cheerfully and cooked him a pig that had been stuffed with rice. They bandaged his head and gave him a place to sleep, but his sleep was troubled with dreams of how you would be worrying, Mrs. Naughton. By now you'd be getting that little slip which begins, "The Navy Department regrets to inform you. . . ."

An Unfinished Story

And now comes the part that I can't tell you, Mrs. Naughton. But some day after the war is over, when Danny is home and you're sitting around, then Danny can tell you. He can tell you of how he escaped from this obscure island out in the Pacific and of how he was helped, not only by the natives, but by the United States Navy. No man is expendable to our Navy, Mrs. Naughton, and all the time that Danny was missing, the Navy was searching for him, worrying about him. That, in fact, is the point of this letter: To let you and other mothers know that the Navy never gives up hope; the search never stops, and every day Danny or another Danny comes home from what we once thought to be a sort of dark limbo.

Well, that's about all, Mrs. Naughton, except for one small thing you might be pleased to hear: When Danny got back this morning, Father Sheehy said to him, "Danny, when you were there in the water and things looked bad, just what bit of emergency equipment helped you the most?"

And Danny looked into the eyes of Father Sheehy and said simply and honestly, "Prayer."

Now I'm wondering, Mrs. Naughton, if he was thinking of his own prayers, or of yours.

Sincerely,
QUENTIN REYNOLDS.

Odds Against the Girl

Continued from page 13

The woman stood perfectly still for a moment as if she couldn't make up her mind whether to slug Lonnie or not. The man in the car called, "Wanda!" insistently.

She burst into a sudden fury, turned her back on Lonnie, ran to the car, and began to belabor the driver with her purse. The man ducked and temporized for a minute or so, then he got out of the car, hit the woman a blow that made Lonnie wince, put her in the back seat and started toward the front door.

Lonnie waited, tense. The man was tall and heavily built with slanted blue eyes and high cheekbones.

"That's my sister," he said mildly. "Pool ain't here, is he?"

"No," said Lonnie.

"The kid thinks Pool's been giving her the run-around. Once in a while she gets drunk. Then she acts like this. I put up with it just as long as I can." He reached out his hand toward Lonnie. "My name's Joe Sandowsky, pal. Sorry about this."

They shook hands, and the man turned and went back to the car. Lonnie shut the door, then stood looking at the others. They all burst out laughing at once.

"Maybe that will teach Jack to leave Polish dames alone. She was quite a dish!"

"You can have her," said Ray.

Lonnie turned and went into the bedroom.

"Good night," he called, shutting the door.

Willy stood shaking his head in admiration. "What a line, what a line!" he mused. Then he threw back his head and laughed, a high-pitched whinny which set Ray's nerves on edge.

"Good night, boys," said Ray and went downstairs to his big bedroom on the lower level of the hillside beach house.

RAY lay in his bed, his head propped up on two pillows, looking through the early edition of the Morning Journal and thinking about how he had met Lonnie one afternoon at the Lakeland race track. Lonnie had been taking a bad beating but, to Ray's surprise, was laughing about it, apparently not the least bit disturbed. Ray had studied the Form the night before and had found what to him looked like a sleeper in the eighth race. After a slight hesitation, he told Lonnie about it, but warned him that he was strictly an armchair handicapper and knew nothing about the stable's intentions or the actual condition of the horse.

Lonnie said, "You can't be any more wrong than I've been today," and bet two hundred across the board on the horse—six hundred in all. The horse won in a driving finish at odds of seven-to-one.

Ray had been with Lonnie ever since, and had gradually taken on many duties, the least of which was handicapping: he bought the food and supplies, helped Pinky plan the meals, paid the bills (when they were paid at all), and generally looked after the running of the house.

When Lonnie wanted to make a big bet, p in the thousands, Ray placed the money y telephone with various Middle Western ookmakers, who could then do what they vanted with it, lay it off or let it ride. In Middle Western betting circles, Lonnie's vord was as good as his bond. He had almost unlimited credit with hundreds of ookies from Cleveland to Louisville, and rom Pittsburgh to Kansas City. He had ever welched in his life: he paid his losses o matter how much it hurt.

To Ray, Lonnie was a phenomenon. Born f a Cockney father and an Irish-American nother, Lonnie had been brought up in the lums of Brooklyn. At eighteen, he was in ake City, head bellboy in the swank Erie otel. He was an expert with the dice and rom time to time won sums which seemed antastic to the other bellboys. Finally he vas discharged for insubordination. He was wenty years old. Since then, he'd never vorked at a steady job.

Ray shook his head, thinking about Lonie. For all his easy manner, Lonnie had a trong restless streak underneath. There was omething he wanted, something he wanted o do, but Ray was never sure what it was.

It wasn't money. To Lonnie, money was omething he had or didn't have, just so much aper to bet on the turn of a card or the nose f a horse. It wasn't women. He had women nd could have had a great many more; they an after him, but he didn't seem to notice.

Ray suspected that what Lonnie wanted vent back to his childhood and his hotel job. oming out of the slums into that luxurious etting, he'd got some idea of what a man ight be. Lonnie had a keen sense of the ounterfeit; he knew a gentleman when he aw one. Probably he wanted that sort of fe, a life of leisure and refinement and posiion, and if he ever found out what it was e wanted, he'd get it somehow. Ray envied onnie his lack of fear in the face of a tough, omplex world. Lonnie seemed to enjoy comat.

Ray threw his paper on the floor, turned ff the light, and lay looking out of the winow. Dawn was showing pale beyond the ark mass of Bass Island, which lay on the lassy water as if floating; one of the Enhanted Isles, bathed in lavender mist. Far ff to the south in the industrial district, a actory whistle blasted loudly.

T WAS a hot July evening. The setting of the sun had brought no relief as a lukearm offshore breeze was blowing. People ere sweaty and irritable.

Lonnie sat in the little office of the Lake hore Inn, staring irritably at a huge ledger. e was supposed to be checking Sam Balrd's books but he was bored with the nigling details of running a business. He was ontent to take Sam's word for it.

Out back, he could hear the noises from e kitchen: the rattle of dishes, the clink of ilver, and the strained voices of the help. lthough it was early yet, the restaurant was lmost full. On Saturday, the bar was jammed y midafternoon.

He had just slammed the ledger shut when here was a sharp knock at the door, and am came in followed by Joe Greer, who ad charge of parking cars. They both looked orried. Lonnie glanced at them. "What's e matter, boys?"

"We've got trouble—" Sam began.

"There's a dame outside, Mr. Drew," Joe ut in impatiently. "She's loaded to the ars and she's got a rod in her purse. She . . ."

"What's her beef?" Lonnie demanded.

"She's gunning for Mr. Pool and his girl riend."

"The Polack!" said Lonnie. He turned to am. "What about Pool? Is he here?"

"Yes. He's getting ready to leave."

"Call the police, Sam. And you, Joe—eep the dame busy out front," said Lonnie; en he turned abruptly and started out into e restaurant.

"First serious beef we've ever had in this lace," said Sam reflectively.

Lonnie hurried across the room. Pool was elping a girl on with her coat. He turned nd looked at Lonnie penetratingly, trying read his intentions in his eyes.

"Hello, Jack," said Lonnie. "Glad to see ou here."

He glanced at the girl. She was smiling slightly, as if she wanted to be included, but was too polite to say anything. She was tall, with thick dark curly hair which fell to her shoulders, and long beautiful legs. She was slender and looked extremely smart in her clothes; her eyelashes made faint shadows on her cheeks. She looked natural and fresh and un-made-up.

Lonnie smiled back at her and said: "My name's Drew. I own this place. I hope the food was satisfactory."

"Oh, very," she said.

Reluctantly the Greek said, "This is Miss O'Donnell." His eyes were hard and his lips tight. "And now you'll excuse us, won't you, Lonnie?"

Lonnie put his hand on Pool's arm. "I wish you'd come in my office for a drink. I'd appreciate it."

PUZZLED, the Greek studied Lonnie from under lowered lids. At that moment, a commotion just outside the vestibule caused everybody to turn, a commotion dominated by a loud, angry feminine voice.

The Greek started slightly, then controlled himself. "Why shouldn't we have a drink—except that Miss O'Donnell doesn't drink?" he said smoothly and led her toward Lonnie's office.

The girl sensed something and looked quickly from Lonnie to the Greek. This delighted Lonnie, who told himself: "She's no cluck, this girl!" He walked beside her, smiling. When he opened the door, Sam looked at them with surprise.

"Everything okay?" he asked.

"Certainly. Sam," said Lonnie.

Sam rubbed his chin, nodded gravely to everybody, turned and went out, closing the door behind him.

After Lonnie ordered the drinks over the house phone, there was an embarrassed pause. Pool seemed on edge and sat trying to listen to the outside sounds without seeming to. Miss O'Donnell was full of curiosity. She wanted to know what was going on but she appeared to have decided for the moment not to inquire.

"Quite a place you have, Lonnie," said Pool in a tight voice. "It's one way of going into business."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss O'Donnell.

"He won this restaurant in a poker game. I was there."

Miss O'Donnell looked at Lonnie. "He's joking—of course."

"No," said Lonnie, for some reason or other feeling embarrassed and wishing that Pool hadn't brought up the subject, "I won it, all right."

"How fantastic!" exclaimed Miss O'Donnell. "Do you just go around winning things, Mr. Drew?"

"Sometimes I lose."

"How sad that must make you feel!"

Lonnie glanced at the girl. Was she trying to rib him? "I don't feel much—one way or another," he said aggressively. "I've been at it too long."

"Oh! Easy come, easy go."

Lonnie was beginning to dislike her. Where did she get that superior pose? It must be the men flocking around, flattering her, making her think she was the most beautiful girl in town; which she was, he was forced to concede.

A police-car siren began to moan in the distance. They sat listening as it came closer and closer.

"It seems to be coming here," said Miss O'Donnell. "Maybe the police are going to raid your place, Mr. Drew!"

"Why should they?"

"I don't know. But it's an interesting idea."

Lonnie rubbed his hand over his face, genuinely puzzled by the girl. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining: she looked about fifteen at the moment, very eager and excited.

Just as the waiter came with the drinks, the police car stopped in front of the Inn with a loud squealing of brakes; the siren ground to a stop. The waiter was very nervous, and his hands shook as he handed around the drinks.

"What's happening?" Miss O'Donnell asked him suddenly.

The waiter glanced apprehensively from

Haines Hall

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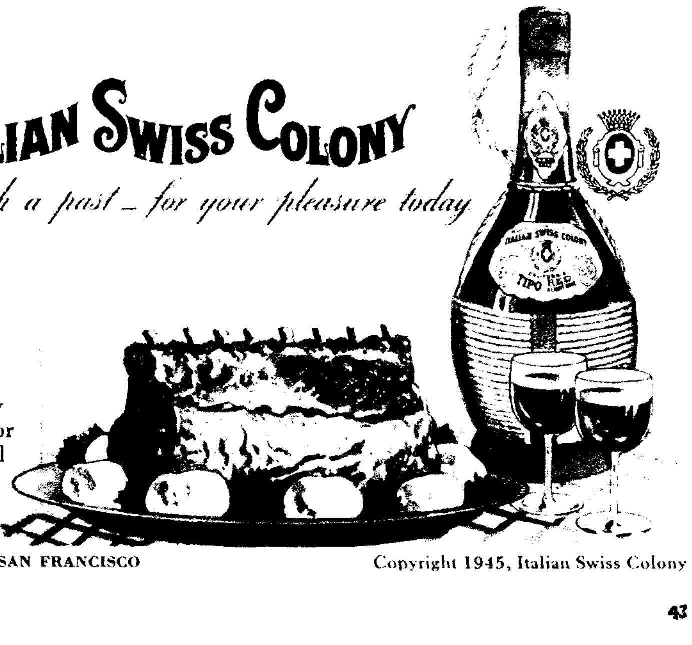

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when you think of Ponce de León...

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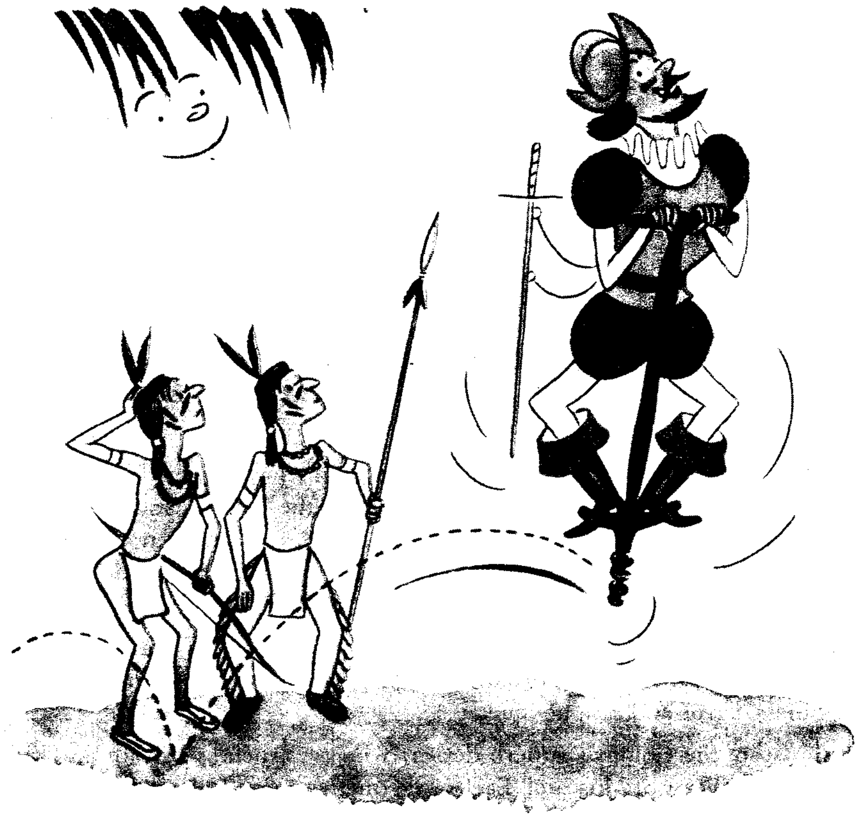
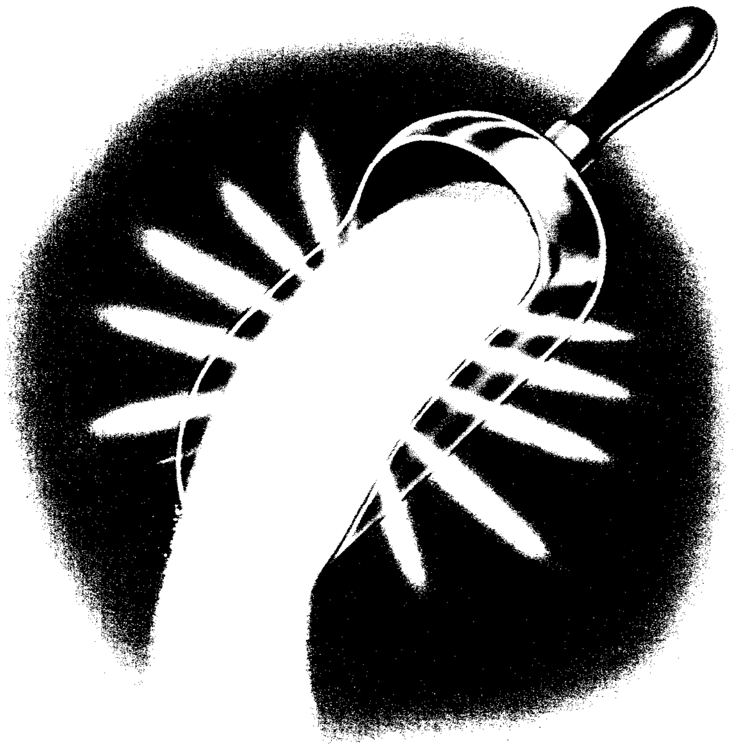


when you think of *energy*...



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Lonnie to Pool, and the girl turned her bright, intelligent eyes on the Greek.

"It has something to do with you, Mr. Pool, hasn't it?"

The Greek smiled indulgently. "You're guessing."

There was a knock at the door. Lonnie opened it. A squad-car policeman stepped in.

"Hello, Mr. Drew," he said. "Sorry to bother you. But what do we do with this broad outside?"

"Just see that she gets home."

The copper grinned and glanced at Pool, then at Miss O'Donnell, who was straining her ears.

"Okay, Mr. Drew," said the copper, then he looked about him again and went out.

"Well . . ." The girl glanced from the Greek to Lonnie. "What's all the mystery?"

"Nothing serious," said Lonnie. "Some woman got a little drunk and insisted on making a disturbance. I was afraid she was going to force her way into the restaurant, so I brought you all in here."

"Very thoughtful, wasn't it, Mr. Pool?" she suggested pointedly.

The Greek gave her another indulgent smile. "Sometimes, little girl," he said, setting Lonnie's teeth on edge, "you are too smart. Much too smart." He finished his drink and got up. "Shall we?" he asked of the girl, and as she rose he said: "Many thanks for the hospitality, Lonnie. We'll come back often."

"Yes," said Miss O'Donnell, "and next time, please arrange some more excitement. I like it."

She offered her hand to Lonnie. It was strong, firm and cool. He pressed it quickly and let it go. Their eyes met. Her smile was very pleasant and friendly. Lonnie smiled back but lowered his eyes, momentarily out of countenance, and furious with himself for feeling as he did.

The Greek saw the attraction that lay between them, and his mouth tightened. He took hold of the girl possessively and guided her out the door without another word.

As soon as the door closed behind them, Lonnie began to pace the floor. When Sam came in, he found him in a state: his face was flushed and he was talking to himself.

"Hello," said Sam.

Lonnie ignored the greeting, and said half to himself, half to Sam, "Can you imagine a girl like that running around with a no-good, low-life Greek?"

A FEW nights later, Lonnie and Ray were leaving the Turf Café after an impromptu stud game, when they met the Greek coming in. He put a manicured hand on Lonnie's arm.

"Leaving?" he asked.

"Yes," Lonnie said sharply.

"I just wanted to thank you," said Pool, "for the way you handled that little business at the Inn."

Lonnie pulled his arm away. "Forget it."

"No," said the Greek, "it might have been very embarrassing."

"For you, or Miss O'Donnell?"

"For both of us."

"If I were you," said Lonnie, "I'd pay the Polack off and let her go."

The Greek didn't like it. He bit his lip and said coldly, "I don't need your advice when it comes to women," he said and added meaningfully, "and if I were you I'd remember that."

Lonnie turned on his heel, and Ray followed him out to the street. It was a warm, moist night. Mist blurred the vast dimly lighted vista of Pulaski Street. It had rained earlier, and the asphalt was wet and shining, mirroring the tall light poles.

Near the curb, Lonnie stumbled. He stopped, raised his right leg and gripped his ankle, swearing.

"I told you you weren't ready to drive yet," said Ray. "I wanted you to let Willy . . ."

"Okay," said Lonnie irritably. "You drive."

Lonnie went around the side of the car and got in the passenger seat, smiling ironically. He knew that Ray didn't see well and hated to drive, especially on a wet night when a car was likely to skid.

Ray got in, slammed the door and they drove in silence for quite a while through the deserted, dark, shining streets of the warehouse district.

"I dropped ten Gs tonight," said Lonnie suddenly.

"What!" cried Ray and in his excitement, jammed on the brakes. The car skidded in the streetcar tracks, went out of control, narrowly missed the concrete rampart of a safety zone, then glanced lightly off a high curb and righted itself.

Ray's heart was pumping wildly, and his vision was blurred. Finally he got the car in hand.

"I didn't like the angle of that last billiard," said Lonnie. "What you need is a little chalk on your cue."

Ray burned in silence.

WHEN they drove up to the house, all the floodlights were on, and the place was lighted up as if for a Christmas party. As soon as the car stopped, Willy appeared, looking a little wild.

"Boss," he said, "that dame's here."

"What dame?"

"That Sandowsky."

"What's she doing here?"

"Her brother's with her. I told her we didn't know when you'd be here. But she said she was going to wait."

"What does she want?"

"You got me. But her brother brought you a case of Scotch. A present, he said it was."

ENROLL NOW
SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
SCOTT BROWN

"I was going to take that secretarial course and then I decided to get a job as a secretary first to see if I'd like the work"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

Lonnie jumped out of the car, turned his ankle again, and sat down on the low wall in front of the house to rub it, swearing.

Ray helped him on the steps. Willy opened the door. Wanda and her brother were sitting on straight chairs in the hall. They both got up.

"Hello," said Lonnie. "Thanks for the Scotch."

The brother flushed slightly. "Don't mention it, pal."

Wanda was sober and quiet-looking. She didn't seem so tall, and her face looked both refined and coarse; a strange combination. She had high cheekbones, like her brother, a low broad forehead, blond hair, and very dark eyes and eyebrows.

"How do you do, Mr. Drew," she said, speaking with strained formality. "I hope you don't mind us waiting like this. . . ."

"We wanted to talk to you," put in the brother.

"Let's go in the living room," said Lonnie. "I want to sit down."

When they were seated, Ray turned back to the hall. "Got some work to do," he said. "Good night, everybody." He went out quickly.

"First," said the brother, "we want to thank you for not making any charge against Wanda. The police were very nice to her."

"Yes," said Wanda, "I might have lost my job. They are very strict at Karr-Dean."

Lonnie's face brightened. "Oh, you work there."

"Yes. Model."

"Then you know Miss O'Donnell?"

Brother and sister exchanged a quick glance, then Wanda laughed, a rather vulgar laugh, and immediately seemed more like the dame Lonnie remembered.

"That's funny," she said. "She was asking me about you."

Lonnie sat up very straight. "Why?"

"She thinks you're attractive."

Lonnie felt himself flushing and lighted a cigarette to hide his agitation. "Did she say so?"

"Yes," said Wanda. "You see—I took her aside and talked to her about Jack Pool. He's crazy about her. He asked her to marry him."

"Is she going to?"

Wanda shook her head. "No. She's a smart little girl—and I like her now. Before, I wanted to scratch her eyes out."

"Wanda's always shooting off her mouth," said her brother indulgently, "but she never really does anything."

"I'd been going with Jack for two years. Then all of a sudden I couldn't even get him on the phone. I heard the gossip around the shop and I almost went nuts. Now I don't care. I've been a fool long enough."

"Well, I'm glad everything is working out so well," said Lonnie.

"The only thing I didn't like about the whole deal," said the brother, "was Wanda trying to queer it for Jack with the O'Donnell dame."

"He had *something* coming," Wanda insisted.

"That's where I disagree. But . . ." The brother glanced at Lonnie, noting his preoccupation. "Well—we just wanted to thank you . . ."

They all got up and Lonnie shook hands with both of them.

"Many thanks for the Scotch," said Lonnie. "And I'm going to be a gent. I'm not even going to ask where you got it. . . ."

The brother grinned self-consciously.

MISS O'DONNELL started slightly when she saw Lonnie standing on the street corner outside of Karr-Dean. He was holding a newspaper in front of him but he wasn't reading it. As she approached, he lowered the paper, smiled and touched his hat.

"Hello, Miss O'Donnell," he said. "How are you this evening?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Probably worn out from the fashion show."

She stopped and studied his face. There was an expression on it resembling a smirk.

"How did you know about the fashion show?"

"It was in the paper. I looked in for a few minutes, but there were too many fat dames sitting around."

"You looked in!" She began to laugh. "Whatever for?"

"To see you."

"Did you see me?"

"You were modeling a glamorous black-lace negligee."

"That's when you *would* look in."

"I like you better this way."

She was wearing a smartly tailored suit and a brown, snap-brim hat with a feather in it.

"Thanks."

"We shouldn't be standing around like this," said Lonnie. "I've got to get you off your feet. How about the Palm Bar at the Erie? Or is that too close to home?"

"Mr. Drew," she said, drawing out her words, "there is something about your manner I don't like."

She turned away abruptly and started across the street just as the light changed. Cars whizzed past, one coming very close to her. She was forced back to the curb. Lonnie caught up with her.

"Look, Miss O'Donnell," he said, taking her arm, "why don't you have dinner with me? Or maybe you've got an engagement?" He was torn between annoyance at her manner and desire for her company.

"I have no engagement," she said, looking straight ahead: "I'm on my way home."

"Are you going to walk?"

"I always walk."

"Nobody ever meets you?"

"I don't encourage it."

THE light changed. She started briskly across the street. Lonnie was furious. The hell with you, he thought, and went back to his parked car where he had a huge bunch of flowers and a box of candy. He got in and drove off, gritting his teeth.

But the nearer he got to the Inn, the calmer he became. He had it figured out now. It was that crack about the Erie Hotel that had done it. The Greek lived there. Suddenly he burst out laughing. "What a going-over I got!" It kept getting funnier and funnier.

He was still laughing when he turned in at the Inn and parked his car. His luck had certainly run out lately: First he dropped ten Gs in a pick-up stud game, and now he'd swung and missed with the only dame who'd caught his eye in a long time. What he needed was a couple of quick ones. He slid out from under the wheel and went into the bar.

He was on his third highball when Jack Pool came in and sat down next to him. Lonnie looked over his shoulder.

"Stepping out tonight, Jack?"

The Greek glanced at Lonnie warily. "What's the joke?"

"No joke. I've got a nice box of candy and some flowers in the car. You're welcome to them."

The Greek smiled faintly. "That's a little out of my line."

"Corny, you mean?"

"Well!" The Greek spoke evasively, then he turned to the bartender. "A double Martini, please."

Lonnie ordered another highball. "Jack," he said, "that certainly was a beautiful girl you had in here the other night."

The Greek shrugged.

"No kidding," Lonnie went on. "Know her very well?"

The Greek hesitated; his brow knit and he got a little pale. Finally he turned to Lonnie and spoke with icy politeness: "Maybe you are joking—maybe you've had one too many highballs. We'll say it's that. But don't pry into my private business. It is something that annoys me very much."

Lonnie came to himself with a start. He'd been acting like a fool all day. The Greek was right.

"I'm sorry," Lonnie said. Then he got up and went out.

The Greek turned and looked after him. "Stupid oaf!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

The bartender brought him his cocktail. He drank it hurriedly, hesitated for a moment, then went to a pay telephone and called

(Continued on page 46)

THE Heroes

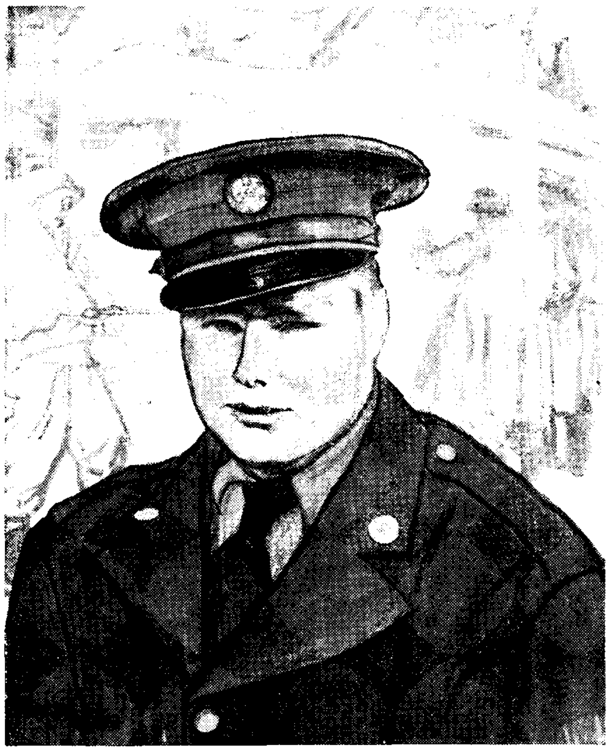
XXXVI

BACK on the farm near Brighton, Illinois, where he grew up, Russell Dunham did all the chores himself, needing no hired help, and he carried this habit with him when he entered the Army.

Technical Sergeant Dunham's solo operations first started in Italy, where he ambled off from the 30th Infantry Regiment and personally outflanked an enemy position that was causing considerable annoyance. Loaded down, as usual, with every possible kind of weapon (his buddies called him Kid Arsenal), his carbine fire and hand grenades wiped out a machine-gun nest, after which he meandered on into the village, and captured twenty-nine Germans with his brace of automatic pistols. By the time his regiment reached France, Russell was more than ever confirmed in the belief that the best and quickest way to get a thing done was to do it yourself.

The battle of Kaysersberg in January last, while not a major engagement, was important because of the Colmar bridgehead. The Germans held it in strength, occupying the crest of a steep, snow-covered hill. Their guns were protected by huge logs reinforced by timber roofs. Twice the regiment charged up the slope, and twice they were driven back, and it was after the second repulse that Technical Sergeant Dunham decided to take over.

There was nothing hurried or haphazard about his preparations. Following his regular custom, he collected twelve carbine magazines, a couple of automatic pistols and a knife. He snagged a dozen hand grenades to his belt and suspender buttons. This done, he stripped a mattress of its white cover and draped it about him as a camouflage suit. A minute or so for careful checking of his equipment, and then he edged away from the regiment, and started on his crawl up the hill.



Technical Sergeant
RUSSELL E. DUNHAM

Helped by his homemade camouflage, Russell came within ten yards of the first German position, and stood up to give battle. In the first exchange of fire, however, an enemy slug tore a ten-inch gash in his side, sending him into a tailspin. As he rolled, machine-gun bullets spurted the snow around him, and a grenade landed inches from his nose. Staggering up, Russell gave it a lusty kick and lumbered forward, firing with such accuracy that he killed both the gunner and assistant gunner. Having emptied his carbine, and without time to pull a pistol, he made a dive into the emplacement, and choked the one remaining German with his bare hands.

Now Russell moved on to a second position, some 75 yards away, again through a heavy fire. At 25 yards he put by his carbine, and tossed a pair of hand grenades. The first bounced off a tree limb, but the other scored a direct hit, knocking the machine gun out of action and killing the entire crew. Pressing forward to the supporting rifle pits, he caught one German right between the eyes, and a bullet in the shoulder immobilized a second. A third rabbited it over the hill, but a nice wing shot bowled him down and out.

By this time Technical Sergeant Dunham was not the eager, energetic lad who had started out on his solo mission His wound was gushing blood, and the mattress cover had become so thoroughly crimsoned that it made him a conspicuous target against the white landscape. He was wobbly on his pins, and earth and sky were doing a lot of queer loops before his pain-blinded eyes. Nevertheless, the indomitable farm boy found the strength to carry on against a third enemy position.

There must have been something in the slow, steady, inexorable approach of the bloodstained figure that struck fear into the Germans, for how else can the youngster's incredible immunity be explained? A machine gun was going full blast, and hand grenades exploded all around him. His uniform was riddled, yet he himself received no further wound. A German sprang up from his foxhole in the snow, and fired at ten feet, yet it was a miss. Not so with the quail hunter from Illinois. His shot went home.

With all the unstoppability of a tank, Technical Sergeant Dunham continued his stumbling advance. Carbine fire and well-tossed grenades made a shambles of the machine-gun nest, and five German riflemen, quitting their burrows, took it on the run. None got away, for Dunham, although compelled to squint more carefully than usual, tumbled them one after the other. With the regiment coming up at a gallop, he decided to call it a day, and let them lead him to the rear for treatment. Just by way of proper climax, he proceeded to recover at a rapid rate, and later went into Germany, ready to take over if the Army struck a snag in the last phase of fighting.

The Medal of Honor was given him as a matter of course, and the citation, after reciting the manner in which Russell had "spearheaded a spectacular and successful diversionary attack," made admiring mention of the fact that in his solo operation he had killed nine Germans, wounded seven and captured two, and had expended 175 rounds of carbine ammunition and 11 hand grenades. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Odds Against the Girl

Continued from page 45

Miss O'Donnell. She was a long time in answering.

"Hello, Maureen," said the Greek.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Pool."

"Why do you insist on calling me 'Mr. Pool,' Maureen?"

"It's your name. Look. I just got out of the tub; the window's open, and there's a breeze blowing."

"I'll call you back in half an hour."

"Please don't. I'm going right to bed."

"This early?"

"Do you mind?"

The Greek restrained with great difficulty the biting recriminatory words he wanted to utter. "Not at all. Good night. Pleasant dreams."

He went back to the bar and ordered another double Martini. "This is not really happening to *me*," he told himself. "It couldn't be."

IT WAS 4 A.M. when Pinky woke Ray. He'd been asleep about an hour and he felt groggy and jittery at being awakened so suddenly. Pinky had on a dirty undershirt and dungarees, and his pale red hair was standing up all over his round head.

"Now what?" Ray demanded.

"The boss—he's drunk as a lord. I'm sure worried about him. He came home about half an hour ago and began yelling around because he couldn't find Willy. I went up to see what was the matter and he gave me a box of candy and a bunch of flowers!"

Ray got hastily out of bed, putting on his slippers and throwing on a bathrobe.

"Yeah," said Pinky. "And now Willy's home. Willy's a little tight, too. The boss has got his trunks on and he says he's going to swim to Bass Island and call on Mr. Keller, and Willy's got to go along with the rowboat. Willy's all for it."

Ray started out. Pinky followed him, still talking.

"Yeah, and the boss says he wants to call on Mr. Keller so he can get into society and be somebody, and not be a bum all his life."

"He *must* be drunk," said Ray.

They found Lonnie in the kitchen. He had on a pair of red trunks and a stiff straw hat. He was stinking drunk. Willy was opening a fresh bottle of Scotch.

"Glad you're home, Lonnie," said Ray. "I found a couple of sleepers in the Form and I want to talk to you about them."

Ray sat down unconcernedly and took the Racing Form out of his bathrobe pocket.

"Remember Sir Knight? They've lowered him and he's going seven furlongs. Looks like a good thing."

"Horses, horses, horses," sang Lonnie.

Willy giggled loudly and almost dropped the bottle.

Lonnie said, "I'm through betting on horses. I'm going to get some place, see?"

Ray and Pinky exchanged glances. Willy had finally got the bottle open and was now stumbling around looking for glasses.

"I'll take a drink, Willy," said Ray. "Get me a water glass. I want a real slug."

Lonnie turned and looked at Ray foggily for a moment, then his eyes cleared. "No hard liquor for you, Ray. It damn' near killed you once. What's the matter with you?"

Ray congratulated himself silently on his inspiration. "I'm tired of never getting drunk," he said. "I think I'll have some fun for once."

"Put that stuff away," yelled Lonnie.

Willy turned and stared blankly.

"You heard me," Lonnie insisted loudly and belligerently. "That stuff's poison to old Ray."

Willy shrugged meekly and reluctantly put the bottle away.

Lonnie sat down at the table and put his arm across Ray's shoulder.

"You leave that stuff alone, pal," he said.

"Well—if you say so. You're the boss. Now, how about taking a look at these horses, Lonnie? Maybe we can make a little dough."

They got Lonnie to bed a little before five. As soon as his head hit the pillow, he was snoring.

Ray couldn't sleep. He was worried about Lonnie. It wasn't like him to get so drunk. As a matter of fact, Lonnie was hardly a drinking man at all; he seemed to have no need for it; he was a social drinker only, as a rule.

Ray shook his head slowly, wondering. Then he got up to get a cigarette.

IT WAS a rainy Sunday evening. Things were very slow at the Lake Shore Inn. Most of the waiters were standing about staring into space; the bartenders were polishing glasses and wishing it were closing time. Outside, a stiff wind from the lake whipped the tops of the tall oak and elm trees and blew the rain against the big front windows of the restaurant.

In the office Lonnie and Gregg, the horseman, were playing gin rummy for a hundred dollars a game, and Sam Ballard and Ray were looking on. Gregg picked up his hand, grimaced at it, then refused to draw. Lonnie picked up a card and went down with nine. Gregg raised his eyes to the ceiling in mock despair.

"How much do I owe?" he asked.

"Eight hundred," said Lonnie.

George, the headwaiter, knocked and came in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ballard," he said. "Young Mr. Keller and his sister are here with a guest. I put them in the first booth. I thought perhaps you'd like to come out and say hello to them."

"Thanks, George."

"On a night like this, the bluebloods show up," said Lonnie, with a laugh. "Go bow low, Sam. We might have to touch the old man some day."

Sam smiled and followed George out.

Ray went over in a corner to read the paper, and Lonnie and Gregg began to talk languidly of horse racing, then of gambling in general. Ray had never heard Lonnie sound so tired. His face looked drawn. He'd light a cigarette, take a few puffs, throw it away, then light another one. Even Gregg began to notice Lonnie's boredom. He got up.

"Think I'll go eat," he said.

Lonnie waved indifferently as Gregg went out, then yawned loudly and widely.

"Thinking I might take a jaunt to New York," he said. "I understand the Greek left last night."

"I didn't know you were that friendly with Pool," said Ray, studying him.

"It's got nothing to do with him—except that he gave me the idea."

"What you need is a tonic."

Lonnie rose and began to pace the floor. "I got a tip," he said, "that the Greek took an awful pasting on a boat race that slipped. The horse ran fourth at long odds. I think maybe it was a syndicate bet: Keller and Benny, too. The Greek went east, I guess, to dig up a bank roll."

Sam came back in, smiling.

"Everything's lovely. They all ordered *petite marmite*, and we're cooking it special. Jack Pool's girl friend's with them."

"Not the Polack?" exclaimed Lonnie.

"No," said Sam. "Little bright eyes with the long dark hair."

"What's she doing with the Kellers!" Lonnie demanded savagely.

Ray glanced at Lonnie, bewildered. What in hell had got into the guy lately?

Sam asked, "Why not? Is there a law or something?"

"This I've got to see," said Lonnie, and went out abruptly.

He walked across the restaurant, looking neither to right nor left, and stopped at the cashier's counter. Then he turned—and there was Miss O'Donnell smiling pleasantly at him.

Lonnie felt so uplifted that it startled him. All his life he'd felt nothing but the most casual emotions; he'd always been master of the situation. This was different.

"I'll go back in the office—ignore her," he told himself. Instead, he walked over to their booth and stood smiling, glancing from Miss O'Donnell to the two Keller kids. Toby was seventeen; chunky, sandy-haired, freckled and ugly. His sister, Jean, twenty-

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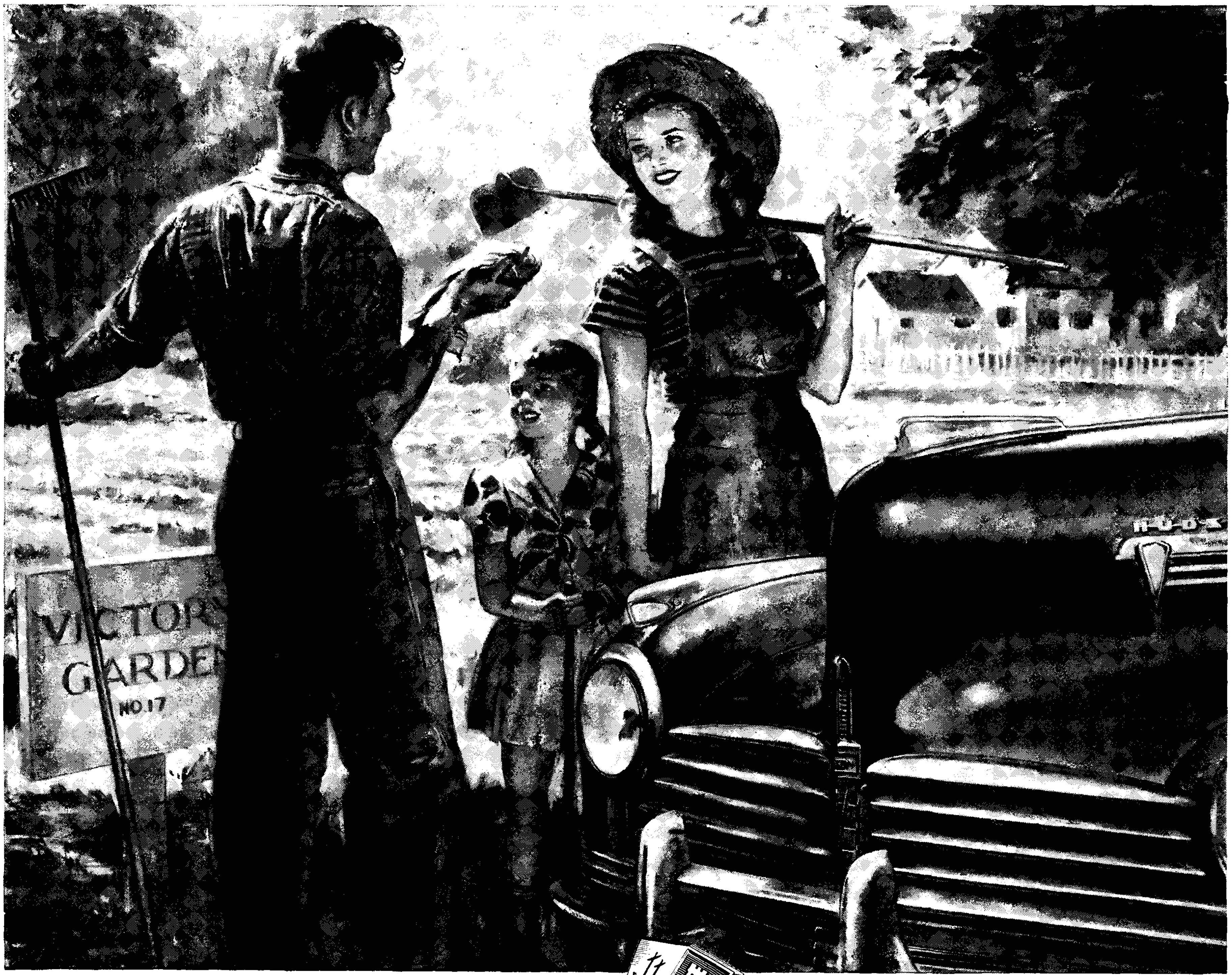

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one or twenty-two, was also sandy-haired and freckled, but she had an air.

Miss O'Donnell introduced them to Lonnie.

"I've met your father a couple of times," he said. "Very nice man."

Brother and sister exchanged a glance, then laughed. "He doesn't know Pop," said Toby, and they laughed again.

Lonnie was a little bewildered and glanced at Miss O'Donnell, who smiled.

"Don't pay any attention to them. They're always joking—especially about their father. Won't you sit down, Mr. Drew?"

"We were just talking about Mary," said Toby. "We've decided that she leads the most interesting life of anybody we know."

"Mary?"

"Her," said Jean, pointing at Miss O'Donnell. "Maybe you think her name is Maureen, but it's really Mary. For that matter, her name's not even O'Donnell—it's Donnell. Mary Donnell. I know—we went to school together."

"Oh," said Lonnie, completely bewildered.

"She was the most beautiful girl in the class. I was the ugliest. That is what drew us together."

"Don't you believe it," said Toby. "Mary always had more boys hanging around her than she knew what to do with. Sis got the overflow."

They all laughed, and Lonnie joined in, beginning to feel a little at ease. "Let's hear some more about Mary's life."

"Well," said Jean, "she had a chance to go on the stage in New York, but her father got upset over it. So she took a job at Karr-Dean's and now she makes more money than any two models in Lake City, and knows more people."

"It doesn't sound very interesting to me," said Mary. "Does it to you, Mr. Drew?"

"Well, it's sketchy," said Lonnie. "And I can't read between the lines."

"There's plenty there, too, I'll bet!" Toby said to Lonnie, man to man. "My aunt says Mr. Pool is one of the most wicked-looking persons she's ever seen."

"Toby!" Jean exclaimed.

There was a brief silence, then Lonnie got up. "I think I see your food coming. I hope you enjoy it. Very glad to have met you all."

He turned and hurried toward the office. He wanted to get away and think things over. They'd be in the restaurant for quite a while; he could always go back.

LONNIE had told George to keep him posted on Mary and her friends. As soon as they got ready to leave, he was to be notified. He was sitting in the office, reading a newspaper. Ray and Sam were checking over the day's receipts, and occasionally glancing over at Lonnie, trying to interpret his long, persistent silence.

The house phone rang. Lonnie grabbed it with such violence that both Sam and Ray started.

"Okay," said Lonnie. "Thanks." Then he got up hurriedly and went out.

"It's getting me down," said Ray.

"It's probably a dame," Sam said.

"I never saw him act that way over a dame."

Out in the restaurant, Toby was helping Mary on with her coat.

Lonnie came up smiling. "Leaving?"

"Yes," said Jean. "The food was delicious."

"I wish you didn't have to go all the way in to town with me, Toby," said Mary. "It's not late. I'll be all right."

"What's the trouble?" asked Lonnie.

"Well," said Toby, "Mary brought her car and we have ours. We're going to follow her home—see that she gets there safe."

"Wait a minute," said Lonnie. "I've got to go downtown myself; I can follow you in."

He glanced from one to the other. Jean was looking at Mary with a rather strange expression, he thought.

"If you're going in, anyway," said Mary, "of course." . . .

Lonnie had little trouble following Mary into town. The wind had died, and the rain was falling straight down now, a steady, gentle rain; the streets were shining like black glass.

He caught up with her at an intersection near town. They both had their windows rolled down and as they waited for the light to change, Mary smiled across at him and said, "The boulevard lights start here. I'll be all right now."

Lonnie shook his head. "I might as well go all the way."

She shrugged slightly. She looked so beautiful and so incongruous driving her battered, old coupé that Lonnie just sat there staring. They were so preoccupied that they missed the light, and a car behind them honked wildly. They both drove off, laughing.

When they got to Mary's apartment, she offered her hand. He pressed it gently, not wanting her to go, but not quite knowing what to do to prevent it. He felt unsure, ill-at-ease, far from his usual confident self. Mary withdrew her hand.

"I'd like to ask you in for a drink," she said. "It was a long drive for you. But . . ." Her voice trailed off.

Lonnie laughed, feeling much better.

"I was going to suggest that we might drop in at Salini's down the street," he said. "But the last time I made a suggestion like that . . ."

"What was the matter with you that day? I was furious with you. You smirked at me, as if I were a pickup you'd never seen before."

"Maybe I was a little jittery," said Lonnie. "How about it? Shall we go some place?"

"Well," Mary temporized, "for a few minutes."

THINGS were a little slow at Salini's. There were scarcely a dozen people in the huge combination bar and café. Lonnie and Mary were sitting in a booth. He had a highball before him and she was drinking tea.

"The Kellers are trying to be very nice to me," she was explaining. "But it gets rather boring at times." She laughed and put her head on one side and her thick dark hair fell over her face. She put it back with such a graceful gesture that Lonnie stared at her in open admiration, knowing himself to be lost, resisting it feebly, and not having the slightest idea, at the moment, what to do about it.

"You see," she was saying, "Mr. Keller knew my father. He does his best to see that I live the kind of life he thinks is correct."

"Very nice of him," said Lonnie, not quite liking her tone.

"I suppose he means well. But I'm just not suited to the Keller type of life."

"Jack Pool's no improvement," Lonnie interposed, annoyed.

She glanced at him sharply, then smiled. "You mustn't try to take Mr. Keller's place," she said. "One is enough. Besides, why should you object to Mr. Pool?"

Lonnie started to reply, but hesitated. Mary said nothing; she merely watched him.

Finally he said, "He's old enough to be your father. The Greek's at least forty-two."

"That's a very feeble objection."

Lonnie flushed and looked about him in embarrassment, then he leaned toward Mary and said in a low voice, "You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen in my life. I've been acting like a fool ever since the first day I saw you."

Mary looked at him fixedly for a long time, and then said, "Why do you suppose I ate at the Lake Shore Inn tonight?"

"It was handy for the Kellers."

"No. I wanted to see you. I talked to Wanda Sandowsky about you."

"I talked to her about you," Lonnie said. "She came down to the beach one night to see me."

Mary stared at him intently. "What happened?"

"Nothing. She told me that you'd thought of marrying Jack Pool."

"He thought of it. I didn't." There was a brief silence. Mary leaned toward him. "Wanda said you invited her into your bedroom the first time you ever saw her."

Lonnie started and flushed. "I was ribbing her."

"She didn't tell *me* so."

"Say—what is this?" Lonnie demanded. "Am I a little boy and you the teacher?"

"Oh, men!" Mary laughed. "If a girl looks at them, they go all to pieces."

"You should know."

"Yes, I *do* know," she said. "And that's why I have so little respect for them. Even old Mr. Coster."

"You mean even he's been making passes at you?"

"Very polite ones."

Lonnie thought for a moment, not quite liking the turn the conversation had taken.

"Well," he said finally, "I guess men started throwing passes at you as soon as you left home."

"Yes," said Mary, "as soon as I started working."

She had been staring into her teacup as she spoke. Now she looked up at Lonnie, and although she was smiling, he thought he sensed unhappiness in her expression, and a certain wariness. This bothered him. He did not want her to think of him as just another guy; he wanted her to put him in a class all by himself.

THEY drove home in silence, both preoccupied. Lonnie was trying to think of something to say that would put Mary entirely at ease.

He walked with her to the entryway. There was a dim night light burning now, and the big outer hall was full of shadows. It had stopped raining, but the tall trees in front of the apartment house were still dripping, and water was running musically through the drainpipes.

"It's late, isn't it?" said Mary. "We must have sat there longer than I thought. I'll be dopey tomorrow. I need so much sleep."

"I need hardly any," said Lonnie absently. Then: "Will it be all right if I meet you tomorrow night?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't. I don't like meeting people on corners."

"Suppose I come here after you? We'll have dinner, see a show—whatever you like."

Mary thought it over. "All right. Meet me here at seven."

Lonnie grinned happily, slipped his arm around her and was going to kiss her, but she drew back and looked at him calmly.

"Why are you in such a hurry, Lonnie?"

Nonplused, he withdrew his arm. "I'm in no particular hurry."

"Well, then . . ."

Lonnie laughed, took her hand, and stood pressing it gently. What a wonderful kid! Clever and with a will of her own, but so sweet and charming and lovely that he felt nothing but tenderness for her. Also he felt strong and protective.

"If you ever have any trouble with Jack Pool, let me know," he said.

There was a short silence. Mary laughed and pulled her hand away.

"My hero!" she exclaimed.

There was a long pause. They stood several feet apart, staring at each other.

"Well—good night," said Mary and went in hurriedly.

Lonnie heard the big front door close. He walked slowly back to his car.

THE first time Lonnie brought Mary to the beach house the place was in an uproar. Pinky and Willy were having a bitter argument in the hall when Ray opened the door and called to them.

"You both better get back in the kitchen."

"Is he really thinking about marrying this tomato, Ray?" Willy asked.

"I guess so," said Ray, nodding his head solemnly. "He's sure in a dither."

"He was in a dither about a redhead once," said Pinky hopefully.

"Then," said Willy, "he had to leave town to get rid of her."

"This sounds different," said Ray.

"You mean, he's really asked her to get hitched?" Pinky demanded.

"No, I don't think so. But he's going to. You know him. Once he gets an idea in his head . . ." Ray glanced at Willy and Pinky. They both looked so sad and apprehensive that he couldn't keep from laughing.

"Here they come," said Ray. "Beat it."

Pinky and Willy rushed out, banging the hall door behind them, just as the front door opened.

Ray's mouth sagged when he saw Mary. She had on a yellow sweater, a plain tan skirt, short socks and flat-heeled shoes. She had tied a bright yellow silk scarf over her hair. She looked very young.

Lonnie said, "This is my friend, Ray Cooper, I've been telling you about."

"Hello, Ray," said Mary.

"This is Mary Donnell," said Lonnie.

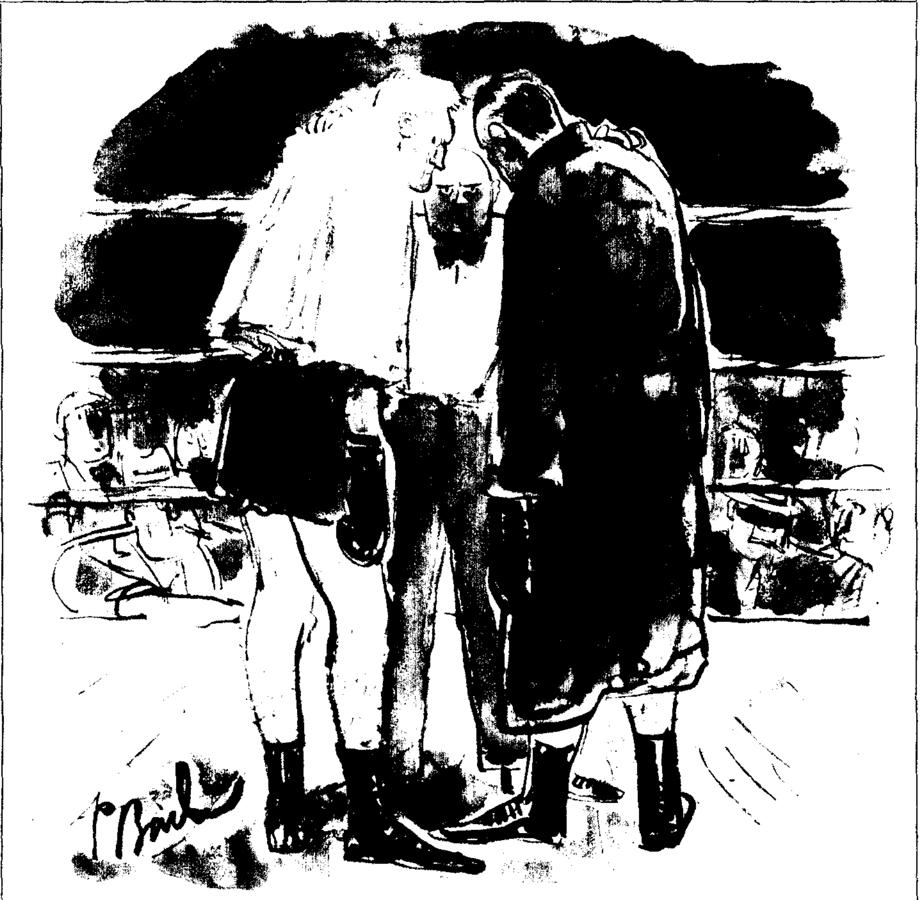
"How are you, Mary? It's a pleasure to see you here."

Lonnie glanced at Ray. "Is lunch ready?"

"I think so. I'll go see."

Ray smiled at Mary so affectionately that Lonnie was reminded of the Greek and grimaced slightly. As soon as Ray had gone, Lonnie said, "He's a nice old character. Let's go in the living room."

Mary glanced up at him, wondering why



"'The time has come,' the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things: of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—of cabbages and kings—' Give the fans a run for their money, fellows. Break clean"

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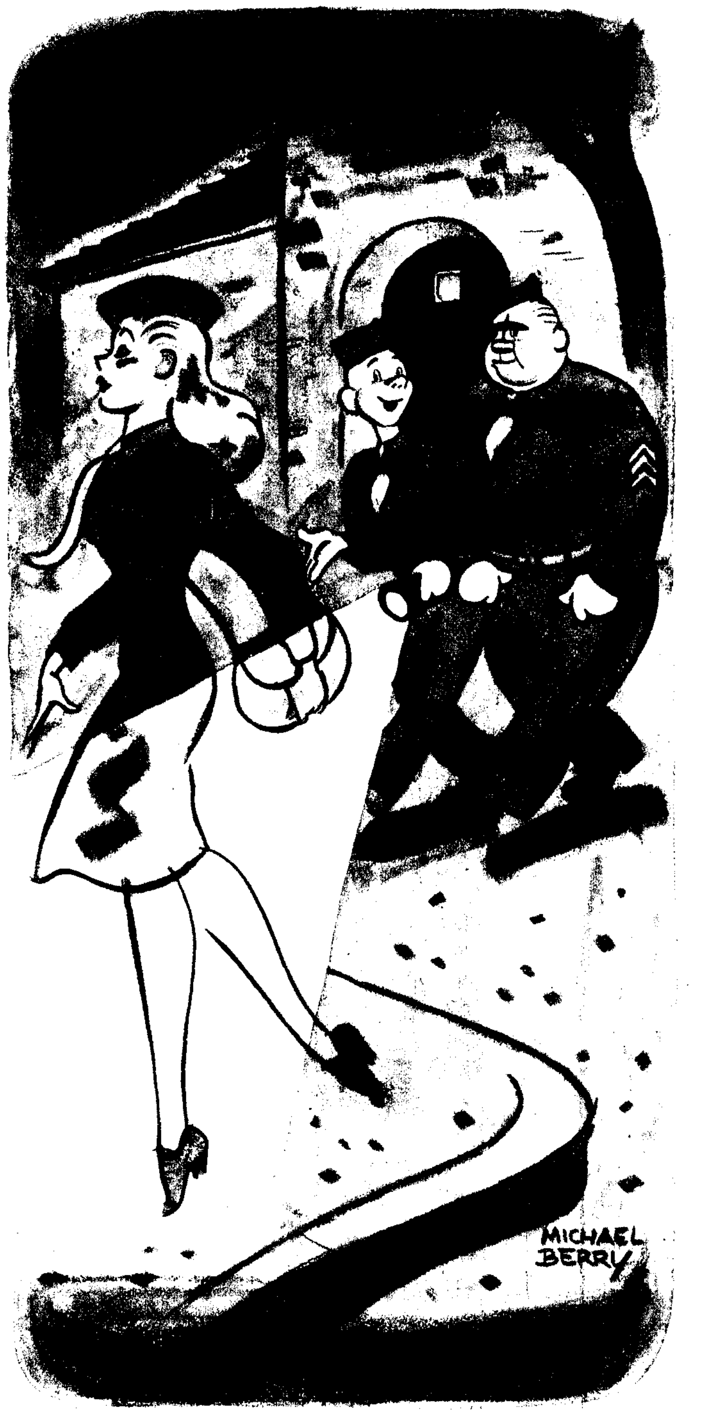

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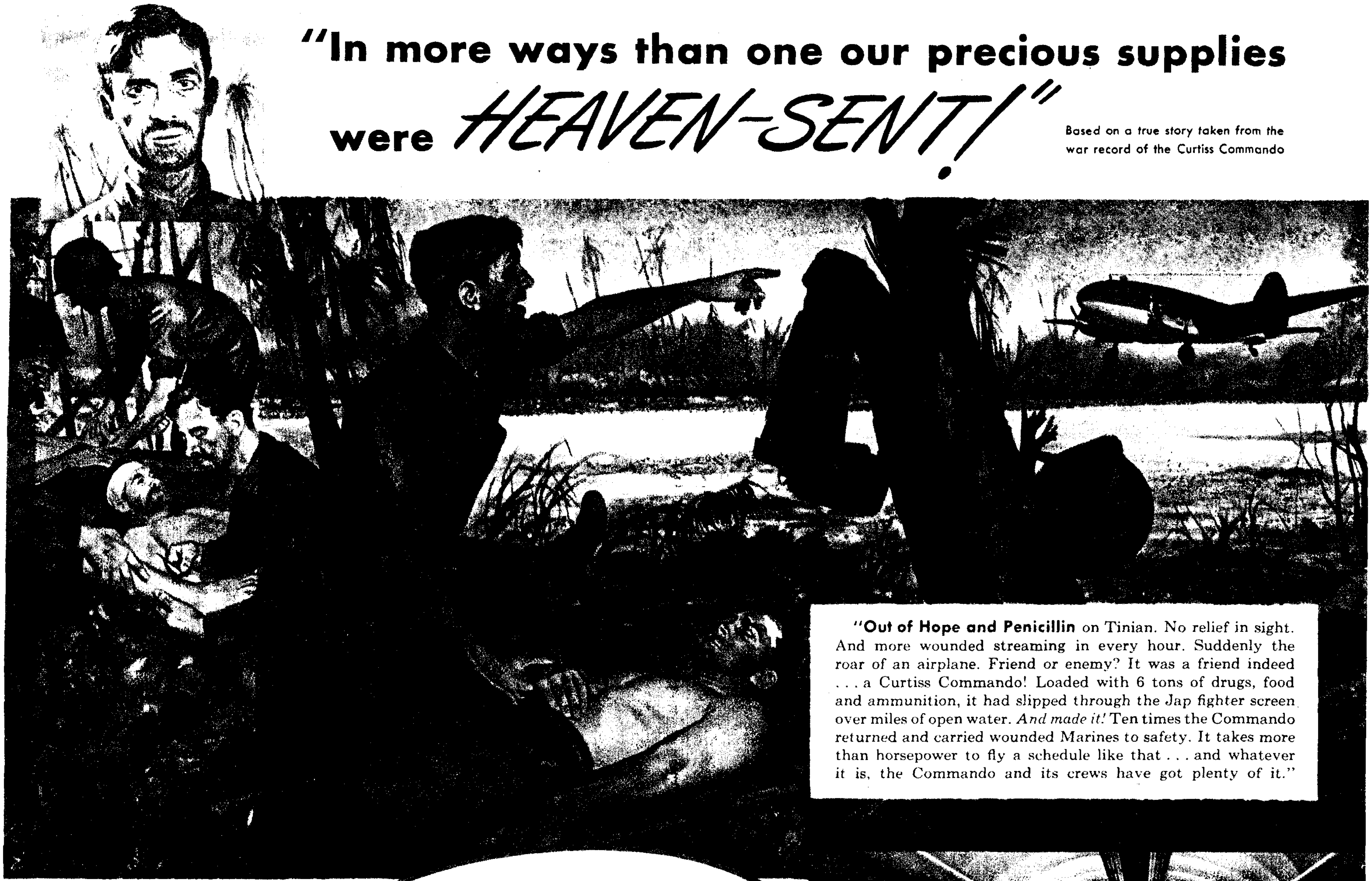

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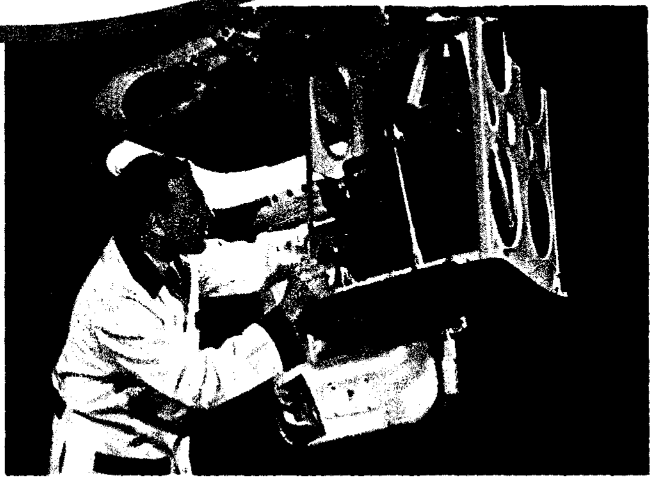

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he was edgy. She looked about her at the house, noting the worn rugs and how much everything needed cleaning. There was a cobweb just over the living-room door, and a beam of light, striking down from the high hall window, revealed the dustiness of the hall table.

She followed Lonnie into the living room. The floor creaked as they walked over to the huge windows which overlooked the lake and a long sweep of beach.

"Nice view," said Lonnie.

"Yes. Beautiful. Oh, I can see the Keller place on the island. Did you build this house, Lonnie?"

"Me? I bought it cheap from a fellow who lost all his money in a crap game. He—"

Lonnie was interrupted by the opening of a door. Willy popped in. He looked a little embarrassed. He had on a white coat which was much too large for him and his blue-black hair was standing on end.

"Lunch's ready, Mr. Drew," he said in a loud unnatural voice, then he popped back into the dining room.

Mary struggled to keep her face straight.

"That was Willy," said Lonnie. "He's another character. One of his brothers was a bad boy around Chicago in the old days. But Willy's all right. He used to be a taxi driver. He's a Czech."

"Very interesting," said Mary.

MARY and Lonnie had eaten and were now sitting outside in deck chairs.

"You like the house?" asked Lonnie.

"Very much," said Mary. "It's nice living on the beach in the summer."

"I live here the year round. I like it in the winter. Sometimes the lake freezes solid and you can drive over to Bass Island."

"Really? Isn't it dangerous?"

"I never heard of anybody falling through. Ever ride on an ice boat?"

"No."

"Well, you've got a thrill coming. You go so fast you can't get your breath. And when you turn—well . . ."

Mary smiled at him. He took her hand and held it.

"Look, honey," he said in an unnaturally solemn voice, "why don't we get married?"

Mary lowered her eyes. "I've been thinking about it."

Lonnie grinned. "Well?"

"It might not work."

"Sure. But it might. It's at least an even-money bet."

"I'm very jealous."

"So am I."

She withdrew her hand and sat staring off across the lake. "I'm a pretty impossible person in some ways, Lonnie."

"You mean you've got a temper? I know that already."

"I have a violent temper. And I don't get along with people as well as I should."

Lonnie broke in impatiently: "You're just making excuses."

"Besides," Mary went on, "if I were in my right mind, I wouldn't marry a man like you in a hundred years."

"What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing. As far as you're concerned." Lonnie looked at her and laughed. "I think you're just scared."

"*I'm* not. But *you* ought to be."

Lonnie studied her face for a moment. "Did I tell you I'd quit gambling?"

"No."

"Did I tell you I was managing the Inn now? Really working."

"No."

"Well, it's true."

Mary rose. "I'd like to go, please."

"Why?" Lonnie demanded, jumping up.

"I just want to go home and sit in my room and not see anybody till tomorrow."

Lonnie stared at her for a moment, then he shook his head and took her arm. They walked silently back to the house. . . .

Ray had never imagined that Lonnie could be so distracted and jittery. He kept looking at him out of the corner of his eye as they rode into town in the phaeton. Willy was driving, and they were in the back seat.

Lonnie was sitting slumped, with his hat pulled down almost to his nose, chewing violently on a ragged-looking cigar. He had the marriage license in his inside coat pocket and every once in a while he reached in and fingered it to see if it was safe. His face looked drawn.

"Ray," he said, "do you figure I'm making a mistake?"

Ray shook his head. "Don't ask me that one."

"I'm pretty sure she thinks she's making one."

"Nothing wrong with you, Lonnie."

"Last night I was telling her about the old man—about when I used to work at the Erie as a bellboy. She winced. I'm not kidding."

"You probably imagined it."

"Well, why wouldn't she? I'm no bargain for her—if you look at it a certain way."

"Don't look at it that way."

"Oh, hell!" snapped Lonnie and with a gesture of disgust threw the cigar butt out the window. . . .

Lonnie found Mary looking pale and drawn. She was dressed to go out but she showed no inclination to do so. It was a gray summer day and the big old living room of her apartment was dim and shadowy. Lonnie stood with his topcoat collar turned up and his hat in his hand, looking at her.

"What's wrong, Mary?"

She didn't answer, turned her back on him, took a few steps away from him, pacing, then turned again and looked out of the window.

"Would it bother you too much if we called it off?" she asked, avoiding his eyes.

"You mean you want to forget the whole thing?"

"I'll never forget it."

"I see," said Lonnie, turning his hat round and round.

"It's just not the way I wanted it," said Mary. "Can you understand that?"

"Maybe. I never had any idea of getting married myself, till I met you. I used to make cracks about guys who did."

"That's part of what I mean. You'd be satisfied if we didn't get married. Just as long as . . ."

"Did I ever say so?"

"No. But that's the kind of man you are."

"Look," said Lonnie, "I went to a lot of trouble to . . ."

Suddenly he lost his temper. The nerve of this dame! He turned and went out, slamming the door.

His heart beat painfully. He felt so upset and depressed that he wanted to yell or do something violent. But as he walked down the dark old hallway toward the stairs, he suddenly realized that he also felt a certain amount of relief. He could relax now and be himself. It was the first experience of this kind he'd ever had, and it would be the last.

He walked slowly down the stairs. It was going to be a little embarrassing, facing Ray and Willy and Pinky, but that would soon wear off. Then as he reached the bottom, he heard high heels clacking loudly behind him. His heart gave a bound. He turned. Mary was running down the stairs after him, her coat flying, and her dress swirling back from her long, beautifully shaped legs.

At the bottom, she paused and took his arm. "Still want to?" she asked.

"Yes," said Lonnie.

And they walked out arm in arm to the door.

RAY and Willy and Pinky were sitting round the breakfast-room table, eating cheese and crackers and drinking beer. They seemed a little solemn. Now that the excitement of the marriage was over and Lonnie and Mary had left on their honeymoon, they had all begun to realize that the future couldn't be like the past. An era had closed. Things might be better for them or worse; but it wouldn't be the same. They all felt vaguely apprehensive.

Willy sighed. "He should've let me drive."

Ray rose to get some more cheese. "I'm glad he got old Sam Ballard located," he said, unwrapping the cheese and cutting it. "That worried me."

As a matter of fact, it worried Ray more than he would admit. Sam had been the first to go, due to the new setup. Who would be next?

"Pretty tough—Sam having to leave the Inn," said Willy dolefully.

"He's got a good job at Salini's," Pinky put in.

They ate and drank in silence for a long time.

Finally Willy said, "I'd tell you guys something except I'm afraid to open my kisser around here." He threw a reproachful look at Pinky. "It's about the boss."

"Tell *us*. That's okay," said Pinky.

"Never mind," said Ray placatingly. "What is it, Willy?"

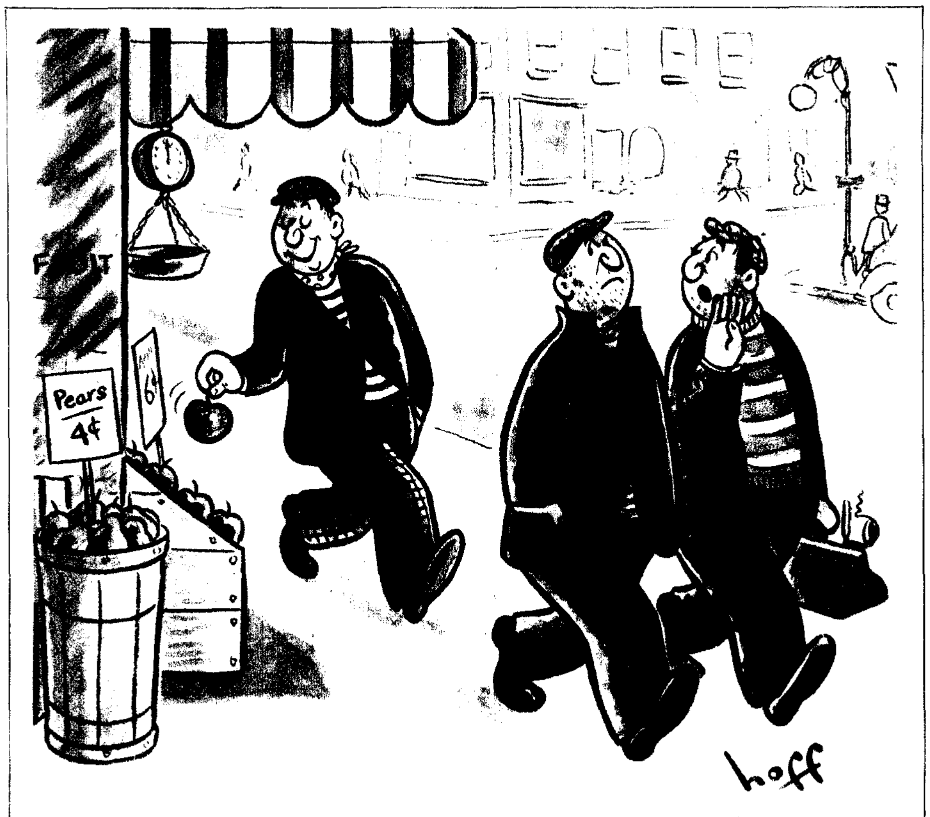
"I ran into Joe Pacini last night. He works for Benny Hayt. He told me Lonnie married the Greek's girl."

Ray and Pinky stared blankly at Willy.

"Well?" Ray said.

"Yeah," Willy went on, "that's what he told me. When the Greek gets back, he's going to be sore as hell. And when the Greek really gets sore he's a dangerous character. He owned a tough joint in Chi in the old days and was strictly a guy to watch. Pacini says the Greek will be gunning for Lonnie."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "I guess Pete's in his second juvenile delinquency!" SYDNEY HOFF

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Underwater Tidbit

By Leslie T. White

The abalone is extraordinarily good to eat, but you've got to catch him first. And that's quite a job, for if you aren't careful he might catch you

By nature a mild and inoffensive little fellow, the abalone is credited with killing more people in California every year than all the sharks and sea monsters put together. Nevertheless, this crusty little mollusk is California's pride and joy, because his foot—he has only one—is one of the most unusual delicacies ever to titillate the palate of an epicure. Unfortunately for the rest of the country, it is illegal to ship him out of the state. If he could be shipped, the demand would soon become so great that in a few years he probably would be extinct.

The taking of abalone, whether commercially or for sport, is a rugged task indulged in only by the hardy and the brave. You can't luxuriate in a comfortable boat, trailing a line overside. If you want to catch abalone you must go down under the sea and make a personal visit to his dark, eerie home among the rocks and crevices. Down there you stand an excellent chance of encountering his unpleasant neighbors—the moray eel, the octopus, the sting ray, the lobster and the shark. Yet none of these deter the abalone enthusiast and, of late years, abalone has become one of California's more important marine products, and hunting him one of her most arduous sports.

Physically, the abalone looks something like a giant clam on the half-shell, and rarely exceeds a length of twelve inches. He comes in four species: reds, pinks, greens and blacks. His ear-shaped shell is a univalve, like a snail's, and is one of the most beautiful found in North America. Until about 1915, it was in great demand as a curio and for jewelry. Around the turn of the century, the value of the shells was nearly twice that of the meat.

California manufacturers were instrumental in having a law passed prohibiting the export of the unfinished shells from the state; that law was recently repealed, but now that the demand for curios has waned, great mountains of these handsome shells lie rotting outside such important fishing centers as Monterey, California.

The abalone grows fast to his protecting shell and, with his single foot, rambles along the undersea rocks in a clumsy, swinging gait somewhat similar to an elephant's, feeding on marine vegetation scraped up by a rasping tongue. His tiny head protrudes out from under one end of the shell, and a pair of tentacles reaches out from holes in his mantle. His eyes are on short stalks. He has about as much personality as a piece of spinach.

In his lumbering perambulations, his shell is raised clear of the rocks by approximately five eighths of an inch; when disturbed, however, he pulls in all his living gear, like a turtle, and clamps down tight onto the rocks with a powerful vacuum process, extremely difficult to dislodge. And thereby hangs the tale for which the abalone has become infamous, for unnumbered swimmers have been drowned, reputedly by having their fingers caught between the shell and the rocks.

Once upon a time, before the white man arrived in California, the Indians were able to pick abalone off the rocks in shallow water during low tides. They ate the meat and used the shells as money. But when the Chinese came over after the gold rush in the early 1850s, they recognized a delicacy they had known in their homeland. Legends still remain of unfortunate Chinese drowned by incoming tides while their hands were caught in the lethal grip of the abalone. In any event, they began drying the meat and shipping it back to China in large quantities until 1915 when a law was passed prohibiting this practice. Eventually the abalone was thinned off the rocks close to shore until now one has to dive for it.

Professional hunters are licensed by the State Fish and Game Division, and must use regulation diving equipment. Although abalones are found up to a depth of three hundred feet, the difficulties preclude working at depths in excess of a hundred feet maximum, or shallower than about twenty-five feet because of the deep Pacific swells. From 1900 to Pearl Harbor, the industry was almost completely dominated by Japanese and Japanese-American fishermen, for it is by no means the easiest method of earning a living.

Getting Set for the Hunt

The customary boat was about fifty to sixty-five feet long and carried a crew of five men. A smaller boat carrying the diving rig—a gas engine, a compressor and an air tank—was towed behind the larger vessel to the fishing grounds. While the latter craft moored offshore in charge of one man, the smaller, with the diver and three companions, edged into comparatively shallow water. Then the diver went below to search for the abalone. While one of his companions handled the air hose and life line, another cut away the dangerous kelp, and the fourth man sculled the tender about with a long-bladed oar, being guided by the continuous stream of bubbles which marked the progress of the diver below.

This was hazardous business, for the sea surged and broke, threatening to toss the little craft onto the rocks. The crews worked on shares; the diver taking two shares, the other men one each, while the boat and tender received a share apiece.

Since the war—and the removal of the Japanese from the Californian coast—the picture has changed. American fishermen are going out from a dozen ports, two to a boat. The men take turns; while one man dives, the other watches the compressor, soaking up the warm sunshine; when the diver has all he can stand for a while, his partner takes over.

But it is good-paying work, if you want it. Two men may average from $75 to $100 in a good day's diving. At this writing, in Southern California the standard wholesale price from the boats is $3.00 per dozen for pinks, and processed, about $1.25 a pound. Pinks and greens average about six pounds of edible meat to the dozen. In addition, there is always the chance of finding a pearl in an abalone. Last year a diver working off Laguna Beach found a large pearl valued at two thousand dollars.

Diving is the Sporting Way

It is as a sport, however, that abalone diving produces the genuine zealot. More genteel and less strenuous methods than diving have been attempted without much luck. Fastidious souls have tried to operate from the surface, using two long poles—one to dislodge the tenacious abalone, the other with a net attached to the end to catch it. This trick is about as productive as trying to whistle a fish onto the beach.

Although abalones are taken from Mexico to Monterey, the best place for the amateur is Southern California, where the water is clear and reasonably warm. The equipment required is simple: a tire iron, fastened to the wrist with string, for prying abalone off the rocks; a pair of gloves to protect the hands from coral; a face plate or good underwater goggles; the ability to swim and considerable nerve. Swim fins on your feet will be of help in getting to the bottom quickly, and a sharp knife in your belt is good insurance.

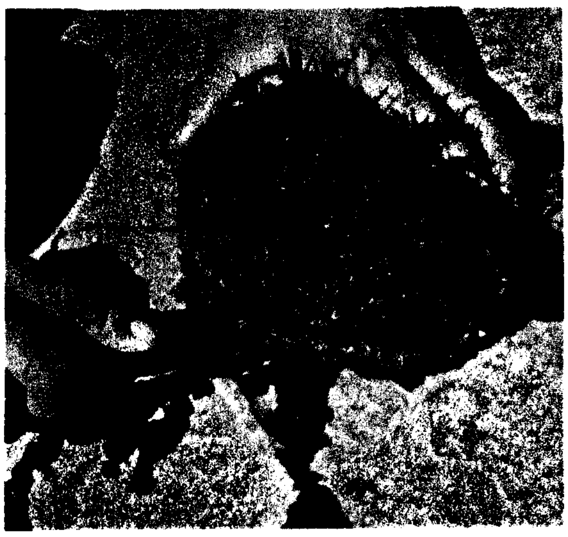
Let us go down under after abalone—down beneath the looking-glass surface of the ocean into a world even more fantastic than that which Alice found in Wonderland.

Leaving the beach, we slide through the surf to make our way out beyond the breakers. You look down to accustom yourself to the face plate, or goggles, if you are using them. We are gliding above a green forest illumined with blue-green light. There seems to be a typhoon blowing, for the trunkless trees surge and twist like South Seas dancers. We follow over a path carpeted with exquisite brown and white lace, to a sandy valley.

But we are after abalone, so we cannot linger in this paradise. This primeval forest trail leads to a grotto in the rocks. The sunlight, filtered through seaweed, has become tarnished to a soft verdigris that bathes the place in a haunting green light, like a Druid's temple. There, in the deep green shadow of a rock, a wise old bass regards us sulkily

(Continued on page 62)

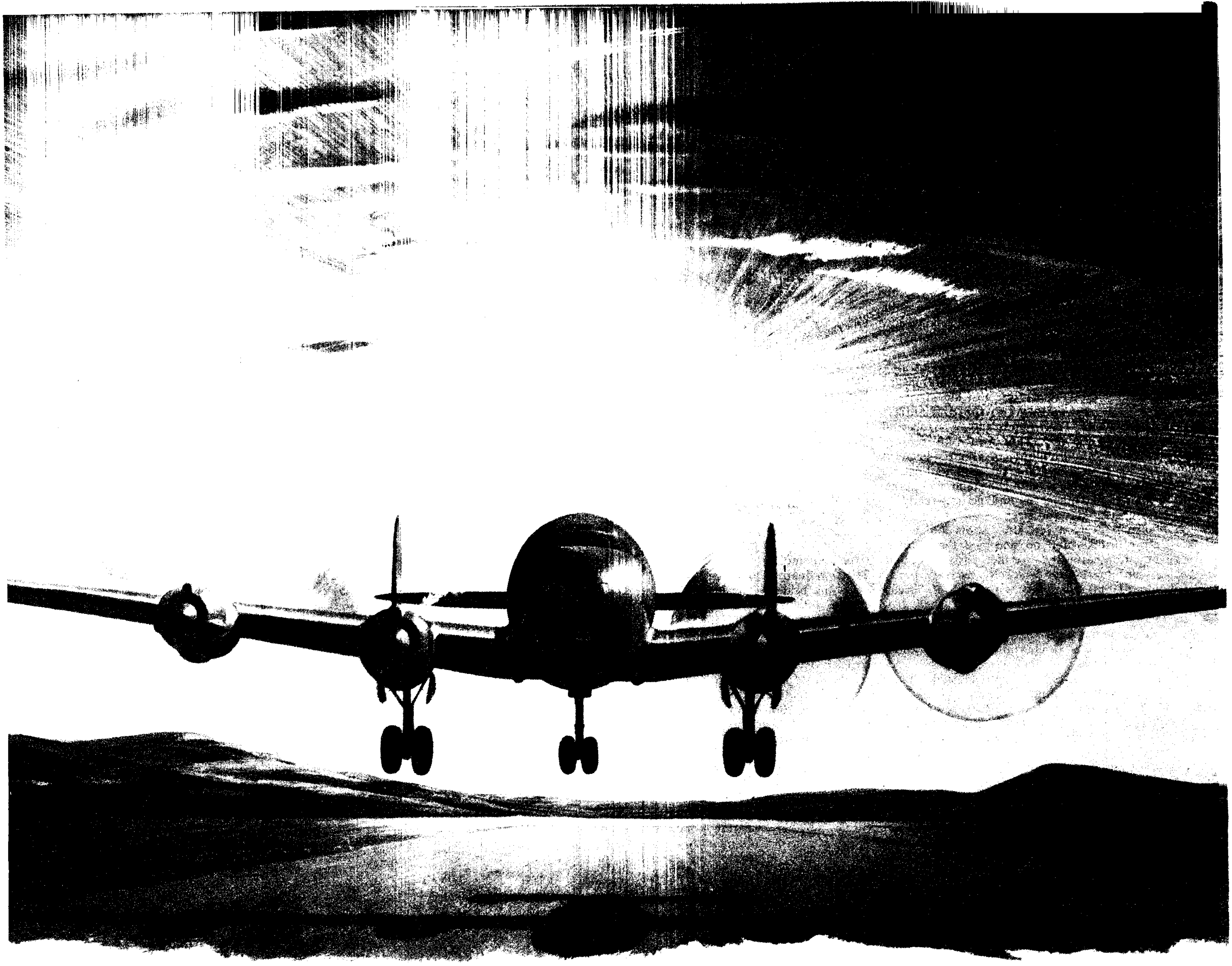
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN



This whiskery, barnacle-covered object is an abalone. Looks like a rock, doesn't it? But it has a foot and can "walk"

How to handle an abalone, if you're hungry. The demonstrators must be somewhere on the Pacific Coast, because California will not permit the export of abalone. Until 1915, Chinese there dried the meat and sent it to China. They don't do it now

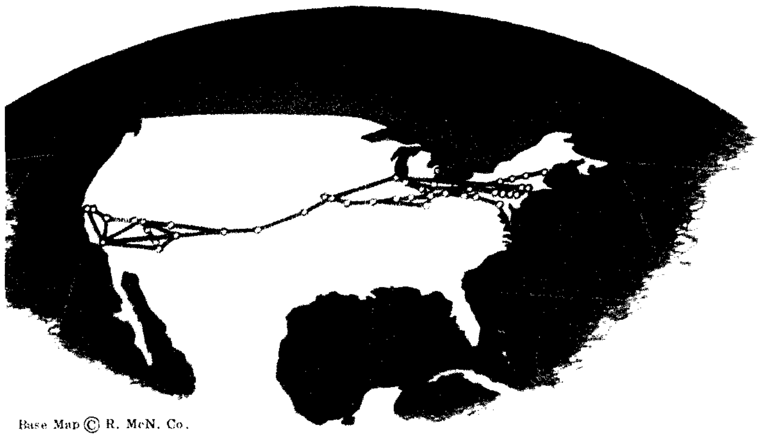
Another view of the abalone. Dipped in cracker crumbs and fried in butter, the meat is something to write home about



LIKE SLIDING DOWN A SUNBEAM

As your big Skyliner touches the runway, that easy shift from air to earth is typical of all TWA-ing—a smooth and skillful thing. For like the good food we seek to provide, the courtesy for which TWA Hostesses are famous, the care with which each TWA flight is planned—happy landings for today's essential travelers are mighty important to us.

Only when they are like "sliding down a sunbeam" do they fully measure up to what we always aim to give you.



Base Map © R. McN. Co.

TWA

POINTS THE WAY

Don't travel unless your trip helps win the war

The Russians' Invisible Wall

Continued from page 24

there are medals for individual heroism and for battles.

"Let us go out and walk," said the colonel. "We must not be sad. We hate war and we would like to go home, for it is many years since we have been home. But we kill Germans as long as they ask for it, and meantime it is a nice night so we will go walking."

Torgau in the evening was a very picturesque place; from one building there came the lovely, sad sound of Russian singing, low and slow and mourning; from another a young man leaned out of a window and played a very fast bright tune on a harmonica. Rare-looking types wandered around the street; there is the greatest possible variety in the faces and uniforms of the Russian soldiery. There were blonds and Mongols and fierce-looking characters with 19th century mustaches, and children of about sixteen; it felt like a vast encampment of nomad people when everyone is eating around campfires, singing, playing cards and getting ready to roll in blankets and sleep.

There were a few stray shots and a few stray drunks, and no one paid the slightest attention naturally. We then passed a couple of burning houses which looked very pretty indeed, and a yard where a wealth of Torgau bicycles had been collected and stashed. Tomorrow, no doubt, more of the Russian army would be mobile.

I said it was all charming. But how about getting across the Elbe?

"In two weeks," the colonel said, "I am sure it will be arranged."

If there was anything I was sure of, it was that I wouldn't be waiting around Torgau for two weeks. "It is a political question," said the interpreter. "You are capitalists and we are Communists."

The American Point of View

I told them very heatedly that I did not consider it any of my business whether they were Mormons, cannibals or balletomanes, the point being that we were allies and very naturally we were interested in each other and each other's armies. No one, said I crossly, minded where *they* went; their correspondents moved freely with our armies, and everyone was delighted to see them. If, on the other hand, they acted in this suspicious and unfriendly manner it would make everyone very peeved and it would be their own fault. We were eager to understand them and none of us in these parts was interested in politics; it would be nice if they acted more open-hearted for a change.

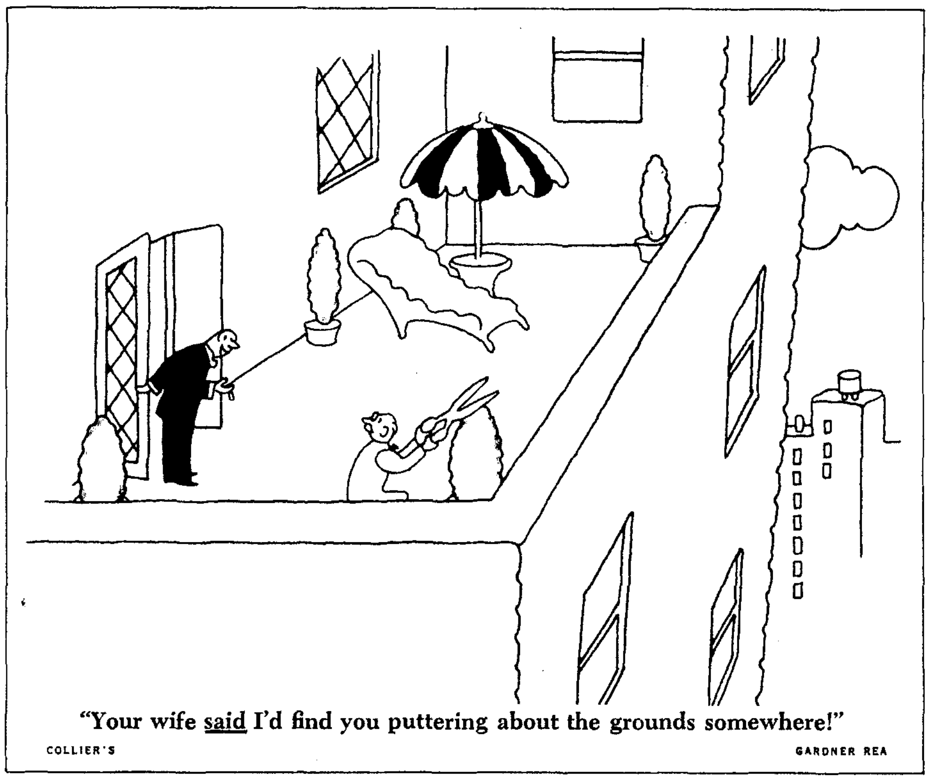
They agreed to this but said that in their army nothing was done without permission. The permission had not been granted as yet.

"All right," I said, "but unless we can all circulate freely amongst each other, there will be no trust and no confidence, and that will be very terrible."

"It will be arranged in time; you will see," said the colonel.

In the morning the ponton bridge was the center of interest. The day before, to the vast amazement of the G.I.s, some Russian soldiers had appeared and washed the boats which supported the wooden treadway. Today more Russians appeared with pots of green paint and painted the boats. Small fir trees were stuck up along the treadway and it was the prettiest bridge you could hope to see.

Now in the early sunlight a procession of displaced persons appeared. These were the Russians who had been taken into slavery by the Germans and they were crossing the Elbe to go home. They looked weary and thin and quiet, and it was somehow a sad sight. The Elbe is not very wide and the banks are soft green grass, but as soon as anyone crossed that bridge and disappeared up the opposite bank he might as well have gone to Tibet, because it was forbidden, unimaginable territory.



"Your wife said I'd find you puttering about the grounds somewhere!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

For a little while, there was relative calm and we sat on a stone wall and watched the river and smoked and talked about nothing. Then gradually the Russian army began to cross the bridge. The army came in like a sort of tide; it had no special shape; there were no orders given. It came and flowed over the stone quay and up onto the roads behind us like water rising, like ants, like locusts. It was not so much an army as a whole world on the move. Knowing nothing of the formation of the Russian army (and never being told by the Russians), one does not know whether this was a regiment or a division or six regiments or six divisions. But it came on and on and on, inchoate, formless and amazing. It was very noisy and slightly mad and it knew exactly what it was doing.

First came men. Men are the mainstay—hordes of them wearing tunics, greatcoats, baggy khaki-ish clothing and carrying a light sort of tommy gun, pistols, grenades and generally assorted munitions. They did not seem to march and they did not seem to be numerically divided into any known groups; they were simply a mass. They looked tired and indifferent and definitely experienced.

Then some trucks bumped over the bridge—God knows what sort of trucks or where manufactured. Quantities of men rode on these; also women. These women were uniformed like the men and equally armed and they looked young, absolutely square in build and tough as prize fighters. We were told that the women were wonderful snipers and that they serve as MPs. At this point a woman arrived at the near end of the bridge carrying two flags, like semaphore flags, and took up her position. She was an MP, and with her flags and a look of authority she proceeded to handle this endless traffic.

A pack train now rumbled across the bridge. It was a honey. It consisted of very beat-up carts and wagons and strong but shabby horses. The drivers handled the horses with a competence that was inspiring and rather like the chariot races in Ben-Hur. The pack trains had everything on them: bedding and clothing and pots and pans and ammunition and also women, because Russian women go to war with their men and it seems a very reasonable idea. These were no glamor girls; they were peasants and they looked as if no hardship would be too much for them.

After the pack train, something like the first locomotive appeared; it was short and had a huge smokestack and it towed two huge wooden cars. The G.I.s on the wall above the river broke into applause, saying, "Here comes the motorized stuff." Men on bicycles pedaled across the bridge, and more men on foot, and then some trucks carrying pontons. The noise was lovely; a sort of splendid Slavic roar and the clang of iron wheels on cobbles and occasional shouts which may have been orders or curses.

There was no visible plan to this exodus. It was entirely unlike anything we had ever seen before and it would be impossible to describe the feeling of power that came from this chaos of men and beat-up material. We thought how bitterly the Germans must have regretted attacking the Russians. We thought anyone would be extremely silly to bother these people, for in these great shapeless numbers they were as overwhelming and terrible as a flow of lava.

And by a miracle this welter of humanity vanished from Torgau and proceeded to infiltrate inland to take up the Russian line along the Mulde River some fifty miles west. I have no idea how this was done: It happened. Many of these men wore the medal of the Battle of Stalingrad, and the whole lot had certainly fought their way west for some 3,000 miles, probably pretty largely on their own feet.

Now it was lunchtime and the exodus stopped temporarily. "The show's over," said a G.I. sitting next to me. Then summing up the whole matter, he said with awe, "My God!" We walked back to the bridge which leads to the American side of Torgau. Two G.I.s were guarding the bridge, and a Russian soldier, about eighteen, stood across the street apparently guarding it also. Three Russian soldiers were leaning over the stone railing in the middle of the bridge. Suddenly there was a loud explosion and a fountain of water coming up from the stream below.

Time Out for a Little Fun

"That's nothing," one of the American guards said, "they're just throwing hand grenades in the water. They're crazy about that. I don't know what it does to them, but if you see one anywhere near a bridge, he's pretty sure to throw a hand grenade in the water."

The Russian guard now crossed the street and said in a voice of wonder, "*Amerikanski?*" To which the G.I.s replied in a tone of equal wonder, "*Russki?*"

Then we all shook hands.

"You can't turn around for Russians shaking hands," the short G.I. said. "Now this Joe, for instance, he's been on this bridge all morning and this is the fourth time he comes over and says '*Amerikanski*' and gives us the handshaking treatment."

"It's to show we're allies," the tall G.I. explained.

"Sure," said the short one. "That's okay by me. I only ask myself how many more times this Joe is going through this routine."

"Look at that ambulance, will you," said the tall one.

We turned and saw something that looked like a furniture van painted green, with small red crosses on its side. It had stopped farther down the street, and now a rank of wounded crawled, limped or hopped out. They had been packed in on a welter of quilts and mattresses, and they disappeared into a house which may have been an aid station.

"That's the first ambulance I've seen," the tall one said. "Seems like if you can walk, you go right along in their army. You see more guys with bandages on their heads. Don't seem to bother them none."

"I used to think we were rugged," the other G.I. said, "until I saw these *Russkis*. Boy, they're really rugged, I mean."

"They're crazy," the tall one said flatly.

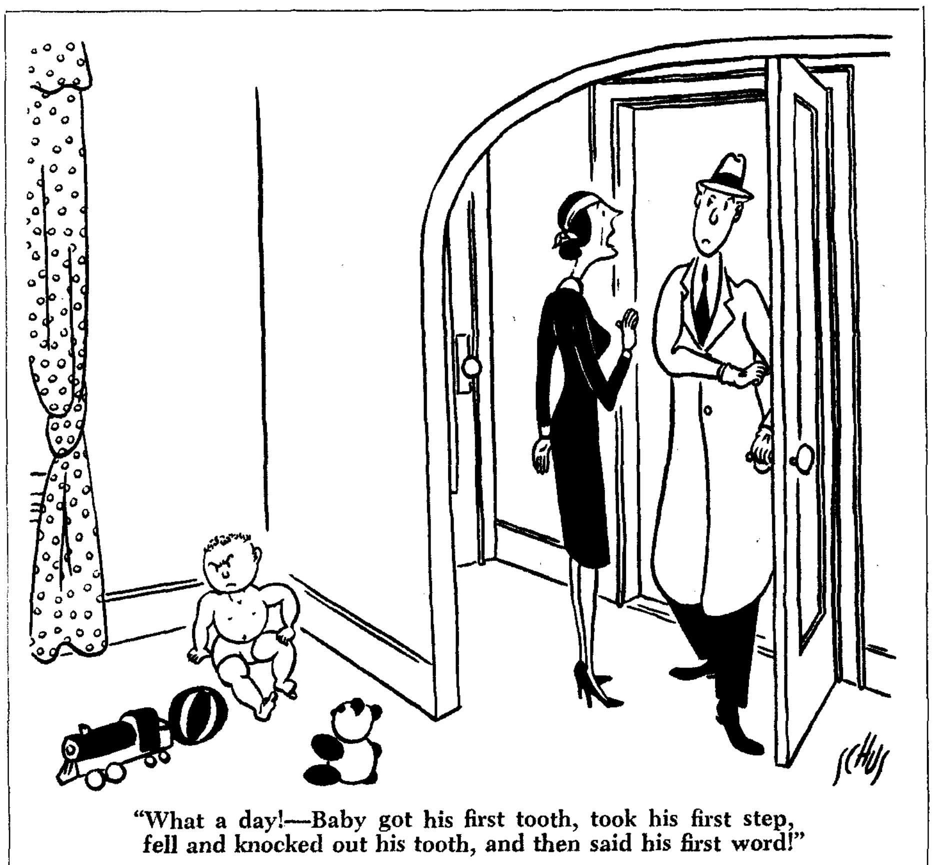
"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you like them?"

"Sure I like them. They seem like pretty good guys. They're crazy is all."

"I guess they'll push us back to the Rhine pretty soon," the short one said. "They shoved a lot of men over this morning."

"Suits me," his colleague answered. "I hope they push us back quick. I hope they take all of Germany. They know how to handle it, brother. They really know. Suits me. What I want is to go home."

THE END



"What a day!—Baby got his first tooth, took his first step, fell and knocked out his tooth, and then said his first word!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

They won't feel like strangers if they can show snapshots from home...

When he shows those pictures of his folks—his girl—his home—he'll get instant understanding and sympathy from the people around him. They won't be strangers to him any longer—they'll be friends.

Tuck a few snapshots into your letters as often as you can. Make your letters, as far as it's possible, "snapshot visits from home."

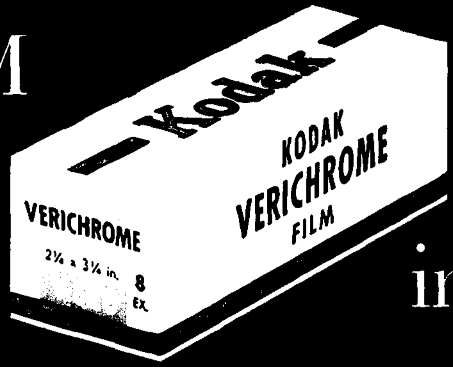
You may have to wait for your roll of Verichrome (the Armed Forces need so much film). But Verichrome is worth waiting for—because you know, for sure, that with Verichrome Film you'll *get* those precious snapshots . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

REMEMBER ATTU? How, 3 years ago, the Japs fought savagely to hold this strategic springboard to their air and naval bases on Kamchatka? . . . How our boys, fresh from training, waded through freezing muck, snow, and water—stormed the ridges—and blasted the enemy from every rock and shelter? A stern example to us at home. BUY—AND HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.

Visit your man in the service with SNAPSHOTS

Somewhere in Australia

KODAK FILM



in the yellow box

We're planning this around YOU!

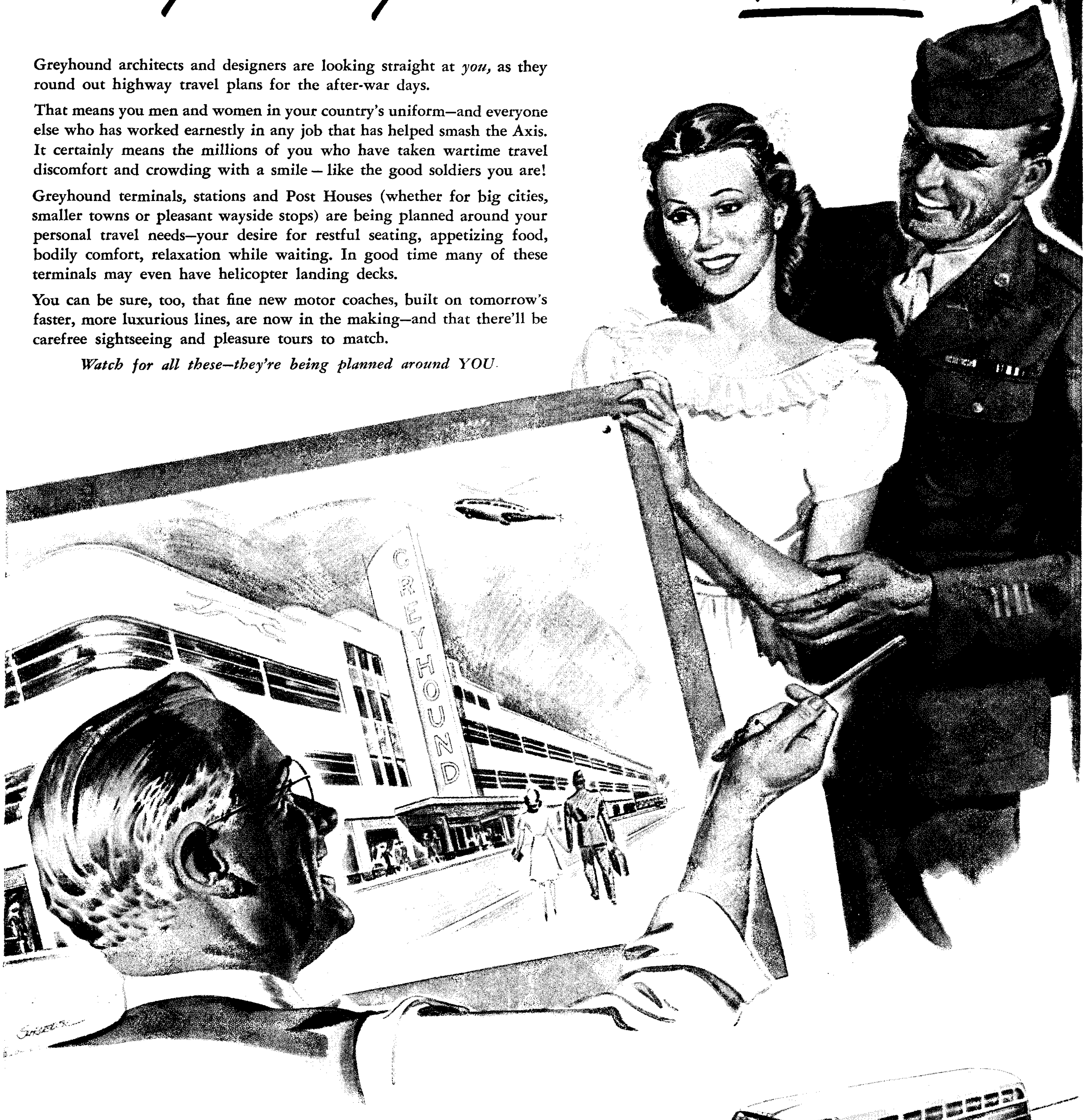
Greyhound architects and designers are looking straight at *you,* as they round out highway travel plans for the after-war days.

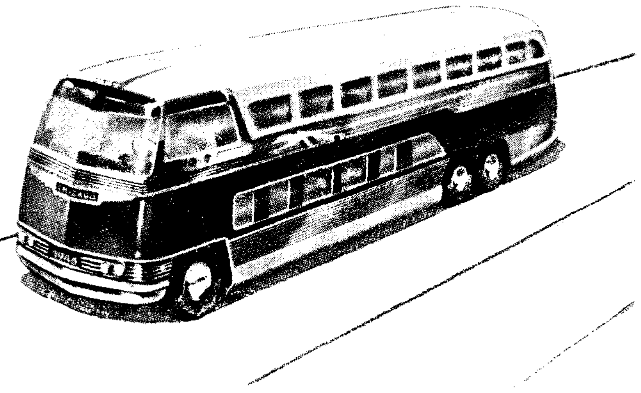
That means you men and women in your country's uniform—and everyone else who has worked earnestly in any job that has helped smash the Axis. It certainly means the millions of you who have taken wartime travel discomfort and crowding with a smile — like the good soldiers you are!

Greyhound terminals, stations and Post Houses (whether for big cities, smaller towns or pleasant wayside stops) are being planned around your personal travel needs—your desire for restful seating, appetizing food, bodily comfort, relaxation while waiting. In good time many of these terminals may even have helicopter landing decks.

You can be sure, too, that fine new motor coaches, built on tomorrow's faster, more luxurious lines, are now in the making—and that there'll be carefree sightseeing and pleasure tours to match.

Watch for all these—they're being planned around YOU.





GREYHOUND

The Uses of Silence

Continued from page 20

get. The landlord was a chubby old man—remember, his present to the bride and groom was a quart of ripe olives, because he loved olives—and his wife did not care what they did to the second floor so long as they were quiet.

They were quiet enough. Marjorie, standing in the center of the room and seeing curtains as they would be, drawn across the windows in a complicated pattern. Marjorie, re-covering with her eyes an old chair in a corner to make the low-eaved room light and cheerful. Marjorie, giggling with the sheer joy of separation from a complaining father and a mother who whined against her fate but did not attempt to amend it.

Marjorie was quiet in her planning, quiet in her laughter. She said, "It's wonderful, Jim. It's the only time in my life I ever had anything of my own."

The singular did not warn you, did it, James?

You were in Des Moines working evenings—window cards for a grocery down the street, collections for a corner drugstore—because the advertising agency salary never would go quite far enough.

You thought: Oh, well, we're new at it. After a while, we'll both know how to manage better. I don't really mind the extra work. I like the responsibility. I have something to work for.

You thought in the nights: Marjorie is young. Later we will understand each other better. Later there will be more frequent answers to my hunger. You even thought: Perhaps I am too young myself. I will have to wait, to move cautiously, use great care. Some day. . . .

It was a long time—wasn't it, James?—before you knew that to Marjorie, the nights were only duties, your hunger only a debt which must now and then be paid. Even now you admitted it with reluctance, found yourself still unable to believe wholly that one pulse could pound so hard and the other be so still.

FEW memories are all of one piece. You remember things which no longer seem to fit. You had been discouraged; but she said, "All you need is to attract some attention, Jim. That series you did for the brewery account—if you left it on the secretary's desk by mistake, and the general manager happened to see it, your own boss could not complain, could he?"

You tried it, and it worked. Write that down, whether it fits or not. Write down also that she said, "Pride can wait, Jim. You can stand a lot of things if you remember that some day they will be funny."

So you waited; and presently the insult at the office was forgotten, the insulter gone. Your bonds with Marjorie were tight, but some of them were pleasant bindings. . . .

The blonde looked out at the Omaha yards. "I never did understand why they have to wait here so long," she said. "You always smell the stockyards here. I like big cities, not these middle-sized places. They're too much like home. I like places where you can be free."

James smiled. It could have been agreement. It could have been encouragement. It could have been almost anything. A porter passed with a tray of beer; and James signaled to him silently, silently paid.

The blonde said, "I just love beer. Maybe I shouldn't, because it's bad for your figure. But I just don't care."

Her eager look was an invitation, and his answering glance could have been the unspoken compliment her figure deserved.

The uses of silence are many. The years can be crossed with silence. As the train started with a slick, almost imperceptible sway, James was in Des Moines in 1935. He was walking through the empty rooms of an apartment on the West Side, where people who were going places lived. There was a little dust over the fresh varnish of the floors, but the apartment was much larger than the flat under the gabled roof. He was saying, "But, Marjorie, I don't have the raise yet. It may be weeks before I actually get it. And there are those bills at the store."

Marjorie was eying the empty windows, drawing with her eyes heavy drapes at their edges, placing with her eyes a new chair in a corner where it would look best from the door. She was saying, "Jim, it won't wait for us. Somebody else will rent it. We can put a chair here and a table there. Even some of the old furniture will be all right."

Marjorie's eyes were dark and sparkling, laughter bubbling behind the plans. Well, you thought, at first it may have been only a desire to get away from home. But now she's thinking of us as a team. Perhaps with this. . . .

Tie yourself tightly with hopes, James.

Her dark hair lay in shining waves against her neck. "Jim, you're mussing my hair. I spent hours on it. You do pick the damnedest times!"

The train slid through Council Bluffs, gathered speed, but James was not there. He was in a bedroom, watching his wife brush her hair. The idea in his mind should have come from a psychologist or a minister but had not. It had come from a balding drunk in a bar near the office.

The drunk had said many things, trying in his honest way to pay for the drink he had cadged. But one comment stuck: "Nah, everything might have been all right if we'd had some kids. Natural function for women—motherhood. No woman's really happy without it, no matter what they say. If more men just realized that, there'd be less trouble behind locked doors where a man's supposed to feel at home but damn' seldom does. Yeah, if we'd had some children, I wouldn't be here, drinking with strangers. Not, mind you, that you ain't a good enough guy."

Jefferson Machamer

"I wish I were more like Mother—she can act so young!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

HOW do you broach such a subject to your wife, James was wondering, as Marjorie brushed her hair. For that matter, how do two people live together five years without deciding something about it? He said, "Marjorie, what do you think about having a child?"

Some other approach would have been better, some slipping up on the subject, easing toward it by degrees, implanting a readiness for the question before the question itself. But suddenness had one advantage: you saw neither laughter nor any veil in the dark eyes. You saw them naked and afraid. You saw the calm brush stop its counted strokes, the hand shake against the corner of the dressing table.

She said—oh, she was honest, remember that—she said: "Jim, I'd be terrified."

Was there some clue here, James? That terror was very real, and if Marjorie ever pleaded, she pleaded then. Did some inescapable reality for once penetrate a mind ordinarily well guarded against them?

She said, "Jim, I want to be as pretty as I can for as long as I can. I'd hate being fat or misshapen. I'd even hate the child if having it made me that way."

Well, husband and male, what answer? Say that you would still love her no matter how she looked, love her old, wrinkled, tired before her time? Tell her everyone must face life without flinching? And if she answers, "What man ever knew anything comparable to having a child?"—what then, James?

NOW, riding the rocketing train, he did not remember that much time had passed until the hairbrush resumed its steady movement, or until she said, "Jim, I really think we should have a new car. I'm ashamed to have my friends see that miserable old sedan."

He remembered no real surprise. He was used to Marjorie; and the front the two of them made against the world was no weaker for his knowledge—and perhaps her own—of the lacks and empty spaces behind it.

Sometimes he wondered what had drawn them together and what held them. But he accepted as unquestionable the need to maintain at any cost whatever it was they had.

He did not know why. And when he looked at other women, it was only with a certain curiosity—a question whether all the women of the world were like his wife, the poetry about them only the manufactures of men who knew no woman.

The train arrowed through a village, screamed for Atlantic's crossings.

The blonde said, "I just don't think a girl is smart to run around all the time with young boys. Older men are so much nicer. They always seem to know what a girl likes better than she does. I think older men look more at home in uniforms, too."

James' fingering of the blue cloth of his trousers could have meant: "Oh, now, that isn't true, but I'm glad you think so"; or it could have meant simply, "Good goods," in the time-worn gag. Whatever it meant, it saved the necessity of an answer.

Unanswering, James had in a moment returned to those waiting days before the war. He was at the polished desk which somehow comes after you have ceased expecting that it ever will, behind the frosted door in front of which he had worked for so long. He was talking bluntly, knowing it would do no good, but saying it nevertheless to the woman whose loveliness would have lifted the heads of clerks in the outer office even if she had not been the wife of the boss.

He said, "Marjorie, there's something the matter with us. With me, I suppose. I wish I knew what it was. I wish I knew how we could escape growing middle-aged simultaneously but not together. I'm in love with you, and I wish I knew you better."

He said it calmly, while she sat across the desk in the easy chair reserved for customers. He did not approach her, did not touch any of that perfection of clothing arrangement which was Marjorie on a shopping afternoon. Those things not to do, he had learned well in eight years. You might know the shape of the face well, the cold beauty so well that you would be able to remember every detail five years later while a train slipped across Iowa in derisive speed. But you did not touch the hand or caress the lovely dark hair. Those things were never quite yours. She said, "Sometimes you talk like a spoiled child, Jim."

He said, "Sometimes I feel very young and stupid."

"I don't see that it does any good to talk about it," she said. "Of course, you're not entirely satisfied with me. But I'm not just crazy about everything you do, either. All I want to do is to live nicely. Is that wrong? We're old enough to be past the silly stage."

"Did we ever have one?" he wondered.

"What I wanted to talk to you about," she said, "was that house on the drive. It's exactly what I've been looking for."

"A war," he reminded her, "is gathering all around us."

"Even if we should get into it," Marjorie said, "they'll hardly be drafting men your age."

They knew each other well, the man and woman talking across the desk. If neither of them knew exactly what caused the emptiness between them or how to correct it, both of them nevertheless maintained a front against the world. And though she seemed satisfied while he felt a desperate need for a change within, neither of them then would have considered a change in the smooth exterior of marriage they had built so carefully and nurtured so long.

THE memory faded as the blonde in the railroad car stood up. "Please save my seat," she asked. "I'm having so much fun talking to you."

Her progress out of the club car was a neat and effective parade, her re-entry presently given the quality of an intensely personal return to him by her smile. The train whistled, long and hauntingly, for a country crossing, again for a huddled hamlet.

James was reliving days at a naval training station, feeling again that the accomplishment of learning was small recompense for a Des Moines parting.

"I can't imagine what's the matter with you, Jim! You're being juvenile. A commission! What good will that do after the war? You're throwing away everything we've worked so hard to build. Why, the pay isn't half what you're making now."

"Marjorie," he said, "try to understand—"

"Oh, go on!' she said. "Never think about our lives. Go on, jumping around the world like a Mexican jumping bean, like a country boy trying for something wonderful that isn't anywhere. Go on!"

The splintered porch and the whining parents had been long gone; but you saw their shadows again, didn't you, Marjorie? Shadows of not enough money, of being nobody, of having no *things* to make you smile, to make you laugh quietly to yourself. . . .

James was at sea in the Pacific. In the pitching wardrooms, you learned certain stratagems: to go below before the mail distribution so that it would be less obvious when you received no letters; to take the few which came, more and more irregularly, casually from the hand of a mail clerk, tossing them on a desk as if you received many letters and felt that they could safely be left for later reading. You learned to have a picture of your long-dead mother on your desk, in order to avoid questions about the picture your wife never sent.

You learned to read many books, to avoid discussions on marriage, to speak of the past seldom or never. All those things you learned in self-protection and to keep down the old thought: I must do something. Somewhere, there is a failure in me. Somewhere, if I could only find it, there is an answer, some chord I have never succeeded in striking. I must

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try until I find it, I can't give up or let things stay as they were. After the war, I must find it!

You kept down the old thought, but you knew you must try again. You must find the answer.

The train banged heavily across a lonesome prairie junction. The blonde said, "I wonder what it is like to live in one of those little towns. It must be terribly dull. No dances, no place to go, and the neighbors always nosing into your business. I just couldn't stand it."

James gave her an expression which counseled her to go on, which contained no hint of remembering that she had told him an hour before of living all her life until the last year in just such a town. The porter brought more beer, set down bottles and glasses without being told.

The train passed between grain elevators so fast that it seemed to move silently, although the wheels actually were banging and clattering against the cold switches. From the crossings, farmers bundled against the chill stared at the bright speeding arrow. From the buildings beside the tracks, swirls of snow were caught up by the train's speed and sent spinning in its wake. . . .

James Morrison was in the Pacific, reading the final words, sitting in a cabin alone with sweat running down his sides and reading the words written slowly in a script which had never changed after Marjorie reached thirteen—the words: "Of course, you have known for a long time. We both have. The things we want are different. We were so young. I know you could prevent it legally, but it is my happiness. Byron and I hope—"

Well, Byron?

Did you find the missing chord, Byron, or was it that you had the house on the drive and most assuredly could buy other houses, other autos, more beautiful clothes for that lovely body?

How about it, Byron? Is the surrender sweet, sweet as the laughter in the dark eyes? Lovely as the hair which hangs always in bright waves against the neck? Or—let's be honest, Byron—is there a certain emptiness, a wondering in the morning whether you married a woman or a quiescent beauty manufactured from nothing but cloth and hair?

No, Byron, don't tell me. That would be foolish, after thirteen years. I could have told you, but you never asked. Just look at her, silhouetted against the stair, unconsciously—well, who knows whether it was conscious?—lovely in the firelight. Look at her, serene, quiet, always the beauty. Look at her, Byron, and never wonder whether there is a pulse beneath that satin skin. That will be better, Byron, much better in the house on the drive.

I? I don't know why I failed. But it is all right. Some day I will stop thinking about it. . . .

JAMES was far out in a tropical lagoon, standing on a destroyer deck. Very slowly and in defiance of regulations, he was tearing up a stack of letters and dropping them overboard. There were old letters, a week or so apart, and newer ones with months separating their postmarks. There was even one recent short letter, the very last.

As he threw them away, he thought he felt other things falling away—frustration, a hunger familiar for years in his vitals, a gnawing sense of a task undone, a problem unsolved. For a moment, he felt calm and at peace; but only for a moment. When he went slowly down the ladder, his shoulders were tired again, his mind spinning through a thousand pictures, each one a question. He shook his mind, but old furrows remained. He told himself that everything was settled, that he need hunt no more for answers—but he still wondered, as he went below, what to do about it, and how to solve this new problem added to the others.

Silence permits the mind great jumps. James was in a San Francisco office. "Use you?" said a man. "Jim, just get out of that uniform. Just go to New York and get out of it. Bad eyes don't matter in the advertising business. If I wire them tonight, the whole agency will be at Grand Central to meet you. You can pick your own accounts. You always could have, if you'd been willing to leave Iowa.". . .

The porter came gathering up empty glasses to make the car more attractive for passengers who would soon get on. Under the window, brakes squealed and shrieked. Valley Junction—no, they called it something else now—went by. There were switches, sidetracks, houses on a hill, turning patrician backs to the railroad. Those houses faced the drive, beyond the drive a park, a golf course. People going somewhere in the world lived there, people solid, respectable, sure of themselves. The houses went by more slowly, the glimpses of the river slowly, the warehouses and lumber yards at a snail's pace. The conductor said, "Des Moines. Des Moines. We stop ten minutes only."

LOOK at the platform with strange faces there. Look at the dull, smoke-smudged brick of a station in outlandish contrast to the sleek train before it. A boy is selling a paper, a porter carrying bags. Women greet other women, little boys their fathers. They will not keep the train here long. Already, redcaps are rushing aboard with the baggage, passengers crowding after. If there is anything to be done here, any old failure to be righted, it must be done quickly. You can get off, but you must get off now.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PAINLESS PATRIOTISM —PLUS PROFIT

I have never been able to understand why the buying of War Bonds has to be urged, entreated and even begged through organized solicitation. What is it, after all, but PAINLESS PATRIOTISM? The purchase of War Bonds does not even involve sacrifice, for they are the world's safest investment and return a handsome profit. Soldiers and sailors risk life and limb, but we are not even asked to risk our money. PAINLESS PATRIOTISM. Thinking of it that way makes War Bond buying a minimum contribution to a war effort that cannot let down. Invest all you can in extra War Bonds today.

—George Creel

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Such a dirty little station," said the blonde. "I just don't see why they can't keep railroad stations cleaner in these funny towns. You feel as if every stitch on your back were soiled the minute you go into one of them. I just don't understand it, do you? Do you?"

The repetition made the question for once a demand. It intruded on the sanctuary of silence. James Morrison turned slow eyes from the platform to the girl, eyes resentful of the intrusion and almost insulting in their steadiness. He said, "So you don't like the town or the station, either?"

The girl did not analyze that simple statement. She said abruptly, "No, I don't. I don't like failure."

James Morrison found the voice more surprising than the words—a voice without any conscious inflection, without the note of induced enthusiasm he had come to expect of it in the last several hours. He noticed also that the pretty face, which had not shown any sign of having thought often enough or deeply enough to develop lines, now looked slightly older than before.

"Failure?" he repeated.

The girl's glance was without friendliness. "Oh, I know you think I'm young and dumb," she said. "Everybody who has been away at war is the same. They think nobody at home has grown up or had a thought worth having while they were away."

James blinked in spite of himself. He made one minor effort, but was unable to let his mind escape into the past or even across town to those houses with the good addresses on the West Side. "I don't know anything about this city," the girl said. "It may be a lovely town. I've never been anywhere in it except in this station. But to me, all towns like this spell failure."

James' voice felt disused. "Why more than any other sort of town?"

"Probably because they remind me of home," she said slowly. "I associate them with people I know."

She grinned at him suddenly, with a twist to the grin. "Oh, I'm dumb enough. You're right about that," she said. "But I didn't run off to New York because I believed what I saw in the movies. I just wanted to try something better than what I had at home."

"Was home bad?"

"No," she said. "It was all right. I had the usual number of proposals, even one from a boy I thought was fairly wonderful. I could have stayed there, lived in a good house like those you were staring at up on that hill. But my boy was too well satisfied. He wasn't willing to find out whether he was any bigger than the town and the things he could see right in front of him, laid out like a map. He wouldn't try to grow any. In religion classes in school, they used to talk about sins of omission. I call it failure. I may never amount to anything; but if I fall on my face, it won't be because I quit trying. I think failing that way might even be fun, compared to the other."

James said, "To stay in your home town would have been failure to you?"

"To quit trying is failure."

James looked at the platform, at the porter ushering the last passengers aboard. He said, "Would you mind telling me why you kept chattering foolishness at me all morning?"

The girl examined his face carefully, but did not smile. She said, "Did you ever wonder why women are able to work for lower wages than men? It is because both they and the employers know a good many of their meals will be bought for them, one way or another. I'm no different from the rest."

James said, "The boy in Chicago?"

"It is foolish," said the blonde softly, "not to leave some sort of an exit open. Sometimes you can make a bad mistake about a man's appearance."

THE train was starting slowly. An engineer's hand stayed steady on the throttle and there was no jerk, no strain to the starting. The station faded, to be succeeded by grimy buildings, thinning shacks between a smoke-hung sky and a soot-speckled snow.

James said, "You know, I used to live here before the war. My wife still does. There were some things the matter with our marriage; and after a long time she stopped trying to correct them and divorced me. Then she married again."

The girl was quiet as the train rolled through the suburbs. Then, looking out the streaked window, she asked, "She quit trying, not you?"

"Yes," he said. "I never thought of it before. I wasn't getting very far in making things better, but she was the one who quit trying."

The girl's blue eyes were quite soft. "And now," she said, "it doesn't matter any more?"

James realized that he could no longer remember the name of the last winding street on the edge of town. He looked into his scarred memory and found Marjorie's face. But it was somehow fog-covered and indistinct, like a picture which presently would not be remembered at all.

He said, "No, it doesn't matter any more."

He felt somehow free—tremendously, suddenly free. He touched the blonde's hand lying on the arm of her chair.

Grinning, he said, "You really don't deserve a free lunch, because you quit trying for it. But if we go now, we can avoid the rush; and I'd like your company. I think you and I might try being friends."

He had overlooked all morning the girl's outstanding trait. He had never suspected that she might be honest. She returned his gaze steadily. She said, "Yes, I think we might."

The train whistled presently for Iowa City; and in the late afternoon, its long greeting bounced back from the buildings of Moline

THE END

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Battle in Printer's Ink

Continued from page 19

days the headlines referred to Chicago as "Dirty Shirt Town!" The articles, copiously illustrated with striking photographs, were chaotic and disorganized, and from a literary point of view strictly fourth grade. But the screech of horror they evoked was terrific. Mayor Kelly, other city officials, civic leaders, businessmen and property owners protested vociferously that Ruppel was "slandering the fair name of our city."

The other Chicago newspapers, except the Sun, ignored the crusade. The Sun printed an editorial on January 10th, congratulating the Herald-American and declaring that "it would be a great day for Chicago if the newspapers joined hands in attacking some of the most serious impediments to the city's progress."

As a matter of fact, much of Ruppel's material came from articles which the Sun had published more than a year before. The Sun's stories had been quiet, dignified and had accomplished nothing. For that matter, Ruppel's crusade didn't accomplish anything either, although the Herald-American claimed credit for a meeting at Springfield between Mayor Kelly and Governor Dwight Green, of Illinois, to discuss the city's problems. Actually this meeting had been arranged several months before Ruppel came to town.

The only squawks to which Ruppel paid much attention were those made by executives of the Herald-American's advertising department. They pleaded with tears in their eyes with Ruppel to stop his nonsense. For years they had been trying to get the high-class specialty shops of State Street and Michigan Avenue to advertise in the Herald-American, and at last had signed up half a dozen. Now Ruppel was ruining everything. Already there had been threats of cancellations. But Ruppel calmed them by pointing to the Herald-American circulation, which jumped over the 500,000 mark for the first time in several years. Moreover, he displayed hundreds of letters from the little people, furnishing new material and wishing the crusade luck. The executives retired, glowing, to discuss a possible increase in advertising rates.

When Ruppel continued to ignore Mayor Kelly's protests, the latter telegraphed to "The Chief," William Randolph Hearst himself, in California. He complained that Ruppel was doing "a terrible thing"; Chicago had only just rid itself of the stigma of gangsterism, and now it would be known for fifty years as "Dirty Shirt Town!" Other prominent citizens protested to Hearst, and from the Chief came a wire peremptorily ordering Ruppel to discontinue using the objectionable phrase.

It last appeared in the Herald-American, in small type, on January 12th.

Hearst also summoned Ruppel to California for a conference, which in the Hearst organization is frequently the prelude to decapitation. Ruppel's enemies were certain this meant his end. "The old man's really sore," said one. "He'll tear Louie's ears off." But within ten days Ruppel was back at his desk, as cocky as ever, busily thinking up new stunts with which to implement his journalistic credo of "lots of sock!" Hearst editors never divulge what goes on when they confer with the Chief, and all Ruppel would say was, "Hell, I'm here, ain't I?" So he is, and the general opinion in Chicago is that he'll stay there as long as he remembers that it's Hearst's Herald-American and not Ruppel's.

As they line up for the coming struggle, the circulations of the three afternoon papers are approximately the same: The Herald-American averages about 508,000 copies a day, the Daily News, 456,901, and the Times, 432,134. These figures are for January, and have increased since, but the official count hasn't been prepared.

Before the real fighting begins, the setup may change; the town is full of speculations about new alignments and even new newspapers. Along the journalistic grapevine there are reports of an eventual merger of the Sun and the Times, which would give Marshall Field an all-day newspaper, to say nothing of the services of Richard Finnegan.

Surmises About Mr. Hearst

The boys are also talking of Hearst's possible re-entry into the morning field. Hearst still owns the Associated Press franchise from his defunct Examiner, for which Marshall Field refused to pay $500,000 when he started the Sun in 1941, and the physical plant now used by the Herald-American is large enough to handle both morning and afternoon editions.

But the choicest morsel of speculation is that Colonel McCormick plans to invade the afternoon field in Chicago, as well as to establish new newspapers in Milwaukee, Detroit and Minneapolis. No one except the colonel himself—and maybe a few business intimates—knows whether there is any truth in these reports, but several things have occurred which give them at least an air of likelihood.

One is that Colonel McCormick has already applied for newsprint for a paper in Milwaukee and is said to have been turned down. Another is that men fairly close to McCormick are known to have made mysterious trips to Detroit and Minneapolis, where they seemed much interested in the newspaper situation. A third is that for some time, the Tribune has been hiring new people in all departments; the colonel's editorial staff is three and four deep in every job. Three men are covering the Waukegan district, ordinarily a part-time job for one man, and three have been assigned to the state capital where one used to handle all the work.

73
Colin Allen

COLLIER'S "Marjorie! Come and get it!" COLIN ALLEN

WANTED
Chon Day

COLLIER'S "They started by just frisking me" CHON DAY

The Tribune mechanical department, according to one of the colonel's printers, has two or three times as many pressmen, printers, stereotypers, etc., as are needed to get out the paper; and a Tribune reporter said that not long ago, the colonel announced that every man now employed would be taken care of, even if it became necessary to start new papers to do it.

If Colonel McCormick actually starts a new afternoon paper, and Hearst comes back into the morning field, Chicago will see a beautiful knock-down-and-drag-out scrap.

In such a fight, Colonel McCormick would probably be all alone, for his relations with other Chicago newspapers have never been very pleasant. He frequently attacked the Times, usually for saying friendly things about the Roosevelt Cabinet. Both the Times and the Daily News have slugged back, the Times with editorials which were often more violent than those of the Tribune; and the Daily News with a series of cartoons in which Colonel McCormick was portrayed as Colonel McCosmic, a plump, pompous character in World War I helmet and field glasses, who is a kind of American Colonel Blimp.

Once in a while, in what the Times once called an "unctuous mood of chummy condescension," the Tribune bestows a kindly pat upon the Herald-American, but it always ignores the Sun. However, it does attack Marshall Field, whom the colonel looks upon as a witless dilettante playing at being an editor. A couple of years ago the Tribune referred slightingly to Field's record in the first World War, which actually was outstanding, and savagely demanded that he be drafted. And, of course, it was Colonel McCormick's influence which prevented Field from obtaining an Associated Press franchise for the Sun, although the publishers of the other Chicago papers voted to let him have it.

But several things within the past few months appear to have brought about a change in the colonel's policy toward the Sun. First, of course, is the Sun's increased prestige and circulation. Improvement in Field's paper became noticeable almost two years ago, when Field dismissed the cautious Silliman Evans as editor and publisher, and himself began to take over active direction of the property. At the same time he increased the authority of his executive editor, E. Z. Dimitman, who came to the Sun from the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Between them, they seem to have brought the Sun's wishy-washy, turn-the-other-cheek period to an end. The paper has improved in make-up, new features have been added, the foreign service has been greatly expanded, and there is a new lustiness in its editorials and approach to the news.

Newspapermen who know pretty well what goes on at the Tribune—and it's no secret that the Sun has a couple of pipe lines into the colonel's establishment—say that once the wars have begun, Colonel McCormick will go after the Sun as violently as he used to go after the Examiner. Whatever else he is, the colonel is an astute publisher, and publishers begin to get worried when a rival steals their circulation.

The circulation of Field's paper is climbing steadily toward the 400,000 mark, while that of the Tribune is dropping; a few months ago it fell below a million for the first time in years.

Moreover, last January, Marshall Field boldly raided the Tribune-New York News Syndicate and captured Milton Caniff, one of the best of the syndicate's comic-strip artists. Caniff draws Terry, formerly Terry and the Pirates, which is syndicated to 220 newspapers with a circulation of almost 25,000,000. Field has agreed to pay Caniff at least $100,000 a year for five years, an annual increase of some $35,000 over the artist's earnings with the Tribune-News.

The capture of Caniff has been heralded as a great victory for Field and the Sun, but there are two circumstances which make it less than complete: The artist can't join the Field organization until October, 1946, when his Tribune-News contract expires, and he can't take his strip with him. He will have to create an entirely new strip, with a new title, story and set of characters, for all rights to Terry have long been the property of the Tribune-News syndicate. To get wider distribution, the new strip will be sold by King Features, the big Hearst syndicate.

This means that in New York it will appear in the Mirror or the Journal-American, both Hearst papers, instead of in Field's tabloid PM.

Changing the Foreign Setup

To counter the expansion of the Sun's foreign service, Colonel McCormick recently made a close tie-up with the British news agency, Reuter's. The Tribune-News Syndicate will distribute Reuter's news and features south of the Ohio River and west of the Mississippi, while Reuter's will sell Tribune-News features abroad. Presumably Reuter's copy will also appear in the Tribune and the News.

Even loyal Tribune men are a bit groggy over this arrangement, for both Colonel McCormick and his cousin, Captain Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the New York Daily News, have long been noted for their violent anti-British policy. The colonel has often raged at Reuter's as being nothing more than a British propaganda outfit, and once characterized Reuter's dispatches as "poison copy."

However, in announcing the deal, the Tribune said that Reuter's now operates like the Associated Press, under a charter that guarantees complete and unbiased coverage.

When John S. Knight bought the Daily News for $2,150,000, having outbid the New York Post, and Adlai Stevenson, representing a group of News executives and other interests, it was the general opinion in Chicago

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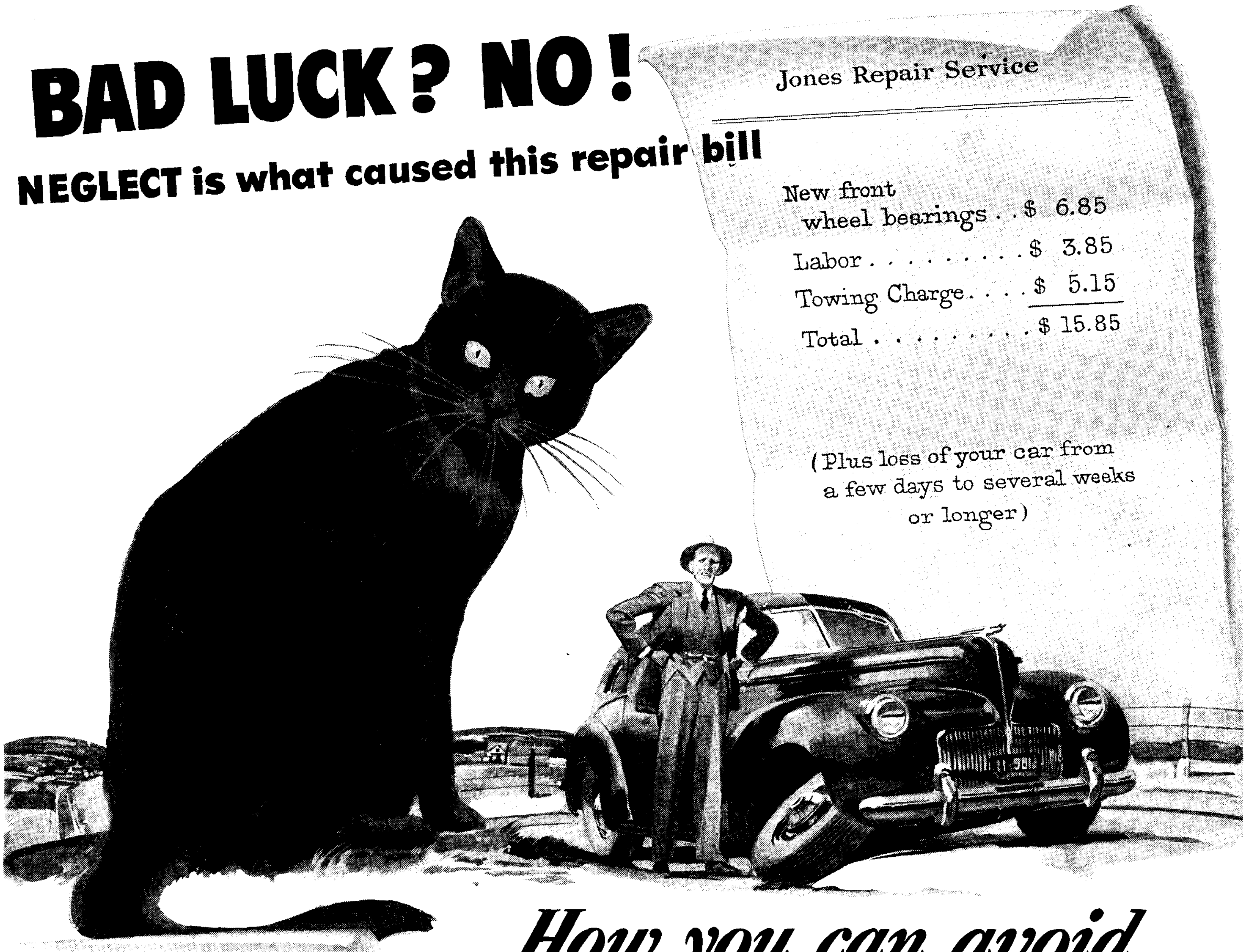

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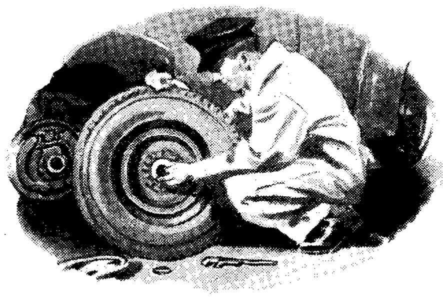

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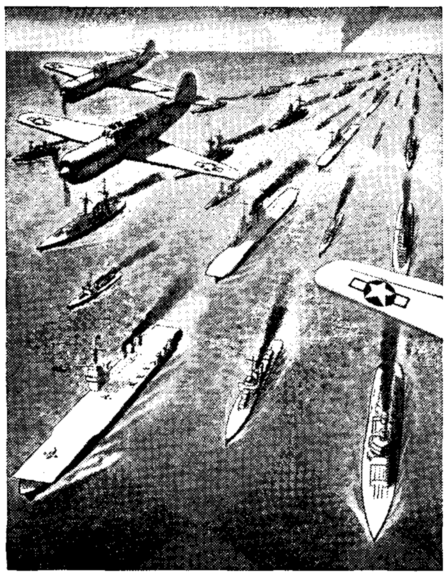

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that when Knight walked in, most of the old-time News men would walk out. But nothing of the sort happened; there have been several resignations from the staff, but only A. T. Steele, foreign correspondent, and Paul Scott Mowrer, a News employee for some forty years and editor of the paper since 1935, quit because of Knight. Mowrer resigned three days after Knight took charge of the property; reading the News as edited by Knight gave him a feeling of desecration.

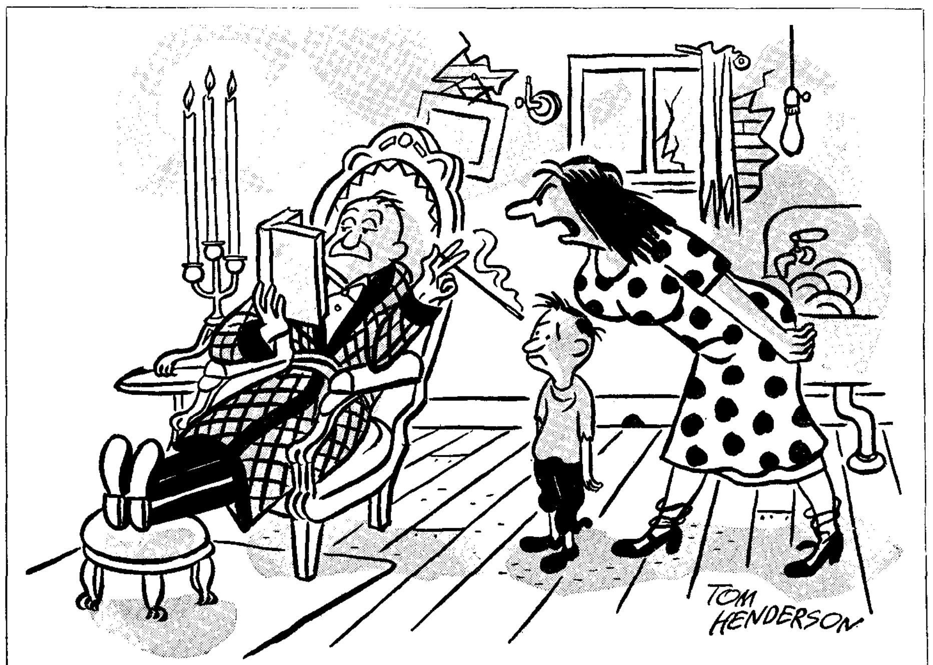
Most of the changes to which Mowrer objected were the brain children of Basil (Stuffy) Walters, whom Knight took from the Minneapolis Tribune last year and installed as editorial director of all the Knight papers, the Akron Beacon Journal, the Miami Herald and the Detroit Free Press. Walters is a newspaperman of the dynamic, high-powered school; he believes in flash, a generous use of blackface type, likes an abundance of short, striking human interest stories on page one.

A Slight Case of Rejuvenation

For a while after Knight took over, the Daily News resembled the Detroit Free Press in makeup, but things soon settled down, and today, except for a larger type face, the paper looks much the same as it did when Colonel Knox owned it. The paper, however, has a generally livelier tone. Walters also ordered cutting and some rewriting of dispatches sent by the News' foreign correspondents, material which in the old days was sacrosanct and was usually printed at great, and sometimes pretty dreary length.

William Stoneman, head of the News correspondents in Europe, hurried home to protest, but soon returned to his post mollified by the assurance that foreign copy would be held as sacred as possible. He was also assured by both Stuffy Walters and Knight that the Daily News would continue to be edited in Chicago.

Knight is already spending a great deal more money on the Daily News than the late Colonel Frank Knox ever did. He is putting some into the paper's foreign service, always one of the Daily News' important features, which is now syndicated to some sixty papers for enough to pay about two thirds of its cost. He has bought new features, and is anxious to buy more when they are available; most of the best are already used by the Sun, the Herald-American and the Times.



COLLIER'S "It's not hard to see where all our money's going!" TOM HENDERSON

There is even talk that the News' low wage scales may be increased. Old-timers on the Daily News say that Colonel Knox spent as little on the paper as possible; he bought the property on a shoestring, and had to have regular dividends to pay for his stock.

In general, Knight is maintaining Knox's policy on the News and, in the opinion of most newspapermen, is observing the injunction of the colonel's will to preserve its distinct character. Although a registered Republican, Knight keeps his papers politically independent. In the last election he supported Senator Pepper, a New Deal Democrat, in Florida. In Ohio he was for Dewey, Taft and Lausche, the latter the Democratic candidate for governor. In Illinois he supported Dewey and Republican Governor Dwight Green, Democratic Senator Scott Lucas, and Democratic Representative Emily T. Douglas.

Knight also runs each of his papers as independent units, with no transfers of personnel such as are common to other chains. For none of them is there any "must" copy, except a column called The Publishers Notebook, written by Knight.

Chicago newspapermen haven't yet figured out how Knight will react to the predicted circulation wars, or how he may line up with the other papers. They think, however, from what he's already shown, that he's capable of defending himself and will do so. Some profess to see considerable significance in the fact that he immediately ordered the News' feud with Colonel McCormick stopped, and issued orders that no more McCosmic cartoons were to be published. But Knight himself explains this.

"I don't intend to inherit any fights," he said. "If I am to have them, I prefer to start them myself. That's why I stopped the attacks on Colonel McCormick. But of course," he added thoughtfully, "the material remains in our files."

THE END

Underwater Tidbit

Continued from page 52

before retreating into the cold, mysterious depths of his domain.

We are now over rocks, and the water here is about eighteen to twenty feet deep; a good spot, for since an abalone spends his entire life on one patch of rock, there is no point in seeking him elsewhere. It is the only surface on which he can navigate, and if a bad storm dislodges him into the sand, he is quickly smothered and washed ashore.

It looks a bit dark and forbidding down there, yet those black gorges and caverns are the home of our quarry. That gloomy patch, like a black cloud, is the shadow of kelp floating on the surface. Watch it! Occasionally after a very exhausting dive when you shoot up to the surface, anxious for a gulp of air, you will run into a seemingly solid patch which prevents you from breaking through. If you become panicky—a natural impulse when your lungs are empty—you may get badly tangled in it while lashing about. Either pry your way through it calmly or move to a better spot.

You probably cannot see the abalone from the surface, but they are there, carefully camouflaged by nature. Take a good breath, and down we go! At about ten feet, the pressure on your face plate will be noticeable. Exhale enough air through your nostrils to equalize it. Deeper! The rocks are covered with gelidium moss that appears as delicate blue-gray lace. You don't worry about air, for there is a dreamlike quality down here that alters the precept of time. On the canyon wall, you see what at first seems to be a small rock, clinging to the stone; a hump covered with barnacles and coral, with a whiskery growth on it. That's an abalone!

The trick now is to approach swiftly and surely; timing is everything. You must slip your tire iron under his shell before he clamps down tight, otherwise you'll have trouble dislodging him. Once under, a quick flip of the wrist breaks his grip before he can apply his powerful suction; like a turtle, he's helpless once on his back. But keep your fingers clear! A pale, milky substance colors the water as he comes loose.

Don't look now, but there's a shark behind you! Ignore him. He's only a six-foot leopard with an insatiable curiosity but quite harmless to an adult. But detour around that dark-brown, banjo-shaped menace bobbing along the bottom. He's a sting ray, or stingaree, and carries a nasty spine on the top of his tail. You'll be in a bad way if he stings you.

A Dangerous Fish to Meet

And while we're speaking of danger—watch out for a moray eel. He's a vicious, snake-shaped creature with savage wolf teeth. A friend of mine had his arm slashed recently. Often the moray will lock his jaws, bulldog fashion. If you are in open water, you can drag him to the surface and kill him. But be wary around rocks, for he has peculiar muscles in his slab-sided tail which enable him to hook onto a rock, and if he's big enough, he may hold you there.

All this is part of the game, however, and we're after abalone.

This cave is a likely spot. We'll nose inside, gingerly, to be sure. It's almost totally dark, and we grope our way. High up on a ledge we see a row of eyes watching us anxiously. *Lobsters!* They have no claws, like the Eastern lobster, but, if you disturb them, they can rake you painfully with their tails.

Feel along the walls of the cave for the telltale hump of an abalone. At the far end of the cave, we see a pair of bright, pinpoint eyes retreating. Probably an octopus, but the chances are a hundred to one he is too small to bother us, if we don't bother him, for he's shy and nervous. The larger ones usually live in deeper water, and don't underestimate them. The most ghastly experience I ever had was a fight with a twelve-foot octopus I idiotically dragged aboard a boat. If I had encountered him underwater, I would not be writing this.

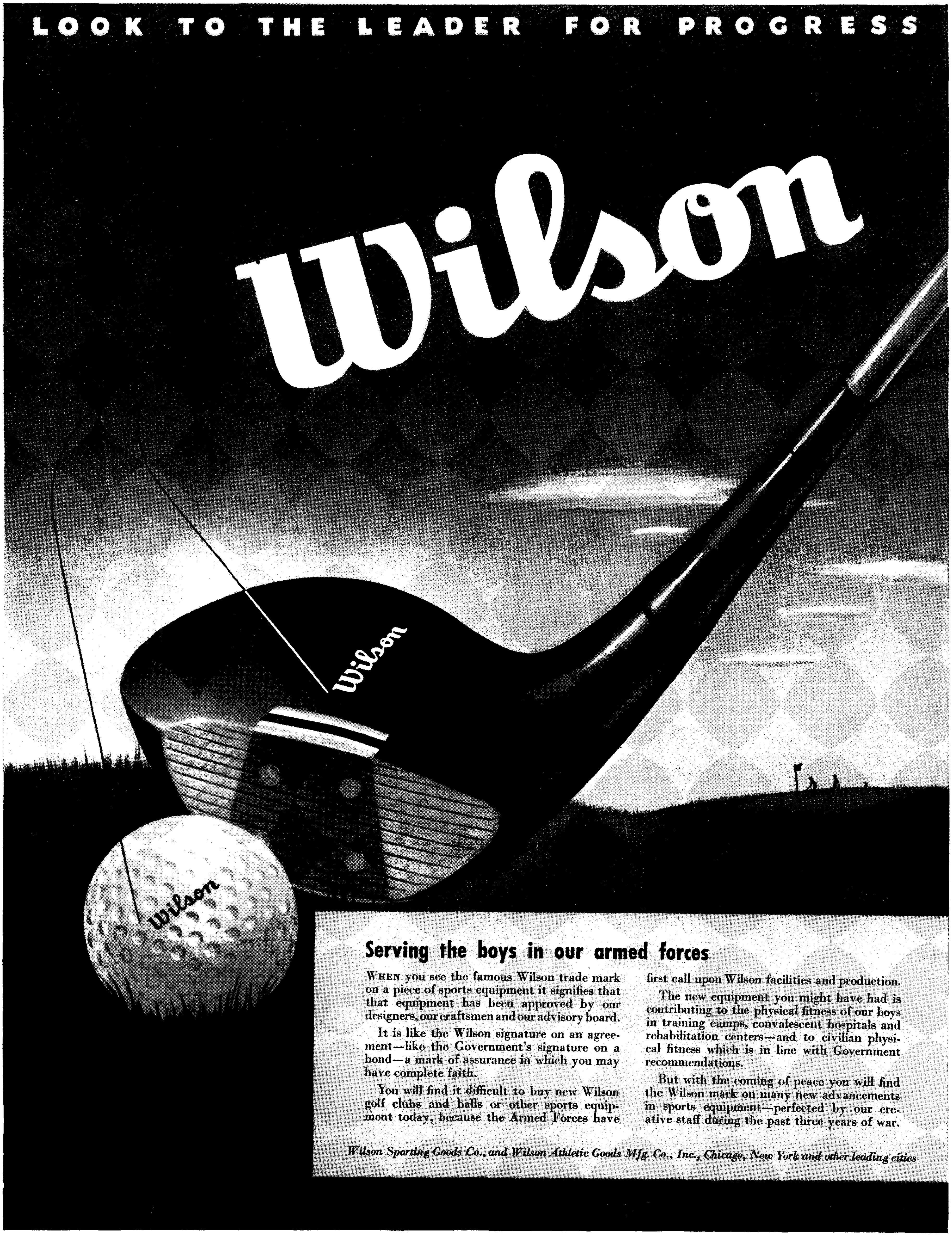
We take an abalone and start back. Pay no attention to that large, toothy fish with the hump on his head. He's a sheepshead, trailing along like a jackal, just in case we drop our prize.

Myriads of dainty little colored fish watch us as we leave this cavalcade of Neptune for our own world. The light grows stronger and the water warmer until at last we break through the looking glass. Our abalone will make a sumptuous repast. We'll call it a day.

The abalone is pried loose from his shell with the tire iron. He comes in two sections: the meaty foot and the intestines. Before discarding the latter, we search for a possible pearl. The foot is trimmed of its fringe and all dark meat, leaving a whitish chunk, which we slice into steaks about three eighths of an inch in thickness. This must be done while the abalone is still alive. After a three-hour wait, the steaks are placed on a firm, hard surface, such as a slab of granite, and pounded with a heavy wooden mallet to break the tissue. This is one of the most important steps in the processing, for without proper pounding, the meat would be too tough to be edible.

Dipped in cracker crumbs and fried in butter *only thirty seconds* to a side, the abalone steak is then ready to prove to the epicure that the hunt was worth the trouble.

THE END


LOOK TO THE LEADER FOR PROGRESS
Wilson
Wilson
Wilson

Serving the boys in our armed forces

When you see the famous Wilson trade mark on a piece of sports equipment it signifies that that equipment has been approved by our designers, our craftsmen and our advisory board.

It is like the Wilson signature on an agreement—like the Government's signature on a bond—a mark of assurance in which you may have complete faith.

You will find it difficult to buy new Wilson golf clubs and balls or other sports equipment today, because the Armed Forces have first call upon Wilson facilities and production.

The new equipment you might have had is contributing to the physical fitness of our boys in training camps, convalescent hospitals and rehabilitation centers—and to civilian physical fitness which is in line with Government recommendations.

But with the coming of peace you will find the Wilson mark on many new advancements in sports equipment—perfected by our creative staff during the past three years of war.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities

Idaho's Hot Potato

Continued from page 21

out to California and took a job as a painter's helper in a war plant. But when Senator Thomas prepared to run in 1942 for the full term, there was the Cowboy Crooner again. This time he had only his wife left of his roving cavaliers and he knew he had to do something to get in the limelight again. So he bought a horse and a big hat and announced that because of the gas shortage, he was going to campaign on horseback, as any patriotic citizen should do. He won the Democratic primary again, this time by 2,052 votes, from Charles C. Gossett, the present governor. Thomas beat Taylor again in the finals, 73,353 to 68,981.

Taylor sold his horse and retreated anew, this time to become a sheet-metal worker in a factory in San Francisco. He stayed there eighteen months and made good money but he had little of it left when the election bug got him again in 1944, and he came back to Pocatello to open his headquarters.

"You make it in war plants," he says, "and the groceryman takes it away from you. Don't let anybody tell you there's a fortune in *that* work."

He had decided that the ballyhoo stuff was worn out and he discarded the cowboy hat and the banjo. Again he had no money for radio or advertisements. He spent $15 on a small radio hookup to ask for contributions and didn't get his original investment back. He scraped up $60 for handbills and, for the rest, confined his campaign to writing letters.

"I sat down at the beginning of the campaign and wrote three thousand letters in longhand," he says. "It almost killed me."

A Campaign Plus Entertainment

This time he was running in the primary against Senator D. Worth Clark, the incumbent. Senator Clark was accused of being an isolationist and a lukewarm follower of President Roosevelt. To the best of his ability, Taylor conducted a dignified campaign, but often the audience demanded a little extra entertainment, and the candidate and his family supplied it. A prominent member now was his son Arod (Dora spelled backward), aged nine and a future actor if anybody ever saw one.

"Arod would do It Ain't Gonna Rain No More in Chinese," says the senator. "Not really Chinese, you know, but just like Chinese, and Dora and I would harmonize a bit. Then the three of us would do a number where we sing three separate tunes together."

It must have been enough, because Taylor beat Senator Clark by 216 votes in the primary, and later won over Governor Bottolfsen by approximately five thousand votes.

"The state committee decided to come in and help this time," says the senator. "They probably figured that the only way to get rid of me was to elect me."

This is where the fear of democracy enters. There have been several attempts in Idaho to change the primary laws on the theory that winning the primary is too easy. With the vote being split up among several candidates, the primary totals were: Taylor, 10,711; Clark, 10,495.

"That's almost as bad as the poll-tax states," say the objectors. "It allows any buffoon to come in, make a loud noise and sneak through with an election."

In Senator Taylor's case, however, it may be pointed out that the electorate had a good chance to look at him in four contests and seemed to enjoy the view. If he is loathed in many sections, he must be loved in others. If his case means anything at all, it proves that democracy can reach down into the lower regions and dredge up a candidate it prefers. All that counts now is how Senator Taylor acts in Washington, and he is very serious about his obligations there.

He is the twelfth of thirteen children, and they have all been actors. This started when his father, "Pleasant John" (P. J.) Taylor, gave up his job as a Texas Ranger (youngest ever known, the senator says) and started for Oregon to get his health back. He had always been a religious man and now took to the cloth. Preaching in mining camps en route was all very well but not profitable. The family put on amateur entertainments to pay the bills.

Later when they settled in Kooskia, Idaho, where the present senator was born, Papa Taylor was relieved of his church because of an embarrassing habit of pointing a finger at sundry important communicants and asking them publicly why they foreclosed the mortgage on poor Widow Zwieback or whatever.

Glen did a bit of sheepherding but soon (at the age of thirteen) became manager of two movie theaters owned by his brother E. K. (that's all; just E. K. Taylor), now of Missoula, Montana. One house was at Kooskia and the other at Stites, three miles away, and the dates were arranged so that Glen could walk between them. The theaters were storerooms with wooden benches and one projector. "There will be a short delay while reels are changed," says the senator. "That kind of a movie house."

But when Brother Ferris and his wife came home from being in a stock company in Santa Rosa, California, Glen's goose was cooked. They soon sent for him to take an acting job, and he was thrown at once into a routine that called for four different shows a week. The company knew them, but Glen didn't and worked twenty hours a day getting up on them. He played a heavy, but when Ferris acquired a bald spot, Glen became the leading man and Ferris the heavy.

"Now that I've told you the facts of life, son—er—did I get 'em right?"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

Next year they formed their own company called the Taylor Players, and everything went well till the tent burned in Canyon City, Colorado, and the depression of 1921 hit them almost simultaneously. Glen caught on with the Slade Musical Comedy Company and played eight weeks in Lewiston, Montana, and sixteen weeks in Great Falls. It was there that he met Dora Pike.

"What's your ambition in life?" asked Dora.

"I save my money," said Glen.

"I do, too," said Dora. "Let's join up and have our own show."

They were married, and the Glendora Players started their career. They had a company of twenty, including brother Paul Taylor and his wife, but when the depression of 1929 struck them, the players started melting away like Saturday's lollipops. Also, sound pictures had just come in, the sound equipment took up all the space backstage (horns everywhere), and they couldn't get into theaters. They began to play in places where stereopticon views were still held to be a work of the devil, and the pickings were light.

"People brought chickens and vegetables and traded them for tickets. The adults couldn't afford to come but they'd send their kids. Often we had a full house with no more than two or three adults. Some nights we'd take in only two or three dollars, and that's when I started thinking about economics."

The first book that influenced Taylor was by Stuart Chase, but what really set him thinking was an opus by King C. Gillette, the safety-razor king. Mr. Gillette admitted that he was out for every dime he could get, but it struck him as funny that the country could be full of good food while people were starving. He advocated some sort of plan whereby everybody would be a stockholder in the country. It is vague now but it stirred the future senator very profoundly.

Things were getting a little better for the Glendora Players all along, and they were managing to stay off relief, but they ran into real competition in Great Falls from Ralph Bray's Rainbow Players. The Bray outfit was admittedly inferior to the Glendora troupe (there were now seven in the company), but Bray was taking in twice as much every night. The difference seemed to be a radio program the Rainbow Players put on every day over a small station. Bray was the drummer, his wife strummed out chords on the piano, and there was a sax, a guitar and a mouth organ. The thing was so corny that Glen shuddered with esthetic disdain—until he found that Bray was getting all the business.

He tried to counteract this by hiring a swing band for a radio show of his own, but the results were indifferent. Glen met Bray one day on the street and asked him what was the matter.

"You're too good," said Bray. "You got to hoke it up."

Forthwith, the Glendora Players proceeded to learn instruments. Glen had once strummed a ukulele, so he now acquired a guitar with four strings and strung it like a uke. Later he took up the banjo because it made more noise. Dora faked the piano, Brother Paul tackled the trombone, and his wife conquered the sax—all from lessons out of a book. They went in for cowboy songs, and their success was immediate. "Paul was the one that did it," says the senator. "They always yelled for the trombone."

Glen was by now interested in politics and took time out to try to organize a Farmer-Labor party in Montana and North Dakota, but his luck was so negligible that he finally gave it up.

"The trouble is," he says sadly, "people just don't seem to like one another well enough sometimes. I don't see why people can't get along without fighting."

But, as has been hinted before, his first experience did not discourage him and he was soon living in Pocatello and preparing for his career. He wasn't a lawyer, he hadn't been in the legislature and his education was sketchy, but he knew how to talk and he had plenty to say.

Vardis Fisher, the famous Idaho novelist, has written about him: "I imagine Glen Taylor must be one of the greatest speakers of our time. I listen to Glen every time I get a chance, not because he ever says anything, but because he says nothing superbly."

Be that as it may, the senator said enough to get himself elected, and when he arrived in Washington with his wife and two boys (the baby is Paul Jon), he had determined upon a conservative course of action. Behind him were the cowboy hat and Ranger, his "beautiful dapple-gray." The family had brought along their instruments for their own amusement but had no intention of using them publicly.

Then Senator Taylor ran into fate, in the person of the late John J. Halsey, secretary of the Senate, who had the reporters and photographers waiting, all primed with memories of his Cowboy Crooner. "Here, put this on."

He handed Mr. Taylor a cowboy hat three sizes too big for him, arranged to get his family and the instruments from the hotel, and then they sat on the steps of the Capitol while the senator sang, to the tune of Home on the Range:

"Oh, give me a home
Near the Capitol dome
With a yard where the
Children can play.
Just one room or two—
Any old thing will do.
We can't find a
Play-hace to stay."

It made every paper in the country and raised the temperature of certain sections of Idaho to the popping point. "The great radio personality who is about to represent us in such splendid fashion in the halls of Congress will next probably demand a microphone in the Senate for his elegant periods," was the gist of one bitter editorial.

As a matter of fact, Senator Taylor had already been considering it. His remarks on the acoustics of the Senate Chamber have already been mentioned. He has other suggestions for betterment.

"All the Senate gallery does is create ill will," he says. "Visitors see a senator making a speech and the other senators are paying no attention to him. That's because they can't hear him. I understand they once tried microphones but had to give it up because the mike caught all the remarks on the side, such as 'What's that fool talking about now?' But the microphones are much more sensitive now and could be hung high enough, so speeches could be easily heard, but side remarks wouldn't register. Then they ought to hand out a paper up there in the gallery explaining that just because a senator isn't on the floor, he's not necessarily asleep; he is probably in a committee hearing."

Claims Committee His Pet Peeve

Senator Taylor belongs to the liberal bloc of the Democratic party and is on the following committees: Banking and Currency, Indian Affairs, Public Lands, Post Offices and Post Roads, and Claims. The latter is threatening to drive him nuts.

"Now, what do you think of this?" he asks hotly. "Every claim against the government for more than five hundred dollars must be settled by this committee. There must be thousands of them. They give me two or three at a clip, and I plow through them. Think of the time that wastes. Look at this one; it'll take me a week just to read it."

It was most certainly a bulky bundle. Here was the senator all prepared to tackle foreign affairs and large national issues, and he had to decide whether a car that got bumped by an Army truck really was on the right side of the road. His wife, who is also his secretary, was nodding her head dolefully. Arod was in seeing the folks after school but he seemed unworried. He is very good at the piano, is Arod, according to his mother, but he likes the clarinet best.

"Like Benny Goodman," says Arod.

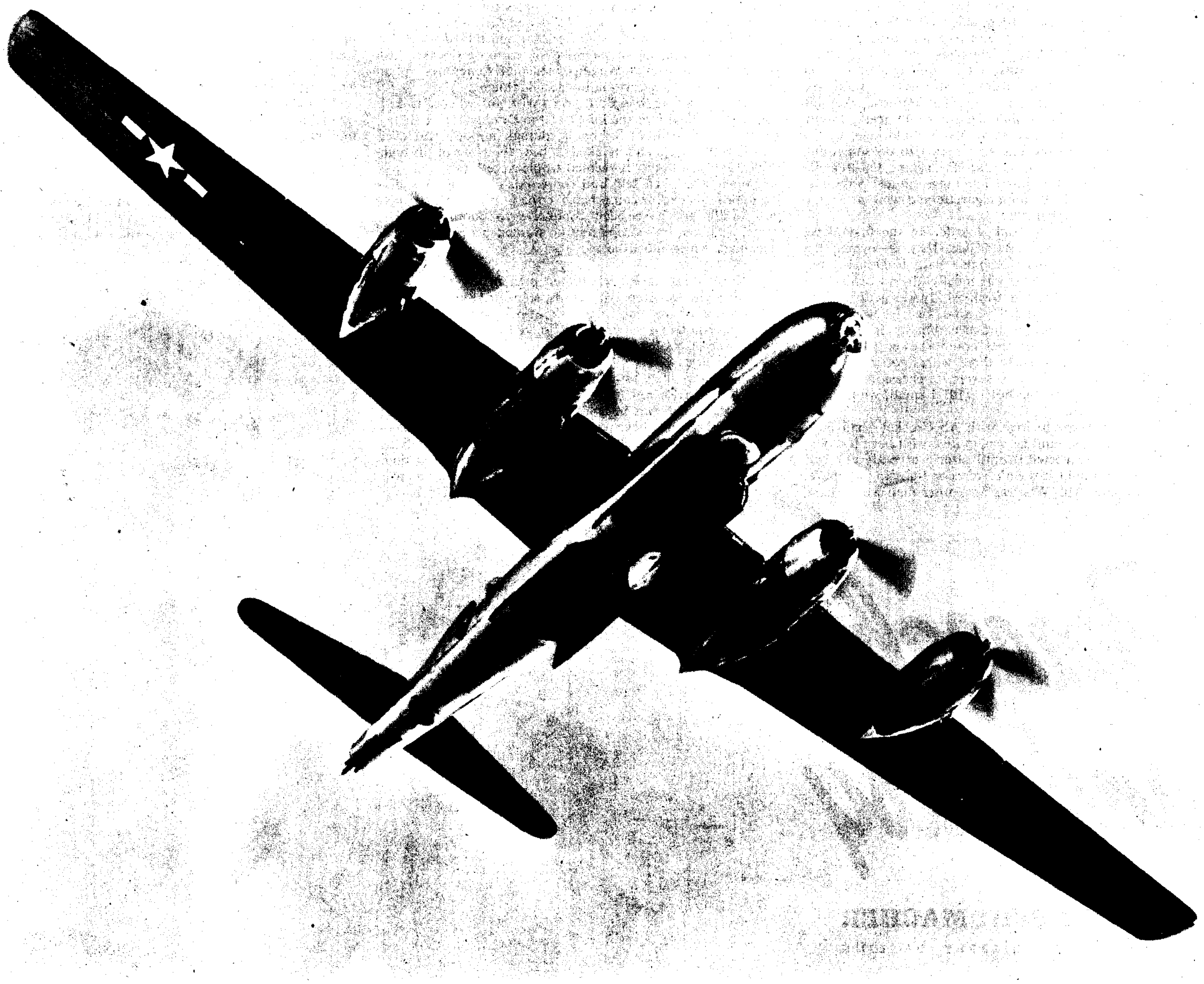
They have bought a house (price $15,000) and are now worried about the cost of entertaining.

"People ask us out a lot—generals, admirals and people like that—and we have to ask them back," said the senator. "We're just going to give them Western fried chicken and potatoes. Idaho potatoes."

He is a serious young man, nevertheless, and may surprise a lot of people, including the Idahoans. Anyhow, he will be heard even in that cave of the winds called the Senate Chamber. He has a good, big actor's voice and he isn't afraid to use it.

"It isn't a matter of yelling," says the senator. "It's just knowing how to get it across. You learn that best in dramatic stock."

THE END



Finish the Fight—with War Bonds

Double trouble—for Japs

Bombs are away . . . bomb-bay doors are closing on those empty twin caverns in the big ship's maw. In 40 seconds a shattering explosion will occur in a Japanese factory, 25,000 feet below. . . . "Mission accomplished."

The Boeing B-29 Superfortress is designed for a vital purpose: to carry a larger load of explosives farther and faster, with the ability to fly at higher altitudes, than any other bomber in the world.

The huge, double bomb-bays are the B-29's reason for being. Around them Boeing engineers have built a great airplane. But the superb, aerodynamically clean wing and body, the turbo-supercharged engines, the pressurized cabins, the remote-control guns all serve one goal — *to deliver the bombs.*

Today Superfortresses of the 20th Air Force are pounding enemy industry with steadily mounting fury. In a single day the big planes have roared in over several different targets, from Singapore to Nagoya, and let go tons of destruction.

Manning the B-29 squadrons are picked crews — skilful, cool-headed and courageous — as fine a body of flying fighters as can be found on earth or in air. The Superfortresses, like the Flying Fortresses, represent Boeing's effort to give American airmen the best possible weapons for accomplishing their difficult and hazardous missions.

• • •

When final victory is achieved, Boeing's broad experience in research, design, engineering and manufacture will once more be applied to peacetime aircraft. Of any such product you can be certain . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it will lead the way.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

Peaceable and Easy

BY RAOUL SCHUMACHER

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Love scared Ab Crocket. Folks thought Jeff Penrose did too—at least until Molly Baldridge put him on the spot

EVERYONE knew, or anyway should have known, that Ab Crocket was no coward. He just didn't hold with fighting over a woman. "It don't prove a thing," he always said. "If a woman can't pick her a man without him having to whip every other man between Ribbon Gulch and the Mexican border, why, then, she ain't much account."

That's the way Ab saw it, and in a way it made sense. But in another way it didn't. The West may have its hot-dog stands and filling stations and a neon light or two on Main Street, but at the same time it still has its traditions.

So, naturally enough, when Big Jeff Penrose with his big black hat, dark eyes, and square white teeth, loudly announced his intentions toward Molly Baldridge, everybody within hearing expected Ab Crocket to do something about it. Nothing corny, of course, like asking Jeff to smile when he said that. But just something—almost anything. Spit, maybe, or laugh or roll a cigarette and wink at Molly. But instead, what happened?

Well, you have to go back a little. In the first place, Molly's father—old Mort Baldridge, that is—owned the Doubletree Hotel (Eighteen Rooms—Bath if Desired) but Molly did the managing and was mostly always behind the desk, at least when Ab was in town. Molly was getting along in years for an unmarried girl (she was nearly twenty) and she was pretty, too, though not in a flimsy, birdlike way. She had strong, blue eyes that could skewer a traveling salesman before he could say three words too many, and she had lips that were gentle or severe, as occasion required. On top of that, she ran the hotel with a small, white hand as firm as a gun butt.

Of course she was in love with Ab Crocket—had been since they were kids—and he was in love with her all along, though he never suspected it until after everybody else had talked it to death and it wasn't even good gossip any more.

That was like Ab. Whereas any other man would have known it from the first, or anyway discovered it on a moonlight night, it was typical of *him* that he didn't suspect it for six years, and that when he did, it not only hit him like a blast from a train whistle, but it also caught him alone and in broad daylight while he was peeling poles for a smokehouse.

It scared him, too, but he took it well for a shy man. He rode into town twice a week after that and talked to Molly about bald-faced cows, the price of cottonseed cake, last year's tornado over at Wagonwheel, and sometimes about the furniture in the new mail-order catalogue.

That's what he was doing on this night when Big Jeff Penrose stomped into the lobby of the Doubletree. Jeff was six foot three without his boots, though nobody had ever seen him that way, and he liked to hear the bang of his high heels against a floor. It seemed to pleasure him.

Some folks liked Jeff, and some didn't, but nobody disliked him out loud because he gave the impression that such talk would not have been conducive to continued well-being. Jeff was bull-strong and he wanted people to appreciate that, which most did.

THERE must have been fifteen men in the Doubletree that night—some playing cards, some arguing, and some just waiting for the nine-forty to hoot past so they could set their watches and go home. Jeff looked them all over and flicked one of his big hands at the lot, like a general putting his troops at ease.

Then he walked toward the desk where he could see Molly Baldridge's red hair just peeking above Ab Crocket's shoulder. Ab was in front of the hotel desk and Molly was behind it, and they were talking—or at least Ab was—about how a man needed thirty acres to a steer, and an extra room in his house for every three kids. Ab hated crowding.

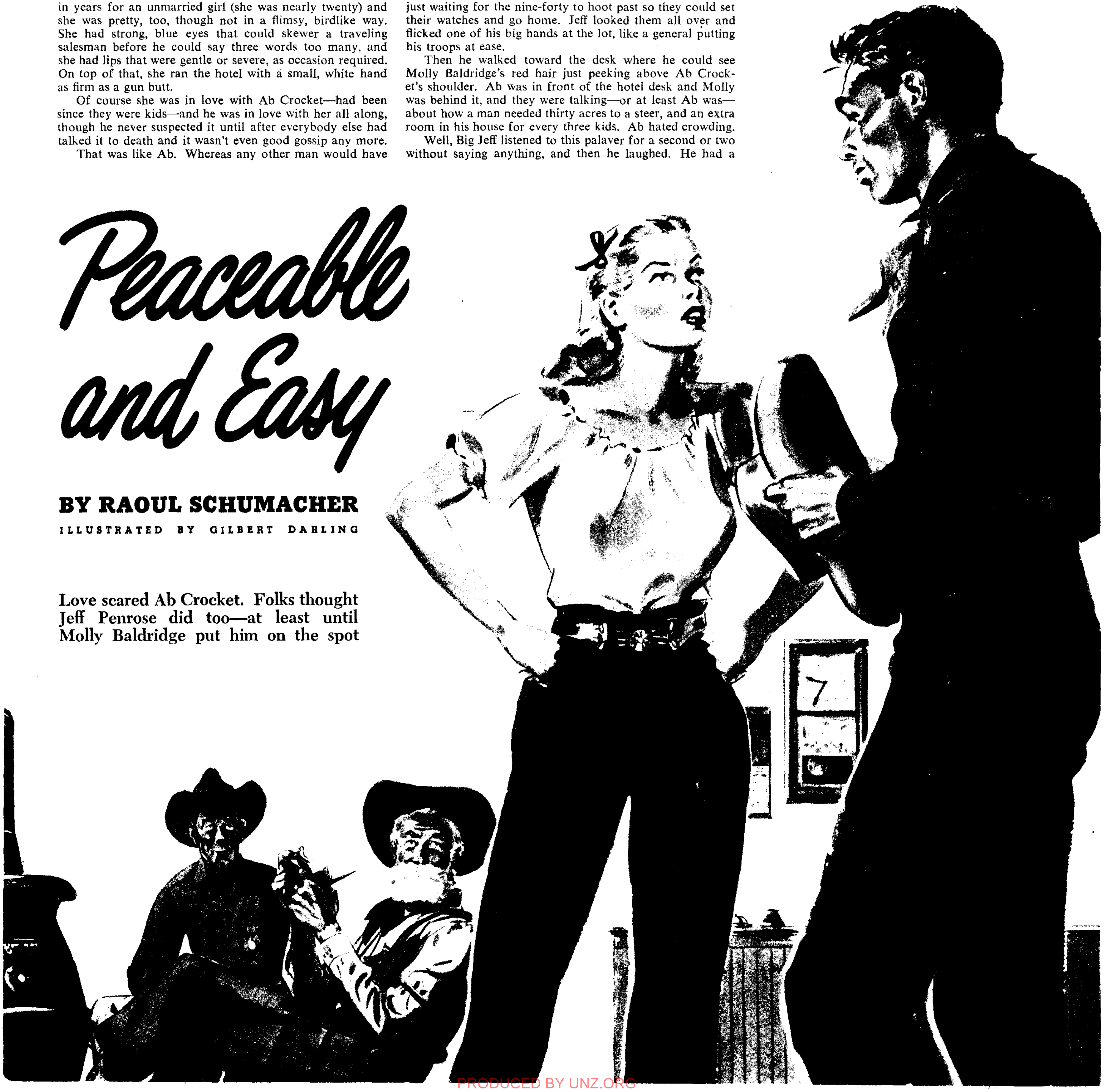
Well, Big Jeff listened to this palaver for a second or two without saying anything, and then he laughed. He had a deep, round laugh like carriage bolts rattling in a barrel, and there wasn't much humor to it. Not then, anyway. Jeff had had his eye on Molly long before Ab Crocket had got his own eyes opened, so to speak, and Jeff put a lot of meaning in that laugh right then—none of it funny.

Ab turned and Molly looked up, and big Jeff stared at her. He stood there with his thumbs stuck under his silver-studded belt and stared right past Ab into Molly's eyes.

She didn't flinch. She straightened up in a businesslike way and handed the stare right back.

"What'll it be, Jeff?" she said.

"It'll be just this," Jeff said. "I've been doing a little thinking, and I've come to the conclusion you're too



Molly let Ab have it as soon as he entered the hotel. "Ab Crocket," she said, "I don't like quarrelsome men, but I like a man who favors his pride"

GEM OF NATURE'S BLENDS

You can learn a lot from a bee

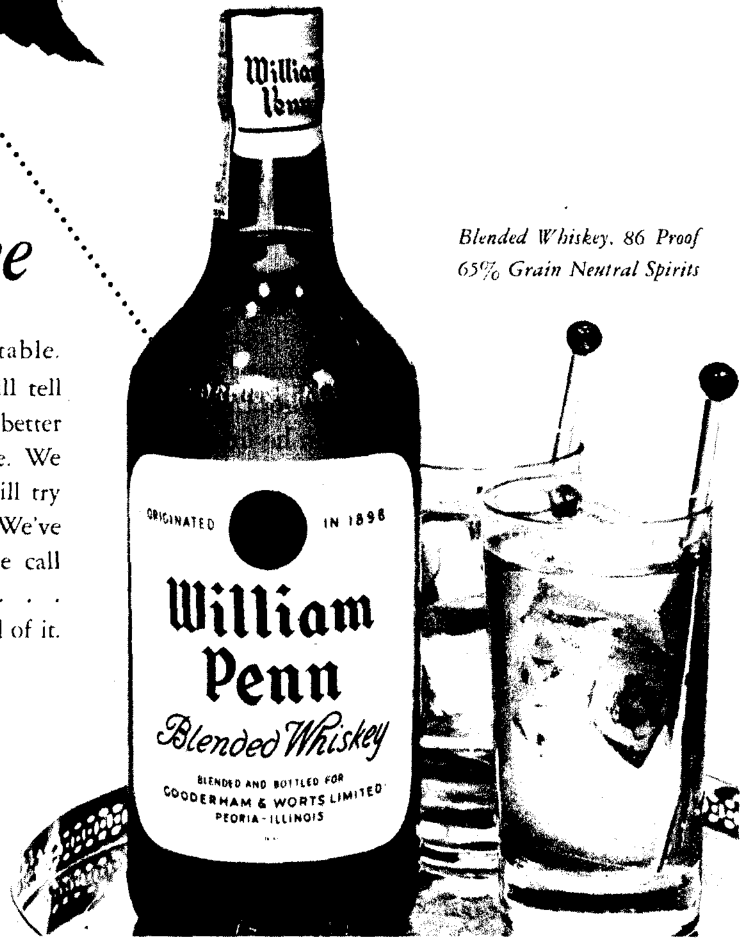
The buzzing little worker in the striped yellow coat is a very smart and important personage. She does the kind of work that's great, if you can get it, and winds up with a store of precious honey—a true blend of nature's goodness. **Now, William Penn** doesn't taste quite like honey, but our distillers *do* follow the same general process. They take the essences of nature's finest grains, skillfully blend them to make a whiskey that's truly smooth and palatable. **We believe** a drink of William Penn will tell you whether it's *your* kind of whiskey better than all the fancy words we can say here. We hope that you, like thousands of others, will try it, like it, and keep on buying it. ★ ★ ★ We've been making whiskey a long time and we call William Penn the *Gem of the Blends* . . . because it's a great whiskey, and we're proud of it.

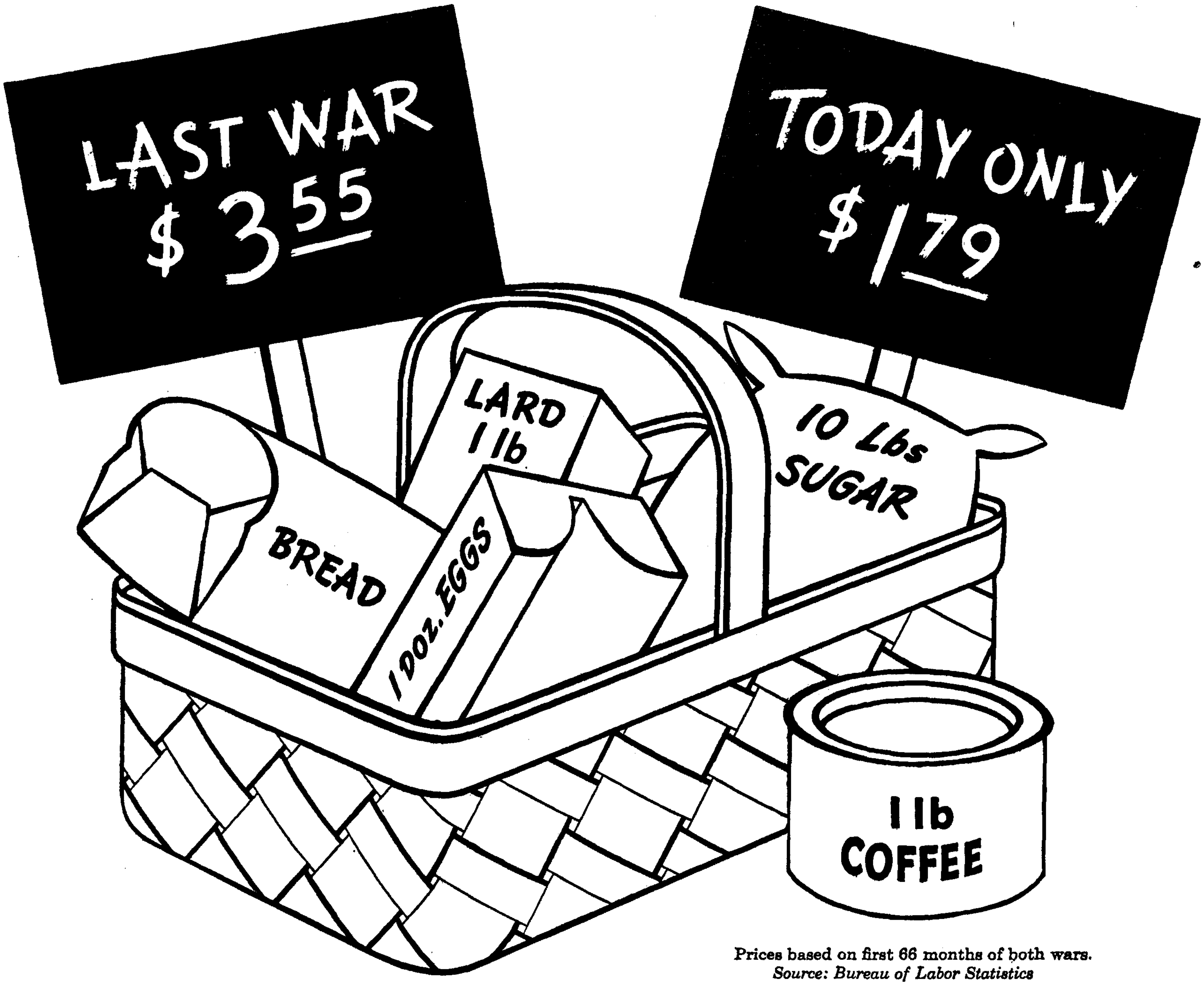
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits


William Penn
ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS



Prices based on first 66 months of both wars.
Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics

Rationing, price and wage controls have held prices down . . . *but the next step is up to you!*

The silliest man (or woman) in America today is the one who thinks he's ahead of the game when he finds a way around the rules of rationing.

Why is he silly?

Because every time you pay more than ceiling prices, every time you buy rationed goods without stamps, you are breaking down the very controls that have kept your cost of living lower in this war than in World War I.

What else can you do to keep prices down? Tuck away every dollar you can get your hands on. Put it safely away into War Bonds, life insurance, savings banks.

Why? With more money in people's pockets than goods to spend it on—every unnecessary thing you buy tends to push prices up.

Save. Don't spend. It's common sense for today—safety for tomorrow.

ONE PERSON CAN START IT!

You give inflation a boost . . .

—when you buy anything you can do without

—when you buy above ceiling or without giving up stamps (Black Market)

—when you ask more money for your services or the goods you sell

SAVE YOUR MONEY. Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to pay for the war and protect your own future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

good to be wasting your time on something that don't amount to much."

Well, maybe there wasn't anything exactly wrong in that. He didn't say, "*somebody* that don't amount to much," and it was a little hard to tell, right off, whether he meant wasted on Ab Crocket, or on running the Doubletree Hotel. But whichever it was, the men who were playing cards stopped playing, and the ones who had been arguing went plumb quiet. Nobody was looking for a fight, but if Jeff Penrose was the biggest man in forty miles, well, Ab Crocket was the second biggest, and there they stood with Molly sort of watching and waiting between them, and the old pendulum clock on the wall counting out the seconds.

It counted out quite a few, and nothing happened. Nobody spoke. Then Big Jeff swung his eyes from Molly and fixed them on Ab Crocket. Jeff was an inch taller than Ab, and thicker in the neck and shoulders, but Ab was lanky and lean-built and easy-moving. Not that he was lazy. But he sure walked with a drawl, and he rode that way, too—peaceable and easy.

"I like to talk straight," said Big Jeff, "and I say a girl as pretty as Molly here deserves a man that's got some rights to the name."

He showed his square white teeth when he said it, and looked around the lobby of the Doubletree. One or two of the boys encouraged him with winks, and somebody snickered. It made Jeff hitch up his jeans and push out his chest a little.

"Or would you want to disagree with that?" he said to Ab.

Well, that certainly looked like the straw that would break the burro's back—camels being scarce in Arizona—but nobody answered Jeff except the pendulum clock. And all the time Molly just stood there, flushed and embarrassed, and some of the men sitting around began to edge their chairs back out of the way—in case.

Ab Crocket never moved. He was leaning with one elbow against the Doubletree desk, and he stayed that way. He had gray eyes sort of like the sky before the morning gets around to it, and he kept them on Jeff's face, looking at it about the way a man will look at a horse he thinks he ought to trade for another horse.

And then he busted the big, quiet bubble that everybody seemed to be sitting in. He just shrugged through it. He said, "The way I see it, it ain't for me to disagree, Jeff. I figure that choosing her man is up to Molly here—and that's the way I'd like to leave it."

And, by golly, he did. He just up and touched the brim of his two-dollar hat to Molly and moved out of there, drawling his way around the scattered chairs and spittoons like somebody leaving a cow auction that didn't promise much.

Well, for quite a spell there was no sound in the lobby of the Doubletree, and there was a look in Molly's eyes that didn't invite talk from anybody. Then Big Jeff grinned, and stomped out of the place. It was plain he'd started something that was bound to grow until it busted wide open. And which it did.

JEFF pestered Ab from that night on, and things got worse and worse. Ab just wouldn't fight. His ranch was about eight miles east of town, up against the foothills, and Ab made his regular trips between it and Doubletree—sometimes on horse, and sometimes in his old flivver when he could get it going—and every time he walked down Main Street in that sleepy-moving way of his, why, Big Jeff was ready with an insult. It got so that even the town kids caught on, the way kids do, and made a crazy song about it:

Where was Ab when the fight took place?
Under the haymow, hiding his face!

And the worse it got, the more stubborn Ab got, until his affair with Molly Baldridge began to fall apart practically in public. Everybody could see it—especially Jeff Penrose. Big Jeff began to hang around the hotel a good deal more, and Ab a good deal less. But Ab had his mind set on it that Molly had to pick the best man without any movie-style thrashing around between him and Jeff, and he never got it into his lantern head that the only thing Molly worried about was the way the town and half the country had turned against him.

Molly figured Ab was right, in his way, but she knew what talk could do to a man in a place like Doubletree. Folks didn't think. They just put Ab Crocket down as yellow-livered and didn't mind saying so right to Molly's face. It was hard to take, but she took it—for a while.

And then came Roundup Week, which is to Doubletree about what the Mardi Gras is to New Orleans, only more select. On the last night, there is a big dance at the hotel with son-of-a-gun stew, barbecued pig, drinking liquor, steaks and, of course, refreshments. Everybody goes every year or regrets it, though a few regret it anyway for a day or so after it is over.

Well, naturally, Molly expected to be with Ab Crocket; she had been the last five times, and this time, in spite of everything, she just took it for granted. Then two things happened.

Jeff Penrose went into Merrick's feed store four days before the big night and stated in plain language that Ab Crocket didn't have the guts of a middling-size coyote, and that, moreover, he (Jeff) would bet up to fifty dollars that Ab would be scared to come to the dance at all.

As usual, there was a citizen of Doubletree on almost every oat sack in Merrick's, and in no time at all Jeff's bet was covered—though he had to give odds. That was the first thing. The second was worse.

Ab turned up at the hotel a few hours later with his two-dollar hat on his head and a sheepish grin on his face, and told Molly that on account of his lumber had come for the new pump house, he couldn't go to the dance. Had to stay home and build, he said, before rain came along and warped the boards.

That was that. Molly had heard about Jeff's bet, and she was pretty sure Ab had. It was too much. She went up in the air like the Strawberry Roan, and let Ab have it. She told him what the whole town was saying and how, finally, she believed it.

She said, "Ab Crocket, I don't like quarrelsome men. No woman does, but I like a man who favors his pride—and I'd like to know where yours is. Big Jeff has run you down all over Doubletree, town and county, and you do nothing but moon over your cows and your pump house! I don't ask you to fight, but I want to know one thing: Are you afraid to fight?"

Well, those are words most men wouldn't take—even from a woman. But Ab just grinned. He fiddled with his two-dollar hat a little and nudged a spittoon with his foot.

"Molly," he said, "like as not, I am. I wouldn't know—never having done much of it. But from where I'm sitting, it looks to me as if the feller that's quick with his jaw is sort of harmless when you come down to it. Now you take Jeff . . ."

But Molly cut him there: "If you think Jeff's afraid to fight, then why aren't you coming to the dance?"

"It's like this," said Ab. "Out where I am, I need a pump house. The way it is now, I don't hardly get . . ."

But Molly didn't listen. She'd had enough, and that bet of Jeff's was just burning inside her like she'd swallowed a branding iron. She slammed the hotel register shut so you could hear it halfway to the stock pens.

"Ab Crocket," she said, trying not to bawl, "I don't know what a man would have to do to make you mad! Belt you with a bootful of sand, I guess. . . ."

"That would do it," said Ab.

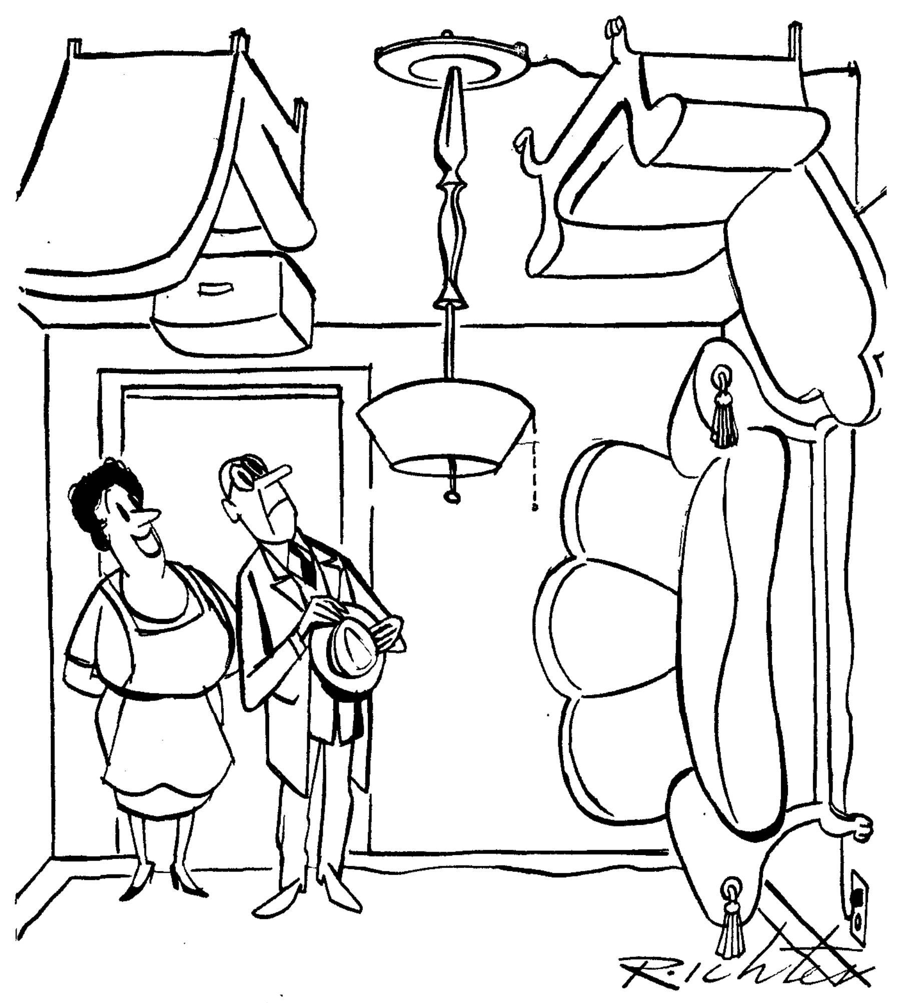
"But I do know this," Molly went on, "I'm through with your dawdling. You may be peaceable, but you don't get anywhere. You never have."

"Takes time," said Ab.

"It takes more than that," Molly said, "with me. I've stood by you, Ab, but I'm through now. If you had ever spoken right up and said, 'Molly, I've come to take you out of here,' I would have gone. But that takes a man, and the way things look now, what with Jeff and the whole town . . ." She blubbered then and bit her lip, but she turned away in time for Ab not to see it.

AB WENT out of there, looking just as calm as ever, only not quite so tall. There's nothing like a woman's tongue to shrink a man, and Ab was shrunk. He still didn't give a hoot about Jeff's talk. He hadn't even heard about the bet, though Molly thought he had, and he wouldn't have cared anyway.

What worried him was Molly's saying that if he had come to take her away, she would have gone. It was so simple it nearly floored Ab. He'd been fixing to suggest something like that for the past six months and thought



COLLIER'S "I rearranged the furniture today" MISCHA RICHTER

I'm no strip tease artist

But if I don't get rid of these fleas soon, I won't have enough hair to mess up your blue serge suit, Boss.

What to do? Give 'em the old ONE-TWO. Dust me with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder. That'll slay the pests. Rub it in my coat every week, on my undersides. Then, watch 'em die.

And for my bath, use Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap to kill fleas *and* eggs. It's a real cleaner too—soothes my skin.

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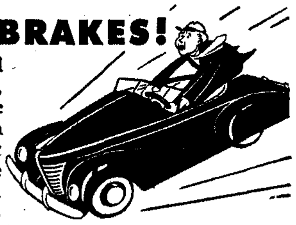
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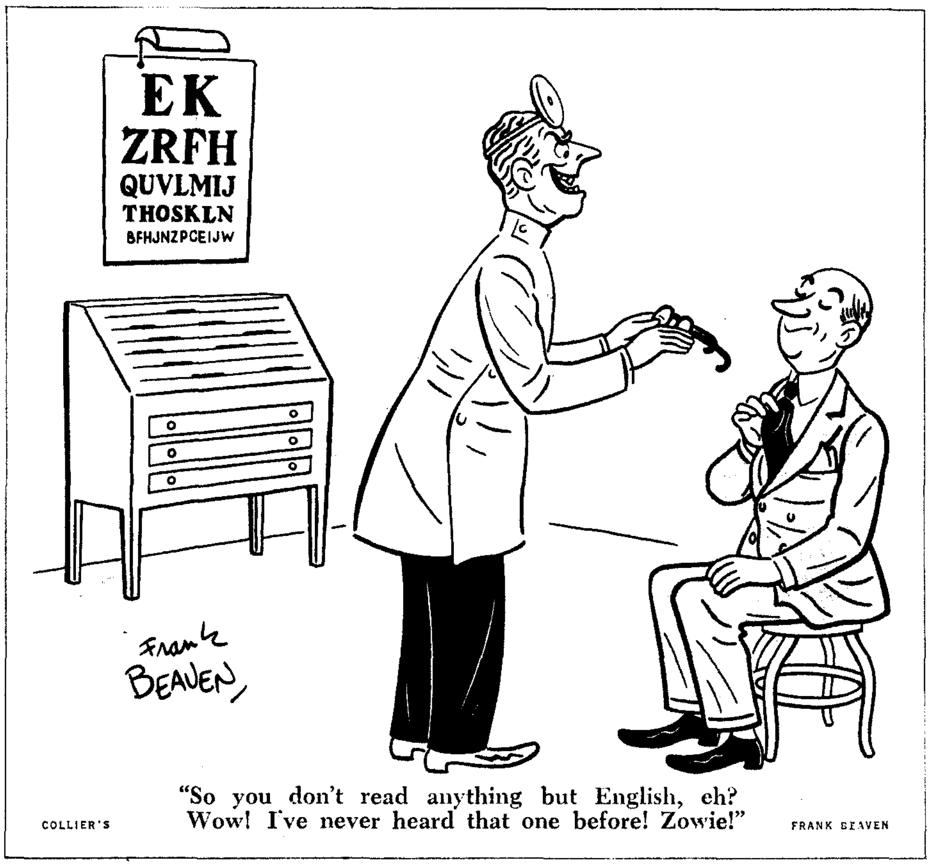


"So you don't read anything but English, eh? Wow! I've never heard that one before! Zowie!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

maybe he'd get it done along about next spring if things worked out right. Then Molly up and said it herself before he even got to it. It annoyed Ab, in a way. He figured she might have come to the point a lot sooner seeing how busy he was with the pump house and all.

He went down Main Street with his head down and his hands in the pockets of his jeans. He was thinking so hard when he passed Merrick's Feed Store that he didn't even hear Big Jeff's crack to the boys about how it sure must have took a lot of milk shakes to make a man like Ab. And he didn't hear the kids yelling their crazy song at him. He got into his flivver and went straight home and wrote a letter to Molly.

It took time, but when he got it done it was a good letter, right to the point, and Ab printed it with a heavy pencil to make it clear. He was through with beating around the bush. He wrote:

"Dear Molly: We have got to settle everything once and for all. I am fixing to get you on the night of the tenth. If you stand by what you said, you will be ready."

Then he signed it with a real flourish: "Abelard O. Crocket."

The night of the tenth happened to be the night of the dance, and Ab worked it out that he and Molly could sneak away easier with all the music and celebrating going on—might go over to Wagonwheel and get married then and there.

He put the letter in his RFD box for Lem Hollis, the postman, to deliver next morning. Then Ab fried some eggs for supper and felt right pleased with himself. He figured once she got the letter, Molly would forget all about the fuss and talk Big Jeff had started. Ab had a good head on him, but he was a mite shy on his knowledge of women.

HE WORKED sixteen hours a day on his pump house, and managed to get a roof on it by noon on the tenth. Then he took a bath in the washtub, put on his mail order pants and a white shirt with a purple stripe in it, and brushed off his hat. Ab was likely looking, dressed up like that, and he felt fine when he got into Doubletree.

The town had all six of its street lights on, and everything was running pretty wild. The pool hall and both bars were open and there was a big pennant strung across the street with the words "Doubletree Roundup" on one side and "Welcome Strangers" on the other. Of course there weren't any strangers, but it was a real hospitable thing to do.

Well, Ab poked his old flivver up against the curb right near the Red Dog Restaurant and climbed out. There seemed to be a good deal of noise, what with people milling around and backslapping and carrying on and all like that.

But the minute Ab hit the sidewalk, things went sort of quiet. A kind of whisper began to run down Main Street. Men at the bars put their glasses down and went outside. Kids popped up in a lot of places—two, three in a bunch—and you couldn't hear a woman talk anywhere, it was that still—kind of uncanny, altogether.

Ab didn't notice a thing. He was feeling romantic—ripe around the heart, so to speak—and he just shuffled toward the Doubletree hotel, smiling the way a man will when he's traded off a spavined horse, or has got the biggest calf crop in years. And for every step Ab took, the growing crowd behind him took one, too.

Nobody talked. They just followed—high heels, flat heels, and the bare feet of kids, all clacking, thumping and padding after Ab. It wasn't natural, but Ab went on dreaming on his way and never turned.

The hotel was lighted up to the eaves, but there wasn't any music from inside. It was silent in a funny way when Ab went in, and it stayed silent after he got in.

There were about eighty people in the lobby, all sitting on chairs against the wall, all staring at Ab, and none of them saying anything. They just sat and watched and waited.

It didn't make sense, and Ab got to feeling creepy when he saw there were no fiddlers or guitar players, and finally realized that the people in the bars and on the streets had followed him. He couldn't reckon it up, so he just stood there looking for Molly and mashing his two-dollar hat in his hands. He was smack in the middle of the lobby when Jeff Penrose stepped out on the floor.

Jeff was as big as ever, but his color wasn't so good somehow. It was a little creamy—though that could have been on account of the lights. Anyway, he stepped to the edge of the floor, and a couple of men behind him nudged him toward Ab. Jeff shook them off and went across the open space, frowning and breathing hard. But his heels didn't hammer quite as loud as usual.

All the same, Ab heard them and looked at Jeff. He even smiled a little, because he'd known Jeff most all his life, and Ab wasn't a bitter man.

It didn't help, though. Ab was still smiling when Jeff hit him. It was quick and hard and right from the boot tops, and it sent Ab sprawling like he'd been dumped off a Brahman steer.

Well, it sure surprised him. Sitting there in front of all those people with his legs stuck out, awkward and clumsy, and a smear of blood beginning to grow on the right side of his jaw, Ab looked about as shocked as a kid that's just swallowed his marbles. It was plain he couldn't figure it, didn't rightly believe it. He felt his jaw and shook his head and spat on the floor like he just wanted to see if he could still do it.

After he'd satisfied himself about that, he began to get up—slow-moving and easy as usual—but a funny light came into his eyes. It didn't come all at once, but it was burning pretty hard when Ab kicked his hat out of the way and jerked his shirt open at the throat.

Big Jeff saw it and knew what it was, and it made him run his sleeve across his lips and step back an inch or two and kind of crouch, with his fists out in front of him.

FOR a second it was just as quiet as a prayer meeting in that hotel.

And then the peacefulness fell off Ab Crocket like water off a bird dog. Fight? Why, that man like to have scared the town of Doubletree half to death. He just moved in on Jeff Penrose the way a power saw moves into a tree. There was no stopping him.

Everything Jeff was proud of—muscles, shoulders, bull neck and shovel jaw—just seemed to stand right out where Ab could slam into it, which he did. In about two minutes it got so Ab's fists were making a sound like a clog dancer's feet. The crowd was yelling, busting chairs, whooping Jeff on and cheering for Ab all at once.

Ab's lips were tight, and Jeff got whiter by the minute, but he hung on. Couldn't do much else, maybe, and he got in some good wallops, too—real haymakers that would have jarred a steer. They jarred Ab and brought blood out on his face in a dozen places. But he seemed to take to it. The more Jeff hit him, the brighter that light in Ab's eyes got, and when he saw Molly, watching him all by herself against the far wall, it got brighter still, though his glancing that way cost him a neat cut under one eye.

It annoyed him, too, that cut, because that's when he laid Jeff out. He just waded in like a man with no more patience to waste, and put Big Jeff to sleep right on his feet. Maybe it was a left cross or a right uppercut, or something like that. Nobody seemed to know afterward—especially Jeff. He curled up like a man too tired to eat or ask what time it is. Ab sort of caught him so he wouldn't hit the floor too hard, and laid him on his back so he could breathe.

A second later old Mort Baldridge came out with a red fire bucket full of water and dumped it on Jeff while the crowd stood around, some trying to pump Ab's hand, some wanting to buy him a drink, and some just staring at him like they didn't believe it.

Ab didn't say anything for a bit. It was clear he hadn't got over the surprise of Jeff's hitting him, in the first place. Didn't add up somehow with Ab's theory about a boastful man not being a harmful one. On top of that, Ab had a lot of respect for old Mort Baldridge, the way everybody had, and it sure wasn't good company manners to mess up a man's hotel—especially on dance night.

It worried Ab and he turned to Mort and said, "Mister Baldridge, I figure I done some damage here."

Old Mort had a white beard and eyes like a pair of flint buttons. He looked at Ab, and then at Big Jeff, dripping wet and just coming to.

"I reckon you have, Ab," Mort said, grinning. "You can't challenge the biggest man in Doubletree to a fight and not mess things up a little. But I'd rather have seen that fight than eat or get drunk. Why, Ab, when Molly stuck that challenge of yours up there on the wall by the desk, the whole town like to have gone loco. Seems like Big Jeff shook like a cornstalk when he read it, and has been shaking ever since. You called his bluff like we hoped you would—and I'm to tell you Molly's gone up to dress for the wedding. Preacher's about due from Wagonwheel, and everybody's raring to celebrate."

Well, if Big Jeff could have raised a finger then, he could have knocked Ab cold with it. Anybody could. Ab just stood there for a minute feeling his sore jaw and thinking hard. Then he pushed his way through the crowd and went over to the hotel desk and looked at what Molly had hung on the wall.

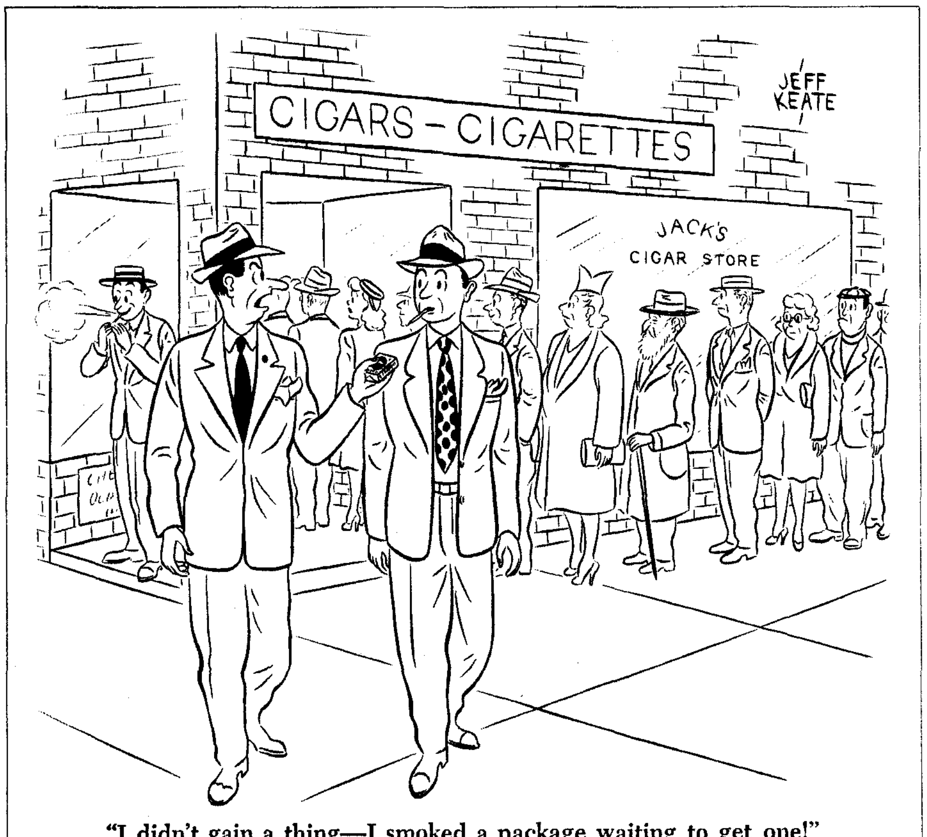
It was Ab's letter all right—big as life, and just the way Ab wrote and signed it—except for just one thing. The words, "Dear Molly," were rubbed out so you couldn't even notice, and instead, the letter started with, "Mr. Jeff Penrose," and went on to say, "We have got to settle everything once and for all. I am fixing to get you on the night of the tenth. If you stand by what you said, you will be ready. . . . Abelard O. Crocket."

Well, reading it that way, it didn't hardly seem Jeff could of done much but put up or shut up—of which he'd done both. And it sure raised hob with Ab's peaceable nature.

It was a real wedding party, too, in the end—what with Molly crying a little, and Ab grinning and running a thumb around inside his collar, and the preacher beaming over his book like sunrise.

What happened to Jeff? Why, it appears he married a girl from Wagonwheel later on, and then got into the prize-fight game and had himself billed as, "The Bull of Doubletree." Did right well, too, for a while. Or so they say.

THE END



"I didn't gain a thing—I smoked a package waiting to get one!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Even above the special pleasure of sharing music with others are the things that music does for you alone as it reaches deep inside into your private world of memories, ambitions, hopes. Sometimes it's loneliness made into a song by a cowboy under the stars . . . or primitive sadness that's worked its way into a dance tune . . . a love song centuries old, or one published yesterday . . . Whatever kind of music means most to you will mean even more when you hear it at its best — on a Stromberg-Carlson.

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HE PLANNED A GREAT BRIDGE . . .

FOR HER IT WAS TWILIGHT BY A LITTLE LAKE

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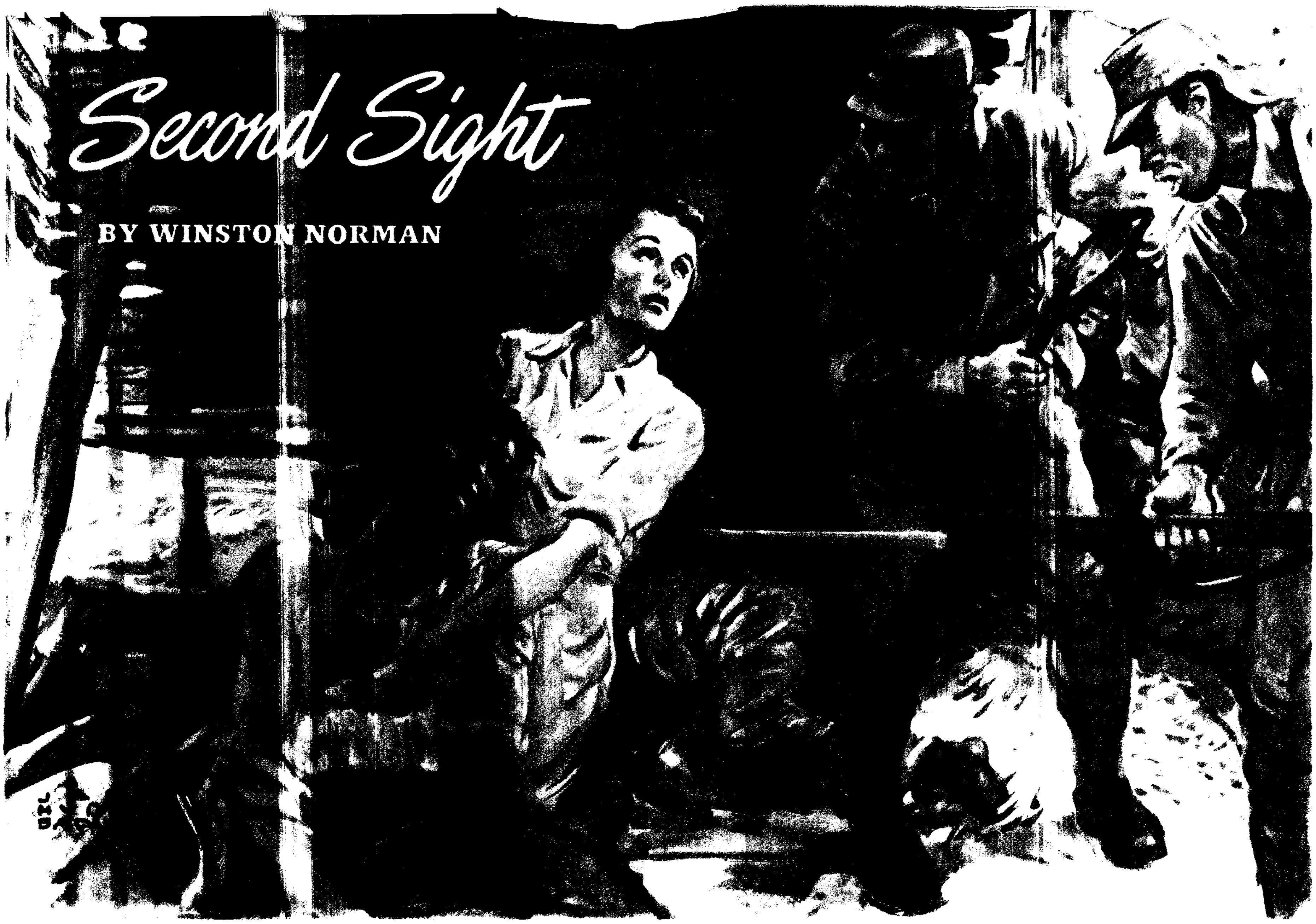
Second Sight

BY WINSTON NORMAN



Somehow she had kept herself—and dozens of men, women and children—alive through three years of Jap torture

YOU didn't marry a girl like Evelyn—a gray mouse in Navy nurse gray, with her gray eyes and flat brown hair, with nose too long, her mouth too small and her ears not flat but pixie. Not with so many pretty girls in the country, you didn't marry her, unless the Navy forced you to.

That made it fantastic, he thought. His orders had been to wait in this pier shed in San Francisco and greet Evelyn Stark, with a band playing and newsreel men standing by, so the country could see him greet her. That, to Lieutenant John Bailey, was no less incredible than the fact that Evelyn was alive. The Japs had presumably finished her three years ago.

Lustily the Navy band struck up California, Here I Come.

Through the din John Bailey could recall Evelyn's own voice, serene and unafraid, as she was in the Philippines three years ago, saying to him as he kissed her, "If you're waiting, dearest, I'll live. I'll see you again." Now he must keep the pact. Was there a way out? He was sure they'd both be miserable. After all, those two brief, glorious, insane interludes they'd had in Manila were born of dread and propinquity, when they didn't think they'd live and when human freedom itself seemed waiting to die.

"That her?"

The voice jerked Bailey's attention up and he caught the brief flick of a gray skirt at the top of the gangplank, but people milled around her shouting congratulations. Evelyn Stark was a national heroine. The delay gave him a few more seconds to think.

Better let Evelyn speak first, Bailey decided. At least he didn't have to dash up the gangplank to her. All he had to do was wait here, convenient to the newsreel cameras and flanked by these two captains with stripes on them like zebras. They'd do a take of the greeting, then a couple of directed retakes, he supposed.

"Let her ashore!" the captain called loudly.

Then, "Ah . . ." and the crowd was suddenly silent.

Bailey looked up again, dreading it. If only she'd been pretty! But she couldn't be. And now once again he saw the same Evelyn Stark, coming down the gangplank with her eyes searching the crowd—for him?—and one glance confirmed the memory his conscience had kept sharp. Those same features, that pixie-pointed ear showing beneath her hair and the gray overseas cap with two bars of a lieutenant on it now! She'd been his Ensign Mouse, in those crazy moments when Manila was falling.

HE REMEMBERED how she spent herself prodigally for others, a fact which always bothered Bailey; although he, with the others, took advantage of it. And in those days, she was always ready with a bright, flippant remark to dispel the defeatism of those around her. Her irrepressibility had been something he had looked for, and never found in other women.

Now she had four service ribbons on her breast. Her breasts had always been too young-girlish, her thighs a little too thick. But now her grays didn't fit her. They'd obviously been borrowed from some other Navy nurse when she came through Pearl Harbor, but that wasn't the real reason.

She was so terribly thin. She was so changed, so heart-rendingly changed to the eyes of John Bailey that he couldn't look, and he put a hand to his face and felt such a flood of sympathy for her that he almost forgot the trap he'd got them both into.

Amazed, then, he heard the crowd cheering. They'd begun to yell, wildly, and they drowned out the Navy band and kept on cheering in a crazy mob way. John Bailey couldn't understand it. Why the hysteria? Of course she was a heroine, yes. She'd kept herself—and dozens of men, women and children—alive through three years of Jap torture.

Also, there was that angle of a fellow waiting. That wouldn't hurt a crowd's emotion, as it hadn't hurt the publicity for John Bailey when he used to be a hero and inadvertently confessed that there had been a girl named Evelyn, a Navy nurse he called Ensign Mouse.

But what did these people see to yell about now? She was practically emaciated.

In fascination, John Bailey kept on looking, for Evelyn had seen him and was coming toward him, and the newsreel men threw on the floodlight in the dimness of the pier shed. The floodlight was almost on Bailey and it would be on Evelyn when she'd taken a few more paces.

John Bailey wondered if the medical admiral was right, what he'd said the other day: "You did it, Bailey. We had the word she was dead twice, and she would have been if it wasn't for you. Damn' good therapy."

Therapy like that exchange of messages? A year and a half ago, via Lord knows what chain of barefooted Filipinos, over how many islands and by which rendezvous with what submarine, and thence dah-ditting over Navy radio, the message had come to his ship:

TRANSMIT FOLLOWING PERSONAL MESSAGE TO LIEUTENANT GEORGE JOHN BAILEY USNR QUOTE I'M ALIVE SIGNED ENSIGN MOUSE UNQUOTE.

A short short story complete on this page

It was wonderful what this country would do to keep just one woman alive behind enemy lines. Obviously her "I'm alive" had been a brave plea needing a brave reply, and although he had a second Navy Cross by that time and pretty girls were easy to get on shore liberty, he'd answered in the same joking vein that hid the urgency of Evelyn's wanting life:

ROGER. I'M WAITING, MOUSE.

Proudly the Navy sent it dah-ditting back toward the Philippines, but there never had come a "roger" of receipt from Evelyn's prison, so of course he had assumed she'd died.

Yet somehow, she hadn't. The proof of that was her very nearness to John Bailey now. Her thin legs faltered only a little, and she was outwardly serene and triumphant in the Navy nurse grays that hung too poignantly big on her.

Navy nurses could marry now. They'd fixed that, all right! There simply wasn't any way out for either him or Evelyn unless she spoke first.

Then Evelyn failed him, too. She didn't speak. She just came slowly up to the glare of the floodlight and waited, with her eyes on him; only just a little tremble to her fingers.

"Get in there, kid," one of the captains said and shoved Bailey.

Bailey took a step forward. And Evelyn took one step. But Bailey faltered when the full cruelty of all that light fell on Evelyn's features and he saw that her ears were still pixie, the nose too long, mouth too small.

Then her eyebrows cocked slightly and she winked just perceptibly as she whispered out of the corner of her mouth, "Okay, sailor, it's your move."

That was the instant when John Bailey stopped thinking about himself and saw what the crazy crowd had seen instinctively, the thing that made them cheer and cry all at the same time . . . Out of the faith that endured torture, the glowing spirit and love that sustained her had been revealed until it showed in her face, a composure of ineffable grace.

She wasn't pretty. She couldn't ever be. She had become beautiful. She was the most beautiful woman John Bailey ever took in his arms.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

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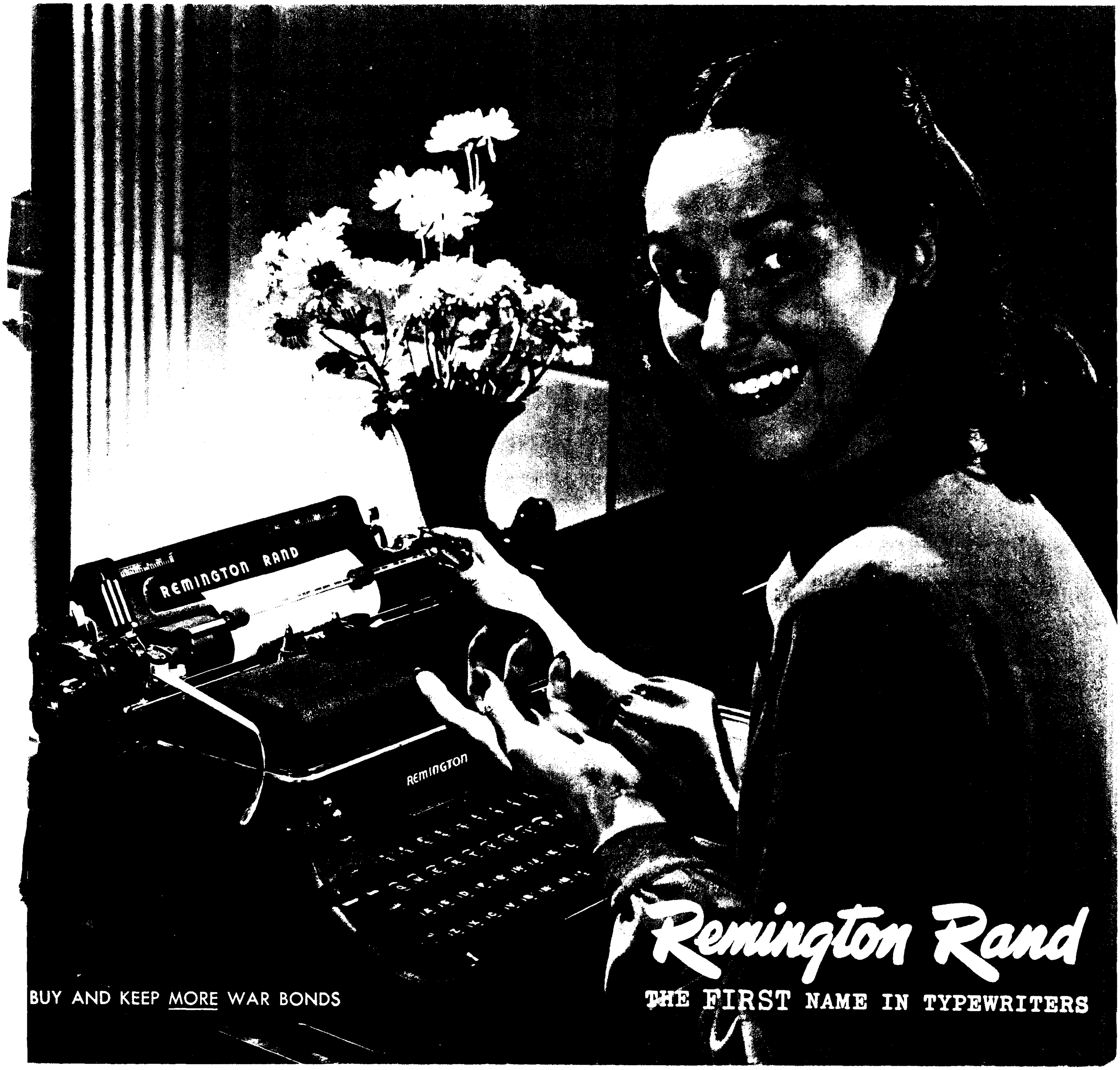
READY NOW is the *new* Remington Rand...the dream typewriter of every stenographer, with its finger-fitted plastic keys, its sensitive Personal Touch Regulator, its action as swift as wings, as silent as snow ... the ideal of every efficiency-minded executive, with its extra capacity, its rugged construction, its matchless print-work, diamond-sharp carbons, jewel-cut stencils. Built with the same craftsmanship which is one reason why more Remingtons have been bought than any other make, it is already being acclaimed by thousands who tell us: "You were right...the *new* Remington Rand *was* worth waiting for!"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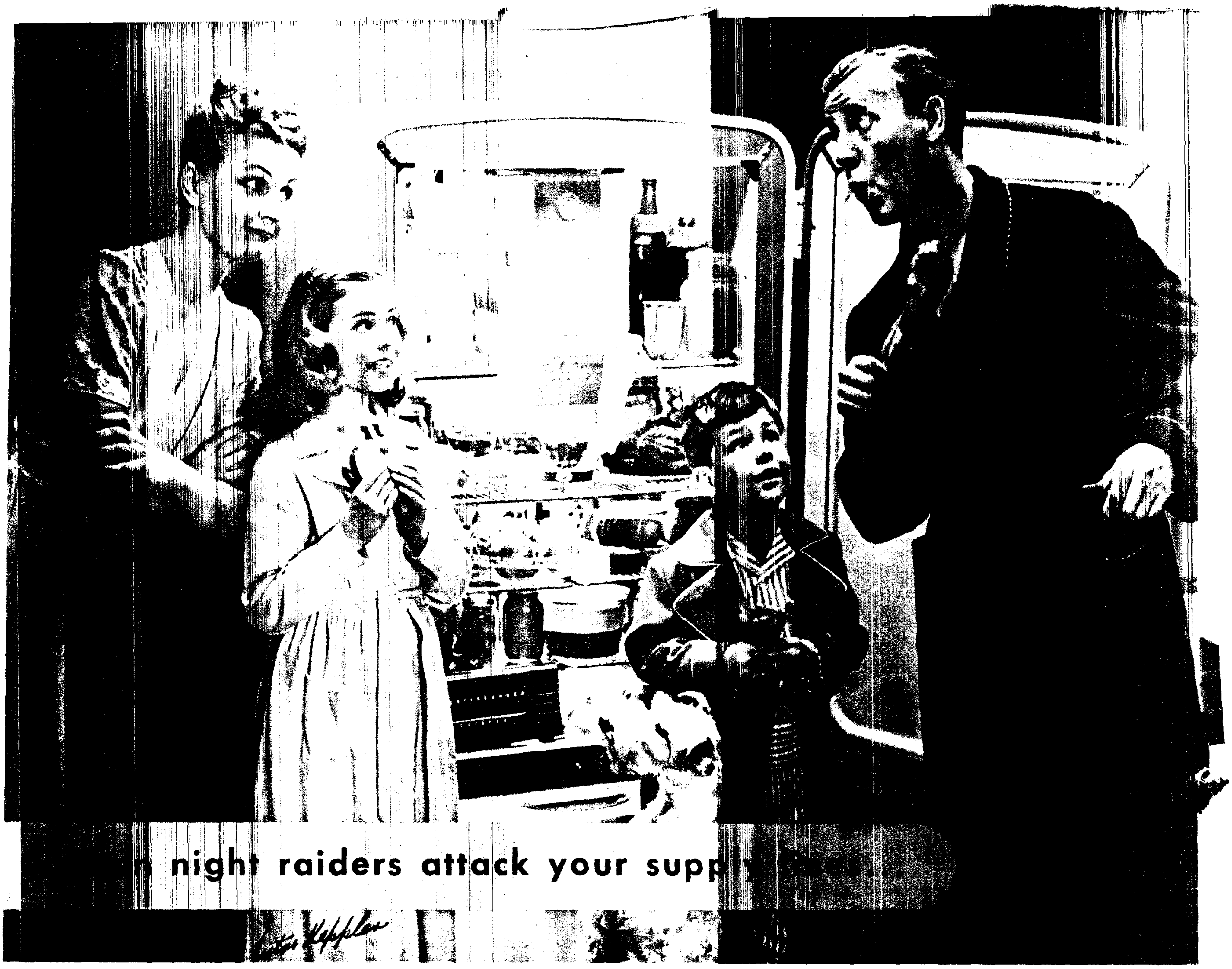

n night raiders attack your supp

You can greet them with a grin . . . if you've been foresighted enough to have a well-stocked refrigerator. And provided, of course, you have *the right type of refrigeration to keep all the food you buy fresh and appetizing.* Come postwar, it will be easy to have exactly the right refrigeration best suited to your needs.

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Then there's a third type of Westinghouse refrigeration coming. It's the exciting new Westinghouse Home Freezer . . . specially designed to freeze and store enough food for 6 months or a year. You'll *like* its "Reach-in Convenience", ingeniously planned so it's easy to put food in or take it out without rearranging everything in the Freezer.

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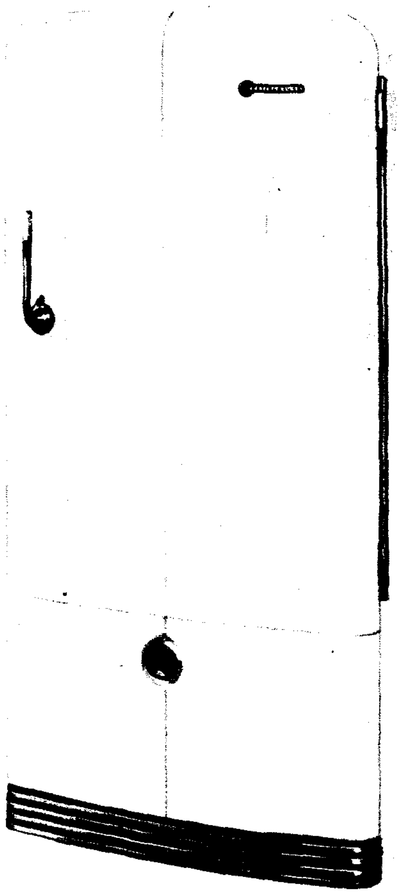


Tune in John Charles Thomas, Sunday 2:30 EWT., N. B. C.
Hear Ted Malone, Mon. Tues. Wed. Evenings, Blue Network

Stalin and World Unity

Continued from page 17

On completion of the Beaverbrook-Harriman mission, I returned to my post at the Navy Department. Sometime later I met Secretary Hull, and my appointment as ambassador was decided on. I got my credentials and, before leaving, called on President Roosevelt for my instructions. My main job was to stimulate the flow of supplies to the Russians but, in addition, Mr. Roosevelt had two messages which he gave me verbally. I was instructed to see Mr. Stalin and tell him that (a) Mr. Roosevelt felt it desirable for him to meet Mr. Stalin personally at an early date, to co-ordinate our efforts in anticipation of the eventual German collapse. When that collapse came, it might be harmful to relations between the United Nations if previous understandings had not been agreed on. And (b) that the President was very much interested in establishing a route across Alaska and Siberia for the delivery of planes.

On April 11, 1942, I arrived in Moscow. Two days later, I had my first meeting with Mr. Molotov, and on April 14th, I presented my credentials to President Kalinin at the Kremlin. On April 23d, I met Mr. Stalin for the first time and gave him Mr. Roosevelt's message.

Mr. Stalin smiled when I mentioned the matter of the personal meeting with Mr. Roosevelt and said, "That matter has been talked about, but nothing has been settled."

Then I took up the matter of the plane route across Alaska and Siberia, and again he seemed disinterested.

"Alaska and Siberia are too cold," he said. "Why not directly across the North Pole? That's easier."

A Trans-Siberian Air Route

I replied that I had had some experience with aviation and had been told that fliers preferred Alaska in wintertime. I said I was sure these practical men knew their business and would prefer the Alaska-Siberia route. Mr. Stalin shrugged again and said that even the Greenland route would be better, and we left it at that.

Although it doesn't follow in chronological order, I want to finish the story of the plane route. It was found that it was difficult to get planes to Murmansk, and the assembly job at Basra was very slow because of the intense heat, the sandstorms and generally crude conditions there.

Washington kept pressing the matter, and in July, 1942, I had a letter from President Roosevelt proposing to help in establishing the Alaska-Siberia route. He made four propositions: (a) to survey the route (furnishing a plane to carry a spare Russian crew); (b) to build airfields and establish air aids (radio beams, beacons, direction finders, etc.); (c) to bring gas supplies in through the Russian rivers flowing to the Arctic; (d) to supply planes immediately on the completion of the route.

Mr. Stalin smiled and replied, "The fields have been built, gasoline supplies have been set up, and we are now sending Soviet officers on missions to survey the routes."

This was an eye-opener to me and gave me a new insight into Russian psychology. They are sensitive about their shortcomings and eager to show the world their best side. They are as reluctant as any other people to be shown up, and if they do anything at all, they want to do it themselves. While there was still a hang-over from their years of isolation, this incident proved to me that they were moving all the time toward co-operation.

This opinion was confirmed when in May, 1942, Mr. Molotov negotiated the 20-year non-aggression pact with Mr. Churchill in London and subsequently came to the United States to discuss plans with the President.

There was, however, an embarrassing outcome of the Molotov trip to Washington. At that time a joint communiqué was issued in Washington which said that "a full understanding was reached with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942."

The Russians regarded this as a definite promise, but I realized immediately that it could be taken several ways. It could mean that an agreement had been made to *have* the second front in Europe or it could mean that it had been agreed *not* to have it. Nothing was definite except that an agreement had been made on a second front. At any rate, it brought our relations to a crisis. The war was going badly for the Russians, and a great agitation arose about the second front.

It was said openly that in the absence of the second front, the "Red Army was fighting the war alone." This refrain appeared in speeches and even in war communiqués. I finally decided that it had become serious and wired President Roosevelt to that effect, urging him to correct the impression left by the Washington communiqué if it were not true. I also mentioned the matter to Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the British ambassador, who said he hadn't noticed the agitation, but in a few days he came to see me and let me know that he was also worried. He communicated his feeling to Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Churchill immediately came to Moscow, and it is violating no confidence to say that the sessions between him and Mr. Stalin were stormy. There was one famous meeting that lasted until three thirty in the morning and left nerves frayed on both sides. There is a diplomatic device whereby a host indicates that the visit of his guest is over; this is to invite him to a formal dinner. At one point in this heated meeting, Mr. Stalin looked at Mr. Churchill and said, "I invite you to dinner at the Kremlin tomorrow night."

Mr. Churchill arose promptly and said, "I shall accept your invitation to dinner and I inform you now that I am leaving by plane at daylight the following morning."

At this, Mr. Stalin burst out laughing. "What's your hurry?" he said, and that eased the tension, and the meeting went on.

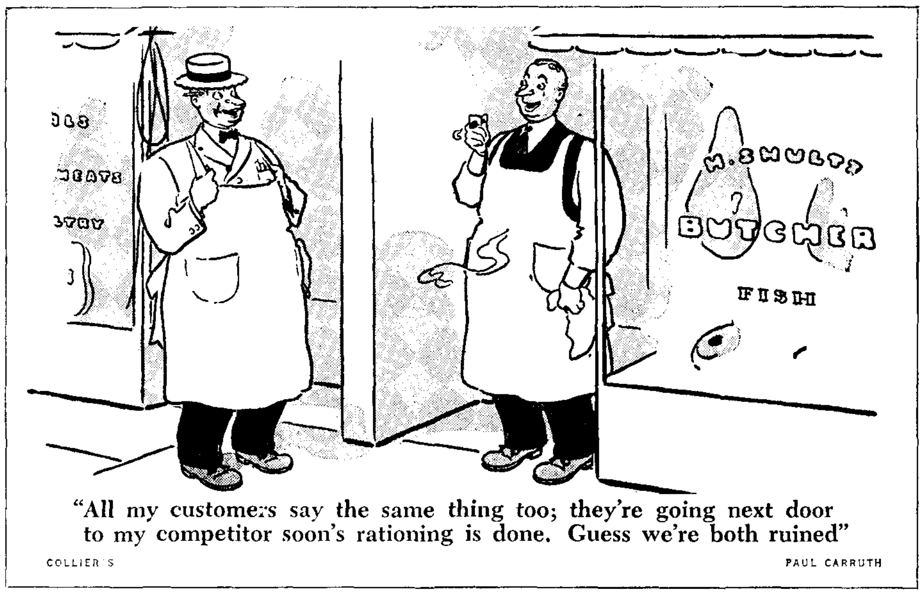
The crisis was still great when Wendell Willkie came over in September, 1942. The great battle of Stalingrad was raging, and Russia had reached the breaking point. When Mr. Willkie and I visited farms or factories or schools, invariably a worker or pupil or street urchin would pop up and ask when the Allies were going to open the second front. What stopped the agitation was the British-American landing in North Africa on November 8, 1942. The first reaction in Russia was that this was no substitute for a second front in Europe, but that died several days later when Stalin issued a statement congratulating the Allies, stating that the African invasion was a great step forward in the war.

The Russians never fooled themselves about the possibility of Stalingrad falling. Both Litvinov in Washington and Maisky in London gave pessimistic interviews, hinting that Stalingrad might fall but that it would make no difference in the Russians' determination to fight on.

Looking back now, it all seems like a bad dream, but even then I had faith that the Russians would hold. When I was in Moscow with the Beaverbrook-Harriman mission, there was determination but there were also apprehension and a sullen defiance. When I returned as ambassador, the effect of having repelled the enemy at the gates was very much in evidence. There was the same determination but there was a definite heads-up attitude, a new confidence. The Russians had found that the German army was not invincible, and that meant all the difference.

In October, 1942, I returned to Washington to report to Mr. Hull and the President. While there, I called on Ambassador Litvinov and had a long talk with him. He referred to the suspicions of the Soviet Union still current in Washington and asked what could be done to allay them. He asked me for my opinion as to what caused the prejudice against his country.

I replied that I thought it was caused by the activities of the Comintern. I added that while we liked Russia, we certainly did not like American Communists and wouldn't like any group that sought to undermine us and destroy our form of government by force. He assured me that there was no connection between the activities of the Comintern and the Soviet government. He endeavored to explain that, while the Communist party of Russia sat in on the Comintern, the Soviet government had nothing to do with it.



"All my customers say the same thing too; they're going next door to my competitor soon's rationing is done. Guess we're both ruined"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

"Mr. Litvinov," I said, "I am a plain man, an average American. If you can't convince me of the soundness of what you are saying, I'm sure you can't convince other Americans. You don't convince me."

I arrived back in Kuibyshev early in January, 1943, and the German army capitulated at Stalingrad on January 31st. This not only marked a turning point in the war but occasioned a definite reorientation of Soviet policy. Stalin went down and lived with the army for six weeks. He had assumed the role of Marshal and had officially taken over the military conduct of the war. Even before Stalingrad, the Commissar system in the army had been abolished, and many older Russian customs had been re-established, such as the wearing of epaulets and the designation as "Guards" regiments for conquering divisions.

In short, Stalin now saw that he had a great army and realized that at last the Soviet Union was in a position to take a leading role in world affairs. Before Stalingrad, Russia had been in retreat and its fate hung in the balance. The Russian armies that had fallen back mile by mile were now to pass over to the attack and prove the masters of the great German army. The Soviet troops almost immediately began the march that was to make them conquerors of Berlin in May, 1945. It was to be a long, tortuous drive but Stalin even then could see the end of it.

Soon after this, Mr. Molotov asked the British ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, to call at the Foreign Office and informed him the Soviet government had decided to recall the Russian ambassador to London and replace him with the Russian representative in Canada. He assured Kerr this had no political significance but that Marshal Stalin realized that his contacts with the British government were growing and that he had no one in Moscow who had experience with the British and understood them.

A few days later, Mr. Molotov asked me to call and made almost the identical statements concerning Mr. Litvinov, adding that Marshal Stalin needed Mr. Litvinov's advice in connection with his dealings with the United States.

At the time, these moves were taken in some quarters as an indication of Marshal Stalin's dissatisfaction with British and American policy but I did not share the view. Mr. Litvinov was installed in the Foreign Office building, and I have every reason to believe he was used as indicated by Mr. Molotov.

It was at this point that former Ambassador Joseph E. Davies arrived in Moscow with the famous secret letter from President Roosevelt to Marshal Stalin. The contents of this letter forms no part in this story. What is important is that Mr. Litvinov arrived in Moscow the same day with Mr. Davies, although they had not traveled together. The night they arrived, Mr. Davies and I went to the circus with Mr. Litvinov. During the course of the performance, Mr. Litvinov leaned across Mr. Davies and said to me, "Have you heard the news? The Comintern has been dissolved."

Naturally I claim no credit for this development, since I was told that the move had been under consideration for at least a year. But it was my opinion at the time that the whole structure of the new Soviet foreign policy was based on that decision. Stalin found that the country could stand a war and fight back. The hinterland was strained to the breaking point but it was supplying the army, and now the army was winning. It was as if Stalin had said, "I have a couple of aces and a king; now I want to sit in on the game."

Triumph of Stalin's Policy

He apparently felt that the war had not only proved to be a test of the army and of the industrial economy but it marked the triumph of Stalin's policy over Trotsky. Trotsky had maintained that Socialism was not possible in one country surrounded by a sea of enemies; Stalin held that Socialism could succeed in one country. He felt that propaganda and intrigue on an international scale toward world-wide Socialism had been a failure. He insisted that if the Soviet Union triumphed as a socialist state, its example would do more toward swinging the world to Socialism than all the words of persuasion and the doctrinal teachings. Stalin was now ready to act internationally. The meeting of the Foreign Ministers was arranged for Moscow in October. Out of that grew the celebrated meeting of the Big Three at Teheran in November, from which it appeared that Russia was now prepared to co-operate.

Co-operation is not always easy. The Russians are sensitive and stubborn; we are sensitive and stubborn. As I once told Mr. Molotov, "This good-will thing is a two-way street." That phrase came about as the result of a newspaper interview I gave in Moscow, which caused great excitement over the world. Through the State Department, the OWI had been urging me to get some statement from the Russians on the "material effect" of Lend-Lease to be used in support of pending Lend-Lease legislation.

In cases where the Russians were not denying the effect of Lend-Lease, they were ignoring it. I put the matter of the statement for OWI uses up to Mr. Molotov, who said he would take it under advisement. At the same time, war communiqués were appearing saying that the Russians were fighting all alone, and prior to this had come the famous letter from Marshal Stalin in answer to questions put to him by Henry Cassidy, an American correspondent, in which he said that the "material effect" of Lend-Lease was very slight in view of what the Soviet armies were doing in keeping the Germans off the necks of the other Allies.

At a meeting in March, 1943, with some American and British correspondents who had just come back from the front, I asked them if they had seen signs of American equipment. They answered that, with the exception of a few light trucks, they had seen none. They also stated that Soviet soldiers who were questioned denied any knowledge of American equipment on their front. In reply to a query as to the status of Lend-

Lease legislation in Washington, I stated that our American legislators were bighearted people and would go to great lengths to give aid if it were being helpful, but give the contrary view, and their actions would be entirely different.

I added that since I had been in Russia I had carefully watched for and had failed to see or hear any evidence that the American aid (particularly the Russian War Relief or Red Cross supplies) was being received and used. On being asked, I replied that I had no objections to being quoted to this effect.

It caused an international stir and I think did a great deal of good. The Russians still didn't publish any statements of their own but they reprinted the stories on my interview which appeared in the papers of this country, and also information from our sources on Lend-Lease. There was never anything said to me about the interview by Russian officials but later at Teheran, Marshal Stalin gave full credit to the great help American industry had given in winning the war.

It was hinted to me in Moscow that perhaps the Russian reluctance to report the facts of Lend-Lease help was caused by a feeling that their own people might tend to relax their efforts. They had been strained to the utmost but any slackening at that time would have been fatal, regardless of how much we were sending.

This may well be true, but I am a believer in frankness in international relations and I know that the Russians appreciate frankness. Nothing is more futile and dangerous than a debate on what country won the war. In my view, Russia could not have won without us and we could not have won without Russia. The Russian people have seen our help and they appreciate it. I think the subject needn't be carried beyond that.

When the total war is over, Stalin has a chance to be the greatest Russian of all time. His people have had almost thirty years of struggle. Now they want to reap the benefits of their labors. They have been promised and they want consumer goods and pleasures and peace. It is absolutely essential for Mr. Stalin to supply these wants. Naturally he is not going to sacrifice the strong position of the Soviet Union in world affairs, but I am convinced that to attain these ends it is in his interest to co-operate in attaining a stable peace. His country not only needs it desperately, but I am certain that he desires it sincerely and fervently.

There are many problems unsolved, including Poland and other liberated countries. No matter how difficult and complicated they seem, I am sure that they will be handled satisfactorily in time. It seems to me that at the San Francisco Conference differences between nations were exaggerated out of all proportion. It is the height of folly to discuss diplomatic conflicts as if they were part of an athletic contest, with "victories," "defeats" and other belligerent phrases. Putting it bluntly, the world either gets peace now or it gets final disaster. No sane individual can look at the pictures of destruction in Europe without knowing that.

The Russians are a sensitive people. For twenty-five years they were virtually quarantined, and now they are feeling their oats. It may be naïve of them to keep repeating that they really are a great power but it is understandable. When Ambassador Gromyko represented the Soviet Union at Dumbarton Oaks, there were no complaints that the conference was being slighted. However, we felt that the San Francisco Conference required the presence of Mr. Molotov and Mr. Molotov finally decided to come.

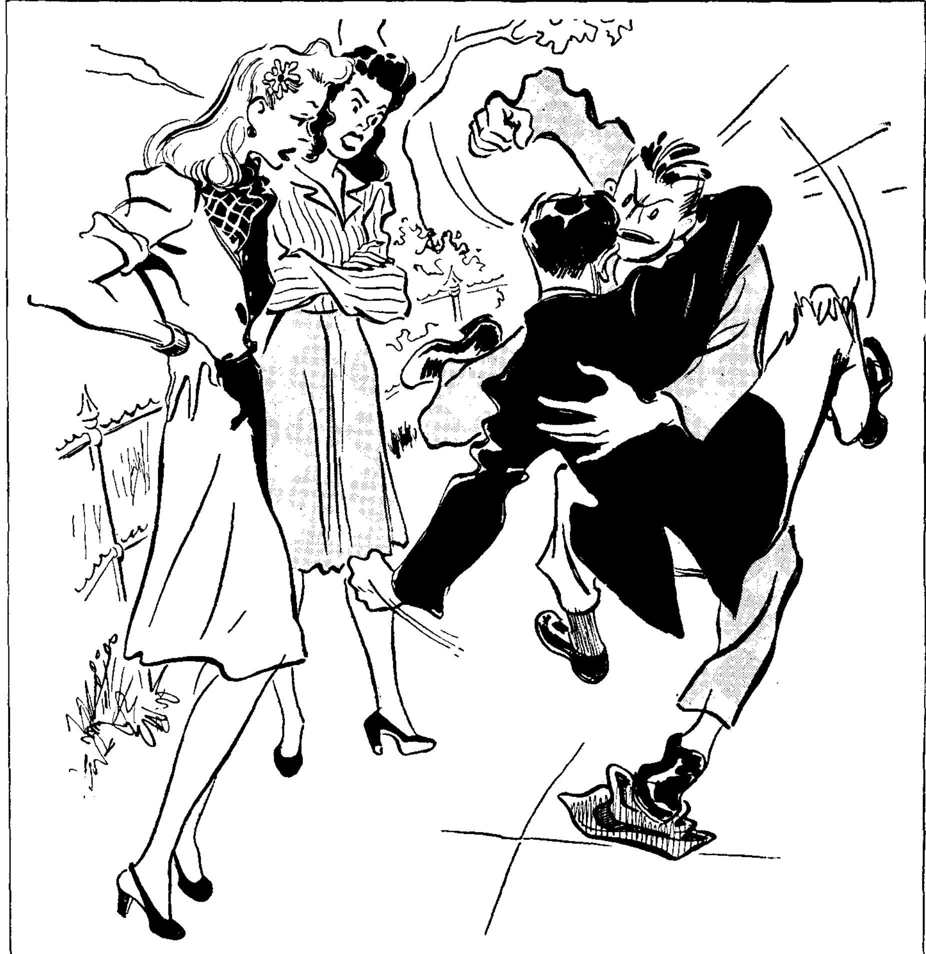
Mr. Molotov at San Francisco

It would be well to reread Mr. Molotov's statements upon arriving, in which he referred to the honor done him by the appointment and to the Soviet Union by his presence. He considered the conference important and represented his country in that manner. He won some of his points, and lost others. He took rebuffs in good part and showed no desire to desert the conference, although one might have thought that from the dispatches of certain writers.

The San Francisco Conference has not settled all points of dispute, but while the fireworks were going off on the roof, the foundation of a peace structure was quietly being strengthened below. That framework has now been constructed and San Francisco will be remembered for that success.

Mr. Molotov did not desert the conference at San Francisco, because the Soviet Union can't afford to allow the foundations of peace to be destroyed. They can't afford to do it, and we can't afford to allow them to do it. The world simply can't stand another great war. Is there any sensible person who thinks it can?

THE END



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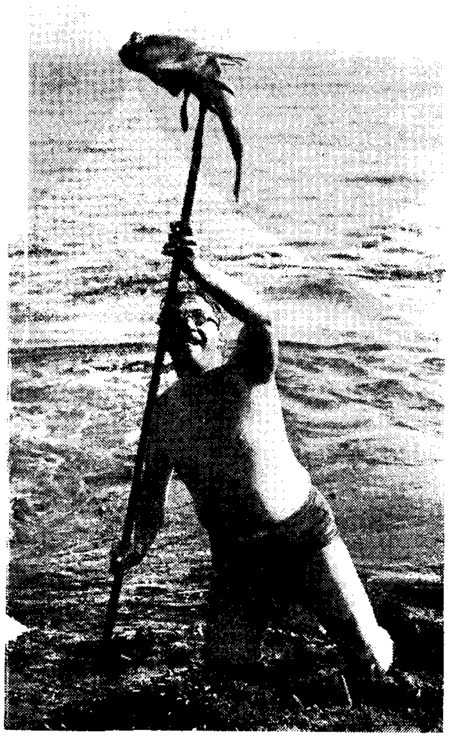


Leslie T. White

THERE'S a fine outdoor flavor to this issue of Collier's, imparted by the two wide-open-spaces authors you see the photographs, Raoul Schumacher and slie T. White.

Schumacher, author of Peaceable and Easy 66), tried city life a couple of times, but ınd he couldn't stand living anywhere ex- ot on a ranch. He owned and operated his t ranch, in New Mexico, when he was ly twenty years old. He made money at it. veled in Europe for a year, and then came New York and started writing. He stuck out as an apartment dweller only until he d sold enough stories—mystery and ad- nture—to buy another New Mexico ranch. 'In the next five or six years," he says, "I sed cattle, played sand-lot polo, wrote ore stories, doctored other people's books. once ghost-wrote a full-length Western vel on a dictaphone in seven days. It was vorst seller."

Schumacher and his wife, the former Beryl rkham, also a writer, now live on a Cali- nia ranch.

HERE'S something very sporting about meeting the denizens of the sea in their n backyard, Leslie T. hite tells us and, after reading his Underwater Tidbit (p.), we believe him. "The ds are against you from e start," he says, "and it is pretty dumb fish who lets a ian come wandering down to twenty feet of water and ke him. It is primitive ort. No high-powered au- natic rifles, no high-priced ides to beat up the game. st you and the fish."

His underwater activities re more or less forced on n by the war, White says. "I used to travel a lot in out-of-the-way places, from the Canadian subarctic to Tierra del Fuego in southern Argentina. With travel cut off, I discovered—or rediscovered—the fascinating world so close at hand beneath the surface of the sea. Now within fifteen minutes after getting away from this accursed typewriter, I can slip into an incredible place of adventure and excitement."

This amazing hobby fits right in with the most varied life we ever heard of. White set out at an early age, 14, to seek his fortune, leaving his Ottawa, Canada, home for a war job (World War I) in a machine shop. Here's a partial list of the occupations he subsequently pursued in Canada and the United States: professional hunter in the Canadian north ("Years later when I learned what it feels like to be shot at, I developed a revulsion for killing animals, until now I loathe to set a mousetrap"); soldier in the kilt-wearing Ottawa Cameron Highlanders, where he became the 115-pound champion fighter of the local regiments; carnival prize fighter; railroad fireman ("I shoveled enough coal those cold winters to heat hell for five years"); timberman, insurance salesman, oil salesman, ranger ("Duties: nursing and chaperoning cows, fighting fires and bouncing poachers. That last taught me what it feels like to be shot at"); Hollywood cameraman, criminal investigator in Los Angeles during ten years of the gangster-prohibition era.

Criminal investigation, White says, laid the groundwork for his writing career. But as a writer, he didn't stay put at a desk. He took up African-lion training; won an airplane pilot's license; bought a schooner; studied navigation; got wrecked in a hurricane; spent a winter with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the subarctic; another circumnavigating South America; spent a lot of time at Folsom penitentiary with his old friend, the warden.

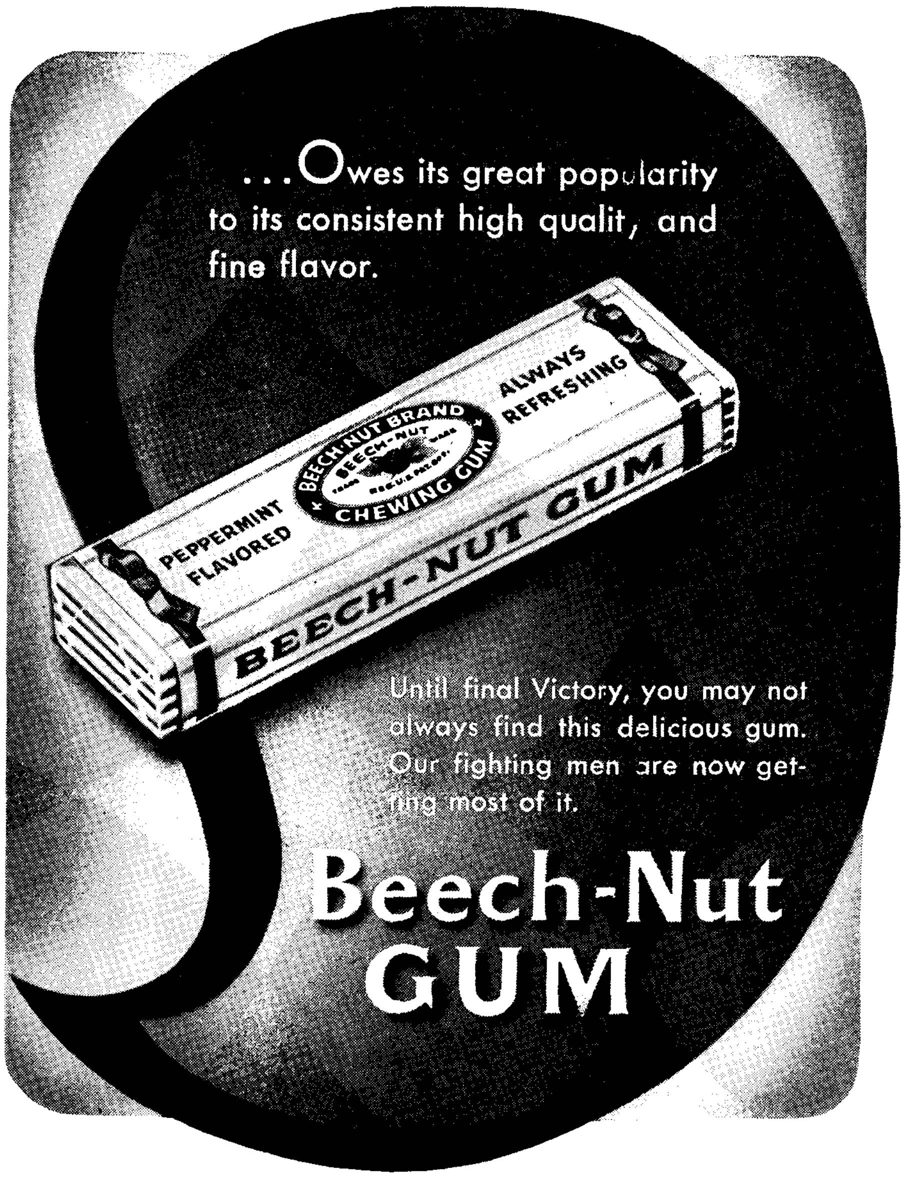
White now lives in comparative quietness at Laguna Beach, California, with his wife and two children. The photograph, he says, "is not of the old man of the sea, but a too-candid shot of yours truly climbing out of the Pacific after spearing a large kelp bass."

WARE TORREY BUDLONG (Stopover, p. 16) didn't attend school as a child. Instead, her literary-minded parents tutored her, right up to college, and this circumstance, she thinks, headed her toward a writing career. But in college, a teacher advised her not to attempt fiction until she learned more about life. So she worked at various newspaper jobs in New York and Washington, and seven years passed, and still she felt she didn't know much about life. Her own life had been too smooth. "So I tried writing mysteries. I figured you don't have to know too much about life in that field."

Ware Torrey Budlong

ROBIN CARSON

Her mystery books sold, and after four of them, she finally ventured back into "serious" short stories. Now she writes every morning, sitting down to her desk as soon as her husband leaves the house at 8:30, and turns out stories in workmanlike quantity.... A. P.



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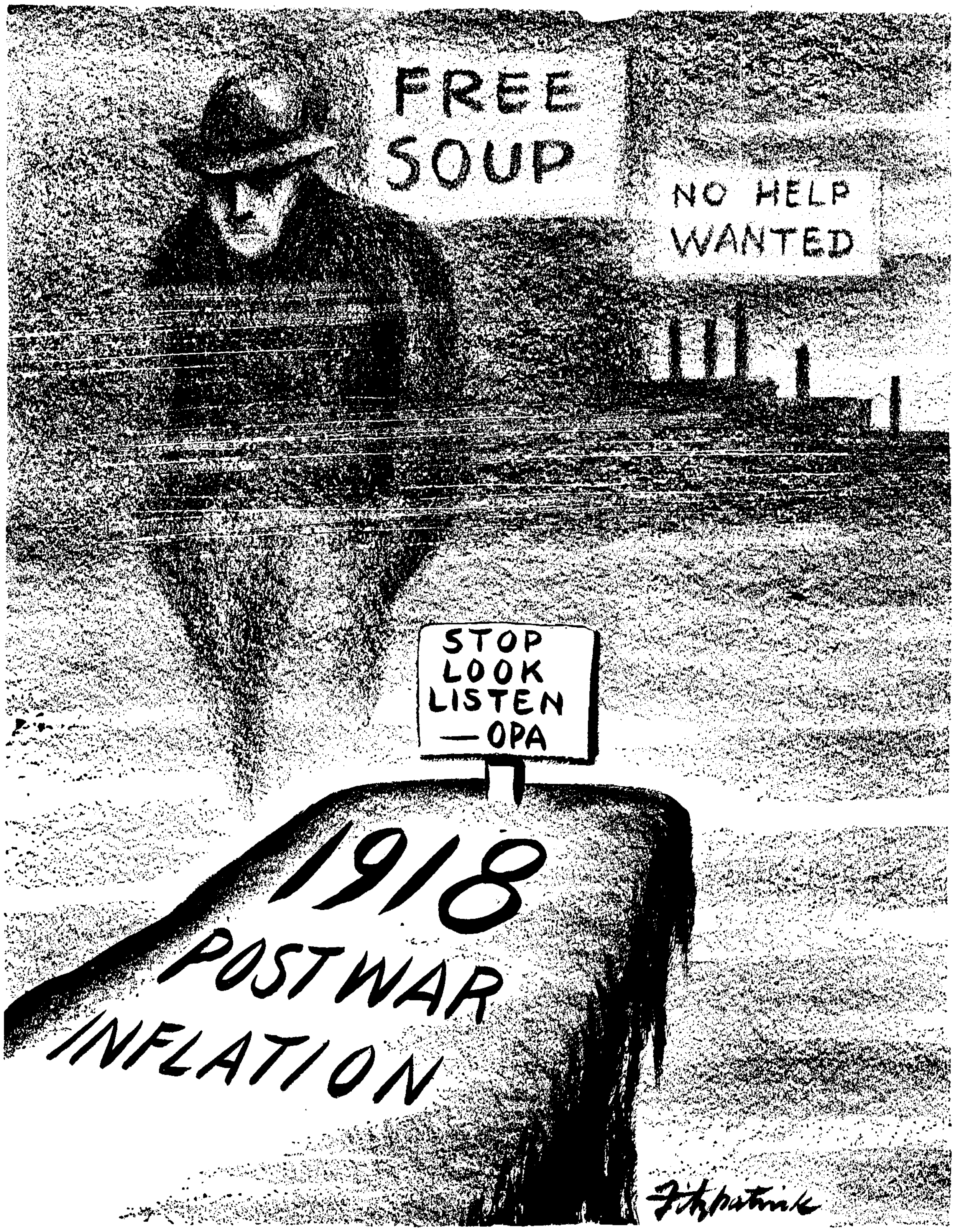


INFLATION'S TIMETABLE

CHESTER BOWLES, head of the OPA, recalled in a recent public statement a bit of history which is much to the point at this time when most of us are itching to get rid of price controls and rationing as fast as we can. Key sentence in Bowles' remarks:

> We should never lose sight of the fact that nearly half the inflationary price rises of the last war occurred after the armistice.

The armistice was dated November 11, 1918. Prices sagged slightly for the next three or four months, then began to hit for the stratosphere. Rents, prices and wages went into a wild race with one another.

In May, 1920, eighteen months after the armistice, the boom collapsed, as was inevitable. Factory pay rolls dropped 44 per cent, farm income 66 per cent. Corporation profits sank from a net of 6 billions after taxes to a net loss of 55 millions. Many a job evaporated, many a business went bankrupt, in the fierce though short panic of 1920-21.

This timetable of the first World War inflation is a parable for today. Most of us hate the wartime restrictions. For our part, we'd give an eyetooth, at least, for enough paper to meet the demands of all the people who want to buy Crowell-Collier magazines. The OPA is not perfect, what with the small staff allotted to it and the prohibition-born American habit of trying to by-pass rules and regulations, and considering it quite an achievement when one succeeds.

For all that, this system of price control and of striving to ration scarce commodities fairly is several thousand per cent better than no system at all. It hasn't entirely prevented wartime inflation—probably nothing could have done so—but since Franklin Roosevelt's "Hold the line" instructions of May, 1943, the OPA's endeavors have succeeded in holding rents to an over-all increase of only 3 per cent, and clothing to a price rise of only 12 per cent, and have actually brought about a 5 per cent decrease in average food prices—which, it should be noted, has risen sharply through the early war years to a peak of over 50 per cent above the 1939 level. It seems a fair guess that Bowles and his associates will some day come in for nation-wide thanks.

The fact that, to quote Bowles again, "nearly half the inflationary price rises of the last war occurred after the armistice" is a warning to us not to drop price controls too soon—say the day after Japan throws in the towel. We'd better hang onto price control for a while after the war, in the hope of preventing any such flare-up and flopperoo as hit us after the last war, when danger of war-produced inflation seemed past. That was disastrous at the time; but worse, it was only the forerunner of the Real Thing that hit us in 1929.

LET'S ADJUST TAXES

UNEMPLOYMENT trouble is starting in a mild way, with the war production cutbacks following the German surrender. We would do well to hit it in the nose as fast, hard and persistently as we can.

One way to go about that is to do everything we can to enable industry to lay hands on a lot of liquid capital as fast as it can be used in the reconversion period. With such capital, business can buy or build new plants, expand sales efforts, invest in new and promising ventures, and so on. All this tends to make jobs.

And one way to loosen up a lot of this capital is to make some reductions and adjustments in our wartime tax system. Congress' leading tax authorities, Senator W. F. George (Dem., Ga.) and Representative R. L. Doughton (Dem., N.C.), have worked out a plan which looks good on its face. Their proposals include:

Lift the excess-profits tax exemption from $10,000 to $25,000; make available now, instead of after the war, the 10 per cent postwar credit on excess-profits taxes; begin paying these refunds soon after next January 1, instead of waiting until a couple of years after Japan is defeated; speed up "carry-back" refunds on net operating losses.

What all that complicated language boils down to is a scheme which, if adopted, would let U.S. industry save or tap a total of around $5,000,000,000 which it can't save or reach now.

Drastic tax reduction isn't feasible, now or any time soon, what with a prospective postwar national debt of about $300,000,000,000. But more efficient taxation is possible—meaning taxation which will encourage rather than discourage business and enterprise, large and small. How about some early action in Congress?

RESEARCH FOR DEFENSE

THE well-known scientific writer, J. D. Ratcliff, had an article in a recent Collier's, entitled Dream Weapon, describing the rise and fall of Germany's famous buzz bomb, V-1. The robots were a novel terror over England at first. But the RAF and associated experts got busy figuring out ways to counteract them, and "one sample day toward the end," according to Mr. Ratcliff, "the Nazis launched 105 buzz bombs. AA guns got 75 of them, planes 23, balloons 3. Only 4 of them reached their destination."

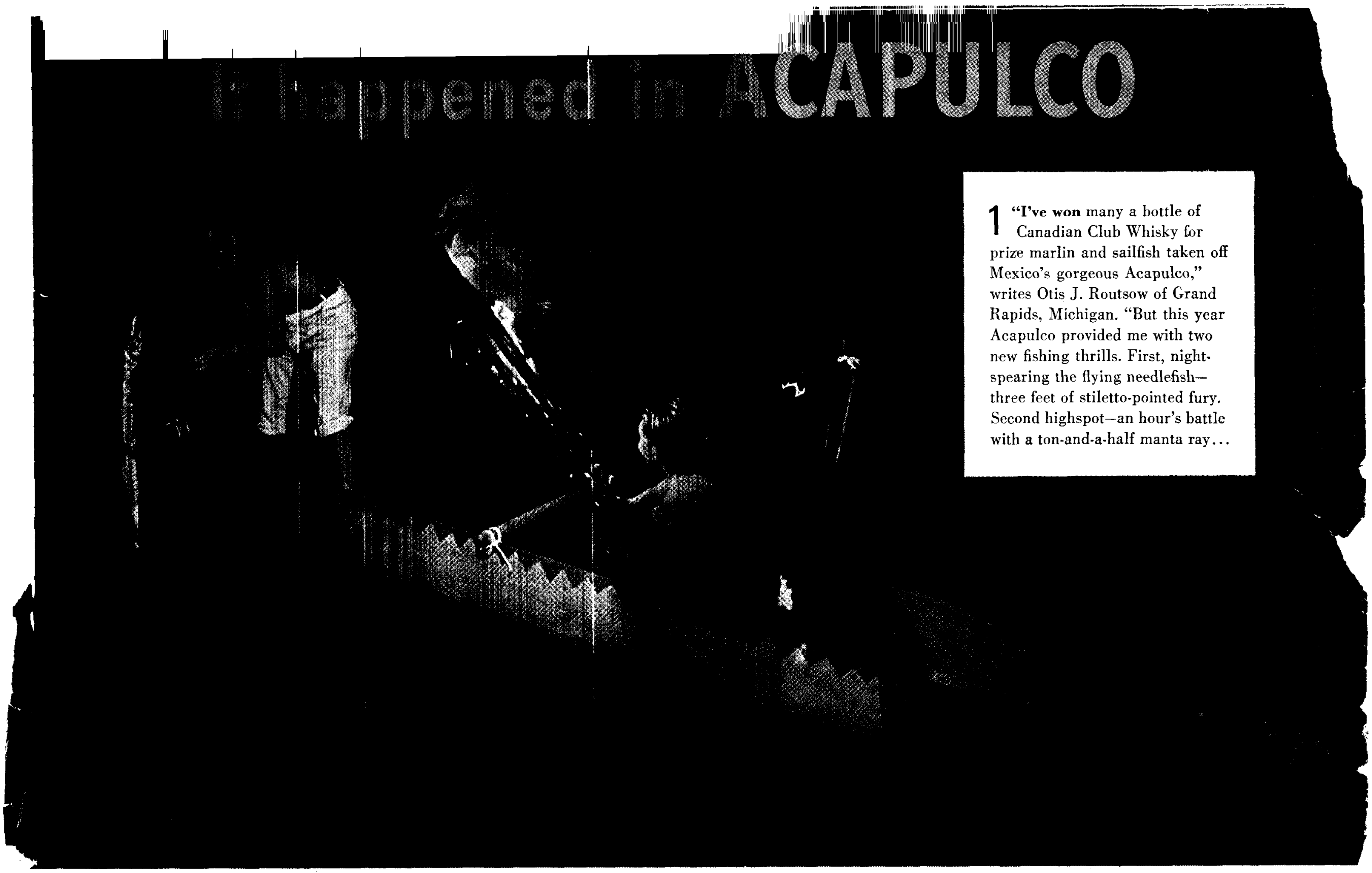
All of which bears out once more the age-old truism that every new offensive weapon of war in due time inspires the invention of its opposite defensive number—the sword, the shield; the submarine, the depth bomb; the tank, the bazooka, and so on.

There is this catch, though: that a nation loaded up with new and deadly weapons is in position to make surprise assaults on nations loaded up with little besides hope and righteousness, and one or more of those assaults may win hands down. Consider Germany and the cases of Poland, Denmark, Norway, France, Belgium and Holland in this war.

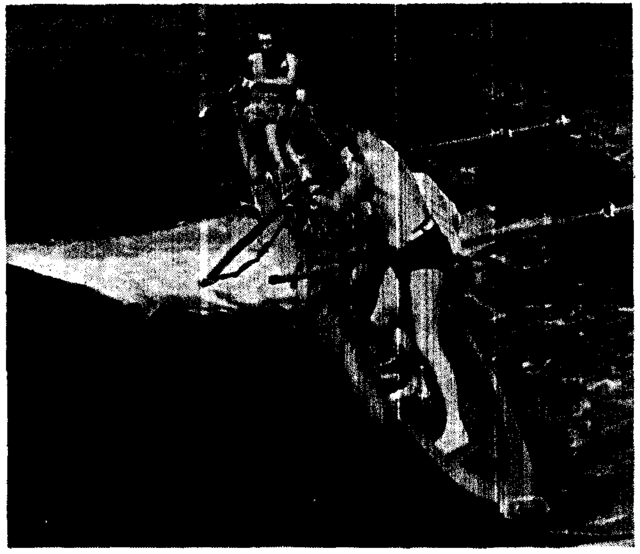
We do not see how the United States can safely do without a year-in-year-out board of war research after World War II. The makings of such a safeguard exist now, in Doctor Vannevar Bush's Office of Scientific Research and Development. Senator H. F. Byrd (Dem., Va.) has introduced a bill to create a permanent war research board. This safety insurance looks as important as an adequate postwar Army, Navy and Air Force, and we hope nothing will deter Congress from taking some such step.

Under this same head comes the introduction of education in all aspects of aviation, now taking root in the grade and high schools of some fifteen states. We hope it will spread to all the other states, swiftly. As a people, we need to be aware of all the tremendous implications of the fact that men, after some millions of years on the earth, now at last can fly.

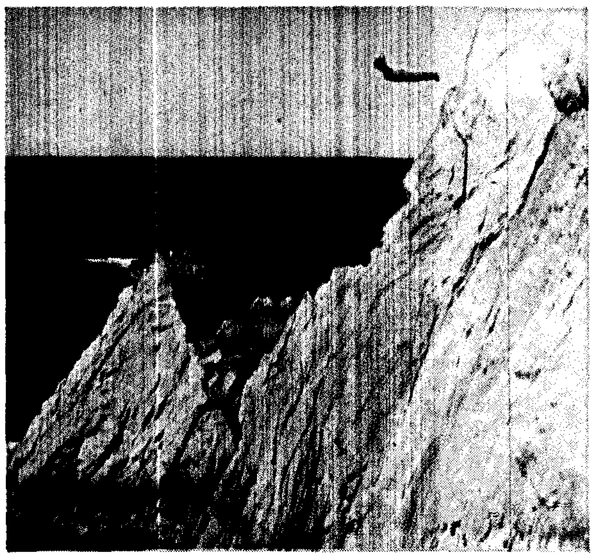
It happened in ACAPULCO



1 **"I've won** many a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky for prize marlin and sailfish taken off Mexico's gorgeous Acapulco," writes Otis J. Routsow of Grand Rapids, Michigan. "But this year Acapulco provided me with two new fishing thrills. First, night-spearing the flying needlefish—three feet of stiletto-pointed fury. Second highspot—an hour's battle with a ton-and-a-half manta ray...



2 **"On our way out** for smaller fry I spied the manta, lazily flicking its lethal whiptail. I harpooned . . . it attacked, murderously. I was mighty limp, and relieved, when it rolled over and slid from sight.



3 **"But fishing thrills** are by no means the only kind this Pacific paradise offers. There are Acapulco's famed divers, plummeting 135 feet into a narrow rock-toothed gorge . . . there are Riviera-like beaches. And—

4 **"There's a pageant** of bird and animal life . . . of warmth and color . . . to rival a South Seas set in Technicolor. All, happily, less than a day's flying time from almost any airport in the United States!

5 **"As for language difficulties,** they don't exist here. Just say 'Canadian Club' into your hotel phone, for instance. In jig-time—the whisky shortage permitting—there'll be a waiter at your door with the whisky whose name means 'unmistakable flavor' in every tongue."

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

- That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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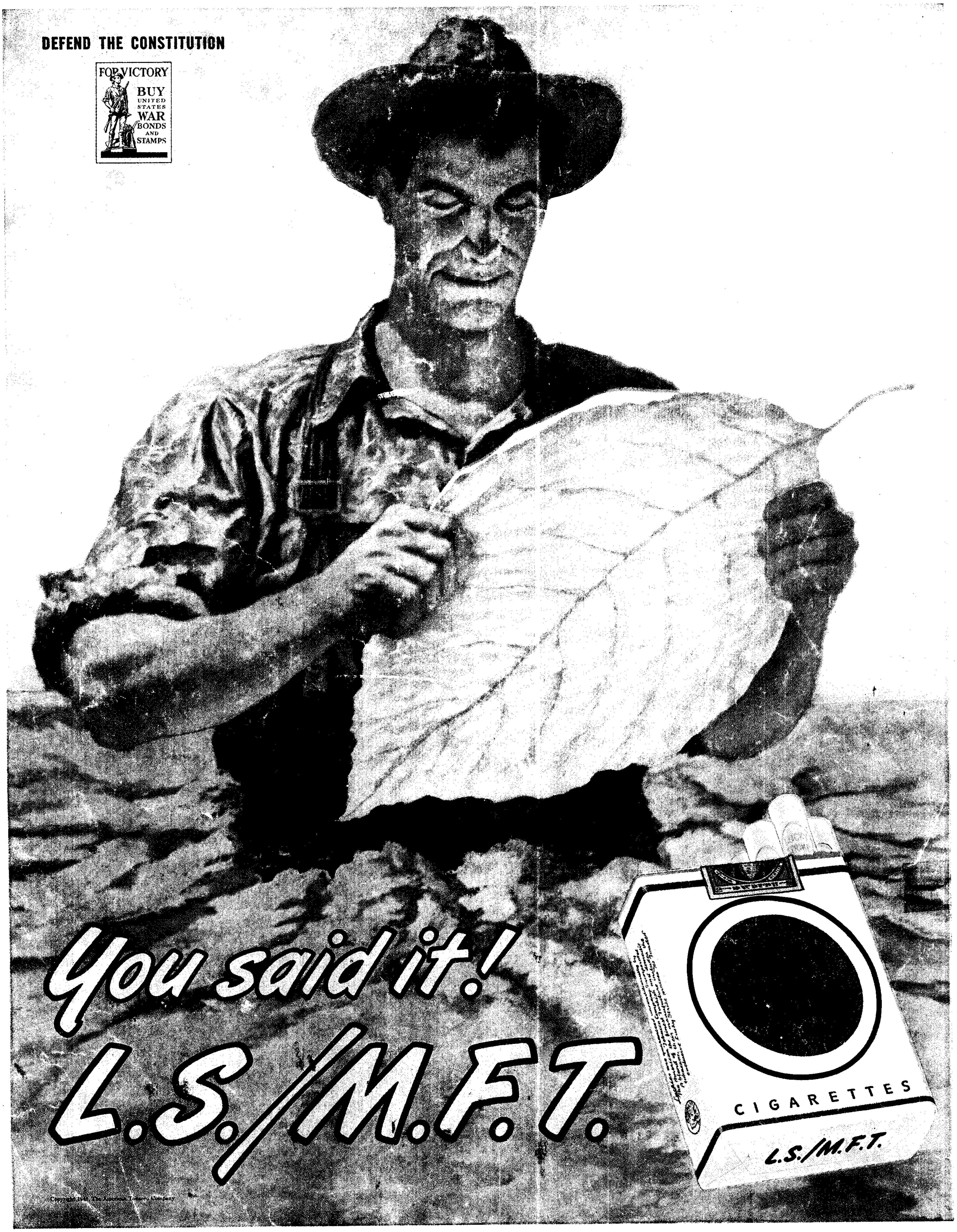
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